THE
LOUNGER'S
COMMON-PLACE BOOK,

OR,

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

A

BIOGRAPHIC, POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND SATIRICAL

COMPILATION:

WHICH HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.

VOL. III.

Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, ſtupet, oſcitat, odit;
Hoc volo, nunc nobis carmina noſtra placent.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR,

AND SOLD BY KERBY AND CO. STAFFORD-STREET, OLD BOND-STREET;
AND AT THE LITERARY REPOSITORY, WIMPOLE AND
WIGMORE-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE.

Price, Five Shillings and Six-pence, in Boards.

AS A SLENDER MEMORIAL OF LITERARY EXERTIONS TO THIS COUNTRY, AND AT THE PRESENT CRISIS OF THE MOST IMPORTANT SPECIES; THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED

TO JOHN CLERK, ESQUIRE,

OF

ELDIN, IN NORTH BRITAIN,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIE OF SCOTLAND,

AND AUTHOR OF A SYSTEM OF NAVAL TACTICS;

TO WHICH, SECONDED BY THE GALLANTRY OF BRITIS SEAMEN, GREAT BRITAIN IS INDEBTED FOR STIL MAINTAINING HER EMPIRE ON THE SEA, AND O COURSE HER EXISTENCE AS AN INDEPENDENT KING DOM.

THAT HIS THEORY MAY BE LONG, AND EFFEC TUALLY PUT IN PRACTICE, BY THE PROMPT ENERG AND HEROIC CONTEMPT OF SUPERIOR NUMBERS, O EARL ST. VINCENT, AND THE COOL INTREPIDITY O VISCOUNT DUNCAN, IS THE WARM WISH, AND CONFI DENTIAL HOPE OF

HIS OBLIGED,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR

ALPHABETICAL ANECDOTES.

AGUR's PRAYER, the rational petition of a diffident and pious mind, generally considered as a safe standard, an effectual boundary to the desires of a good man, who, while he prays for deliverance from the infelicities of poverty, is far from being solicitous for superfluous wealth; convinced that the first might tempt him to invade the property of his neighbour, and that he might be enticed by the latter to a profuse and unfeeling misapplication of his own.

The strong, the scriptural, the oriental figure at which wealth and dignity have so often trembled, that it is easier for a Camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God, hath also been produced in support of the propriety of Agur's wish.

Yet this popular and impressive effusion, apparently suggested by humility and moderation, and preserved by a great Monarch for the instruction of future ages in the Book of Wisdom, has been attacked by a spirited writer, who unites peculiar subtlety of reasoning with a lively fancy.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, or be poor and steal" are the words so often produced, and so frequently praised; "yet," says the author I quote, "I cannot but consider this ejaculation as the narrow conception

on of a selfish, unsocial, and frigid imagination, contented with safety, and the negative enjoyment of uninterrupted security, neither hoping for, or aspiring to the honor and happiness of diffusing the warm rays of benevolence and comfort beyond its own contracted circle.

"For, after all that envy can create, or common-place collect, against pecuniary accumulation, the man who misapplies, and not he who acquires, is clearly the criminal agent. If to reward industry, alleviate distress, and support helpless indigence, are the great and most satisfactory duties of life, how can riches make salvation difficult? How can the same thing enable us to exercise the first of virtues, yet endanger its future rewards?

"For this reason I cannot but consider *the very desire* of wealth, in a good man, as meritorious; he is endeavouring to qualify himself to act as the delegate of the Almighty, in diffusing good, and diminishing evil; he cannot, he will not forget that omnipotent Creator, who has graciously placed so powerful an instrument in his hands, and planted in his breast sympathies, so admirably calculated to direct him in the application of it.

"Such a character may, and naturally will deprecate poverty, not merely because it subjects human infirmity to new temptations, but because it renders benevolence impotent, leaving him hourly a witness to distress he cannot relieve, and to resent wrongs it is not in his power to redress."

Yet, in spite of all the sophistry, all the ingenuity, and all the refinement of this spirited writer, I cannot but consider the Prayer, which forms the subject of my present article, as admirably calculated for a creature like man, who, though confessedly a compound of reason as well as passion, is governed, ninety times in a hundred, by the impulse of the latter, rather than influenced by the suggestions of the former; and, although GIVE ME RICHES, may be justified as a proper prayer in the mouth of a good man, every day's experience proves

proves that immenſe wealth too generally leads to capricious diſſipation, or the groſſneſs of ſenſual indulgence.

I agree, that "a carnal minded man, who ſees nothing in wealth but means for indulging irregular appetites, may well deſire not to be rich;" and that ſo rare a ſpecies of ſelf-denial, if not a meritorious, is at leaſt "a prudent wiſh."

Such are the arguments of an author whom I *always* read with pleaſure, and ſometimes with conviction; yet, till this ingenious writer has proved, that the general conduct of *the majority* of the wealthier claſſes of mankind, in the ſame proportion that they are richer, is more correct than that of their poorer neighbours, I ſhall continue to join with Agur in his prayer, from a firm conviction, that the ſtate of mediocrity to which it points, is moſt favorable to moral purity, external propriety, and internal peace.

"Thus Aglaus liv'd unknown——
When royal Gyges, impotent and great,
Preſum'd at wiſe Apollo's Delphic ſeat,
Preſum'd to aſk, "O thou the whole world's eye,
Seeſt thou a man, who happier is than I?"
The God who ſcorn'd to flatter man reply'd,
"Aglaus happier is;" but Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, "Who can this Aglaus be,
I've heard as yet of no ſuch king as he.
Is ſome old hero of this name alive,
Who his high race doth from the gods derive?
Is it ſome mighty gen'ral who hath done
Wonders in fight, and god-like honors won.
* * * * * * * * *
None, none of theſe, Who can this Aglaus be?"
After long toils, and vain enquiries paſt,
In a remote Arcadian vale at laſt
* * * * * * * *
Near Sopho's town, which he but once had ſeen;
This mighty Aglaus, who monarch's envy drew,
Whoſe happineſs the gods themſelves ſtood witneſs to;

This

This mighty Aglaus was lab'ring found,
With his own hand, in his own little ground.

So, gracious God! if it may lawful be,
Amongst those foolish gods to mention thee;
So let me act on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my declining age;
Of heavenly rest this earnest to me lend,
Let my soul sleep and learn to love her end."

ALARMIST, a term given to certain reasoners, who, from the commencement of the revolution in France, to the final establishment of that Republic, have constantly considered it, in all its ramifications, and in relation to the principles from which it sprung, as striking at the root of all *regular* governments, and an object in the highest degree formidable to the internal happiness and external prosperity of Great Britain; as well from geographical position, as from the electrical enthusiasm, and ardent passion for fraternization, which are every where supposed to accompany it.

An alarmist of this description, I profess myself never to have been. If any circumstance in our situation, as a great maritime commercial nation, has at any time excited terror in my mind, it was our plunging into a war, by some thought injudicious, and by others unnecessary, on a scale of expenditure which rapidly reducing us to beggary and ruin, appears to be pregnant with evils equal to those which it was commenced to prevent; against an enemy too, mad with enthusiasm, intrenched in animating principles, proud with success, exasperated by external pressure, and internal irritation; a war in which every man, concerned against us, feels, or seems to feel, that he is in fact fighting *his own* battle, and with which the most humble individual is convinced that the interest and happiness of himself, his wife and children, is intimately blended; a war against a military republic, stimulated and upheld by such motives, I always thought it hazard-

ous

ous and impolitic to rush into; whatever temporary defeats or obstructions may occasionally, and probably will occur; men thus rouzed, and thus supported, according to the unerring laws of cause and effect, must finally succeed.

But, altho' not an alarmist, according to the modern acceptation of the word, I should not have presumed to impeach the sincerity and designs of those who are, had not an unceasing, an insatiable thirst for salary, place and pension, so regularly seized every one, after the cold ague fit of terror, and the succeeding fever of political irritation; a thirst which the *aurum potabile* of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is alone able to quench.

As an Englishman, and a lover of my country, I agree that of two evils, unnecessary alarm, or torpid indifference, the first is by far the safest, and attended with inconveniencies more easily remedied.

Crying out before we are hurt, teazing ourselves, our friends, and half the country, by groundless apprehensions, unfounded jealousies, and a half way system between espionage and coercion, is, it must be confessed, an unneighbourly and uncharitable office, a perplexing domestic grievance; but that careless negligence, that fatal unthinking apathy, which sees not, or will not see calamity till overwhelmed by it, and takes no precaution against an enemy, till his dagger is in our vitals, must end in irretrievable ruin.

It was not ill said by a Republican Alarmist, and I believe a member of the Gallican Convention, in reply to Legendre, who, while he acknowledged the warm patriotism of his associate, (I belive Bentabole) could not help blaming his unceasing suspicions, and pusillanimous fears; "I tremble," replied Bentabole to his friend, "I tremble for the Republic, as a lover for the object of his affections."

According to this theory, his Grace of Portland, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Loughborough, and Mr. Windham, are the fondest of swains; Mr. Burke, a ranting Romeo, and Messrs.

Bowles

Bowles and Gifford, the most distracted of lovers.

But whilst I am ready to make allowance for genuine unadulterated fear, produced by undeniable or probable danger; and bursting forth from an honest heart, I would severely reprobate that unchristian and uncandid spirit of irritability, which so frequently accompanies, and is often the offspring of ill design, that base suspicion of others, grounded on a conviction, that it means wickedly itself; that prurient tendency to watch-words, nicknames, and opprobrious epithets, which, during a late season of alarm, was so notoriously prevalent amongst us, and directed against every man who presumed to censure public men or public measures, or who ventured to hint, that any thing could be amended in the theory or practice of the English Constitution.

The delicate sensibility of those persons, who oppose reform in every shape, has been aptly compared to the Mosaic prohibition with respect to the ark, that ark *once* in the possession of the Children of Israel; "HE WHO TOUCHETH IT SHALL SURELY DIE."

I consider the conduct of such gentlemen as similar to the arts of a debauchee, when he seduces a virgin; he flatters and even defends her foibles, studies her weak side, and indulges every evil propensity; after imposing on her understanding, he finds it no difficult task to corrupt the purity of her heart, awakens her passions, triumphs over her chastity, and riots in her arms.

ASTLEY, JACK, the son of an apothecary, at Wem, in Shropshire, a well written sketch of whose life, has been given by a writer, often praised, and frequently censured in this collection.

From a country grammar school, and the tuition of Hudson, a painter, now only remembered as the first instructor of Sir Joshua Reynolds; he travelled to Rome, under the patronage of Lord Chesterfield: several excellent copies from Titian, and some good portraits in a neighbouring kingdom, preserved and valued by his friends, prove that

that he was no unſucceſsful ſtudier of the great maſters, in his profeſſion.

Returning from Italy he viſited Ireland, and though a young artiſt, as well as a young man, received more than two thouſand guineas for portraits, during the eighteen months he paſſed in that kingdom.

To uſe a ſailor's phraſe, he worked his paſſage back, and painted his way to London, occaſionally ſtriking out of the direct road, as accident, inclination, or intereſt, led the way.

A natural, and in this inſtance a fortunate attachment to ſcenes, endeared by early habit and youthful impreſſions, tempted him to loiter a little in his old neighbourhood.

He probably was ambitious of convincing his former aſſociates, that the time elapſed ſince he left them, had not been indolently or ineffectually ſpent.

His memory was ſtored with uſeful information, he had acquired ornamental accompliſhment; his form and manners were improv'd, he had received the poliſh of polite intercourſe, "that unbought grace of life;" he had viſited regions, and contemplated objects, of which, thoſe who liſtened to him, had only read or heard; and, what was of no ſmall importance in his own opinion, as well as in the eyes of others, he travelled in his own poſt-chaiſe, accompanied by a French valet, in jack boots, at that period a faſhionable novelty.

To diſplay ourſelves to ſuch advantage in ſituations where we have paſſed unnoticed, and liv'd unknown, or where we have been depreſſed by churliſhneſs, traduced by envy, or perſecuted by malignity, is one of the venial triumphs of human vanity, one of the few ſatisfactory compenſations, that wealth and elevation have power to beſtow; but it was not Aſtley's fate to devote his life to oil and canvaſs.

Entering the aſſembly room at Knutsford, Lady Duckenfield, the widow of Sir William, was inſtantly ſtruck with his appearance; the affair has often been mentioned as an inſtance of ſudden love; his faſcinating manners compleated a conqueſt, which the graces of his

his perſon had begun; the lady ſat for her picture the next morning, and gave him full poſſeſſion of the original in ten days.

In a few years he loſt his wife, whom he always ſpoke of with tenderneſs and regret; her daughter, by Sir William Duckenfield, died ſoon after: theſe contingencies put into his poſſeſſion the fee of a well conditioned eſtate of five thouſand pounds a year.

With *ſuch* an income, the taſte of a connoiſſeur, the congenial paſſions of an amateur, quick ſenſibility, a full pulſe and ſtrong nerves; idolized by the women, his company generally ſought after by the men; we may lament, but cannot wonder if he plunged into diſſipation and voluptuouſneſs.

Yet the vices of Aſtley did not exhibit the groſs, indiſcriminate ſenſuality of a foul-feeding epicure, he did not debaſe himſelf by grovelling in the muddy and filthy abominations of carnal vulgarity; he could not quaff the polluted beverage of a pariſh pond. Although, in ſix years from the death of Lady Duckenfield, he had ſpent forty thouſand pounds; yet after making large allowance for his prodigious, his prodigal ſacrifices to the loves and graces, his expenditure in building, planting and improving, was conſiderable.

From his profeſſional ſtudies and reſidence at Rome, he had acquired a taſte for architectural proportion, and pictureſque diſpoſition, uniting with them what are not always united, domeſtic accommodation in its higheſt perfection, ſocial comfort, and practical utility.

He found a good houſe at Duckenfield Lodge, and left it evidently better than he found it; his improvements there and at Tabley, were remarked for chaſtneſs of conception and correctneſs of deſign.

He lived a ſhort time in St. James's-ſtreet, where he was ſucceeded by Bardana Hill, but purchaſing an old family reſidence of Lord Holderneſſe, in Pall-mall, next to Chriſtie's auction room, he built on the ſpot three good town houſes, living in the centre himſelf, where he has been ſince followed by Coſway and Dr. Graham; the next houſe

has

has been made classical ground, by the residence of the incomparable Gainsborough, who enriched our saloons with the wild beauties of forest scenery, and decorated our apartments with well selected portraits of trees.

The whole was planned and executed by Astley himself, who while he was obliged to yield a little to the prevalent taste of those days, for ornamental foliage, pilasters, and deep cornices, never lost sight of that expressive English term, snug comfort.

The attic story, and a saloon afterwards occupied by the GODDESS OF HEALTH, were at the time much admired: he who is desirous of contrasting the different fashions of building of two periods, and the gradual advance of the present day, to simple grace and technical precision, may compare Mr. Astley's front, with the well finished banking house of Mr. Hammersley, lately erected near it, next the gate-way of his Grace of Marlborough.

Yet our lucky painter loved, and avowed his love for the pleasures of the table, *he gave good dinners*, and enjoyed them, but always rendered wine and eating, subservient to his passion for women, a point in which he was a culpable latitudinarian; temperate on the principle of preserving his relish for pleasure, and active almost against inclination, for the sake of health, to enjoy it. For after all the boasts of philosophy and forbearance, he only can be said really to practice self denial, who rushes from the couch of sensuality, or quits pleasant company, *before* his constitution or his fortune are irrecoverably impaired.

"I have no objection," said an old associate of Astley's, on a *very* particular occasion, "I have no objection to a man, placed exactly and precisely as Astley was, as to fortune, age, taste, and constitution, I have no objection to such a person pronouncing on *poor Jack's* demerits, but I have neither temper nor patience to hear exhausted rakes, and sapless disciplinarians, damsels with, and philosophers without a beard, bookworms without fortune, and nabobs without

ſouls, ſtoics without paſſion, pulſe, taſte or common ſenſe, I have not patience to hear *ſuch creatures*, abuſing a man who poſſeſſed them all in ſo eminent and ſuperior a degree; a man whom I paſſionately loved, and whoſe ſociety I enjoyed far, very far beyond that of any one alive."

As a companion, Aſtley was mild, chearful, and pleaſant, he did not forget an eſſential part of good manners, in a particular, which our beſt talkers are apt to neglect; HE GAVE OTHER PEOPLE AN OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK; without this little accommodating pliancy, unleſs we can occaſionally prevail on ourſelves to liſten to thoſe, by whom we are neither intereſted or pleaſed, the ſtrong intellect and impreſſive precept of Dr. Johnſon would be tyrannical, the copious anecdote of Monſey fatiguing, the overflowing redundancy of Mr. Fox, perplexing, and the flowery digreſſions of Mr. Burke, with all his matchleſs graces, declamatory rhapſody.

Aſtley was not without whim, he poſſeſſed a conſiderable portion of facetious vivacity; in readineſs and apt expreſſion, he was happy, exhibiting a facility of extemporaneous reply, in which men who have read more and ſeen leſs, are frequently deficient; his converſation, take it all in all, was faſcinating, but pronounced by one, who had deſervedly ſuffered from his reſentment "more entertaining than inſtructive, more merry than wiſe."

As a father, he is ſaid by his biographer, to have groſsly failed, though were it not for giving pain, where I would wiſh to communicate only pleaſure and delight, it would be an eaſy taſk to exculpate him from the charge, which is ſingularly worded by his accuſer; "he had neither the cautious ſtrictneſs of a good man, nor the over-ſtrained indulgence of a bad one." If thoſe have been deſcribed as fools, who in avoiding any fault, fly into its oppoſite extreme, theſe words may be conſtrued into a compliment to Aſtley's hitting the happy medium, but I *muſt not* enlarge on the ſubject.

"He encouraged," ſays the

the ſame writer, "he encouraged folly, yet puniſhed it with inexorable ſeverity;" the charge of *inexorable* ſeverity, I think, with ſubmiſſion, was unfounded, and I believe few fathers would ſubmit to be checked in correcting a child, becauſe they had once erred themſelves; if faultleſs parents only are to hold the rod, puerile wantonneſs might be left to its own diſcretion, and unbounded ſcope be given to youthful audacity; for where alas is the man, who has never gone aſtray?

"His death" ſays the ſame writer, ſpeaking of Aſtley, "was well timed, for his three youngeſt children, as it is more than probable, that he would have bred them in the worſt way poſſible; in the ignorance and looſeneſs of a French convent; he would have expoſed them to error, and perhaps never have forgiven their yielding to the temptation, in which he had placed them; ſuch was Aſtley, he owed his fortune to his form, and his follies to his fortune."

He has been produced in proof of what has been ſometimes aſſerted, of men profeſſionally educated, but who have attained independence early, and not wholly in official perquiſite, or the direct routine of profitable buſineſs; it has been ſaid that ſuch men are often more deſirable as aſſociates, than thoſe who have lineally and indolently awakened to the certain and *expected* ſucceſſion of great eſtates, or thoſe who have procured wealth by ſucceſsful commercial exertion. The independence of ſuch perſons being too often embittered by the drawbacks of age, infirmity, and habitual incapacity for enjoyment; from neglect, or the abſorption of other purſuits, they have not attained that firſt of arts, the art of embelliſhing the blank ſuperficies of private life; the art of ſetting off, improving, and creating an artificial importance, of giving a zeſt to the various, the apparently unimportant trifles, which form the ſum total of human felicity.

Aſtley has often been heard to confeſs, that the firſt hundred pounds his pencil produced, gave him more ſubſtantial heart-felt pleaſure,

pleaſure, as the fair produce of honeſt exertion, and derived from intellectual energy, than all the ſplendor, and all the wealth of his ſubſequent elevation: *nil virtuti ſed debuit omnia formæ*, was frequently applied to him by a ſurly moraliſt.

Yet great as was his ſucceſs, and eminent as were his accompliſhments, he had neglected the one thing needful, he had not prepared for that awful, that laſt journey, which we all muſt take; his retroſpect in declining life, was neither comfortable nor ſatisfactory; and he expreſſed repeated and earneſt wiſhes, to a friend, who ſoothed the languor of his laſt moments, that he could be permitted to live over his life again; "How different a man would I be," ſaid Aſtley, a vain, an unavailing wiſh, which thoſe perſons placed in ſimilar circumſtances, and *ſome of his relatives*, would do well to recollect and apply, before the fair ſun-ſhine of time and opportunity is paſſed away, and the dark cloud of everlaſting night cloſes on them and their proſpects for ever.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT; what writer is it, who in a ſtrain of figurative licentiouſneſs, ſpeaks in the following manner, of this ſucceſsful General.

"In the luxurious effeminacy of Perſia, Alexander forgot Macedon, the place of his birth, the nurſery of himſelf and his heroes; and this heroic conqueror, who wept for new worlds, was at laſt fully ſatisfied with the ſnowy globes of Statira."

I know not if this be a paſſage from Nathaniel Lee, a writer, whoſe genius ſo nearly approaching to, or actually exhibiting inſanity, affords ſuch frequent inſtances of the ludicrous, and the ſublime.

AMESBURY, an old, but pleaſant ſeat of the Dukes of Queenſberry, the ſcene of many a noon-tide chat, and evening contemplation, of Gay and his intrepid patroneſs; but now abandoned by its proprietor, and occupied by a ſociety of nuns from Vienna, who have converted this abode

abode of antient hoſpitality, into a convent, where I ſincerely wiſh them a ſafe and tranquil refuge from the world, its cares and temptations. I hope and truſt that the bank, from which they derive their ſupport, after narrowly eſcaping the thunders of Buonaparte, will not be ſapped by the more gradual, but equally deſtructive progreſs of an imperial edict.

Requieſcant in pace, is my wiſh, but as I have been accuſed of throwing out random charges, and exaggerated accuſations againſt popiſh prieſtcraft, I have ſelected the Ameſbury devotees, as one of ſeveral inſtances, in ſupport of what I have frequently ſaid of the induſtrious alacrity of *even modern catholics*, in the holy work of proſelytiſm and converſion.

I could produce ſeveral weak minded people, ſeduced by the *well applied* rhetoric of this ſiſterhood, or its patrons, from the proteſtant faith, and others, who have had the fortitude to reſiſt; I could mention ſome of the *very rational means* made uſe of, and which would have been ſtill employed, had not a formal and official communication been made to them, that they muſt deſiſt from ſo flagrant a violation of decency, as well as gratitude, in a country, which had, perhaps with a culpable liberality, tolerated this unnatural remnant of hateful ſuperſtition and fanatic ſecluſion, in ſpots, where in times not far remote, biſhops, paſtors, and holy men, women and children, have been conſigned, alive, to the devouring flames, by catholic hell-hounds, and blood-thirſty emiſſaries, from the whore of Babylon.

Notwithſtanding theſe, and other more ſonorous outcries of intolerant zeal, I am of opinion, that the whole of the tranſaction, from the firſt female importation, to their late mild reprehenſion, does honor to the Engliſh government; firſt, for granting liberty of conſcience and ritual celebration, to the profeſſors of a faith, which hath ſhed ſuch torrents of Engliſh blood; and ſecondly, for moderately reſtraining the vicious propenſity of an exiled, and I hope ſhortly,

an

an eradicated ſuperſtition, from the face of God's earth, which, for purpoſes beſt known to Omnipotence and Omniſcience, hath been permitted for ſo many centuries, to debaſe and torment mankind.

AUSTRIAN PEASANT, reply of one employed on the entrenchments, raiſed by the Imperial army on the Rhine.

Being aſked which party he wiſhed might prove victorious in the war, "which party," ſaid the fellow, ſcratching his head, and looking about him, with an arch look, and half ſuppreſſed ſmile, "I ſhould like to ſee all the French drowned in this river, and all the Auſtrian officers laughing at them *'till they burſt.*"

BAGGS, MAJOR, an individual well known on the turf, and at the gaming table, who united the well-formed habits of a gentleman, with an irreſiſtible paſſion for deep play, which he indulged to the utmoſt pitch of its bent.

If I may rely on the aſſertions of one *who had paid for his knowledge*, the Major, notwithſtanding the general prejudice againſt him, did not have recourſe to thoſe iniquitous manœuvres of fraudulent fineſſe, which thorough-paced gamblers think themſelves authorized to employ; yet he was ſucceſsful, almoſt without exception; and I have ſeen a liſt of names, ſome of them allied to our firſt families, compleatly ſtripped and exiled by the ſuperior luck, or ruinous dexterity of Baggs.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE THAT A MAN CAN PLAY FAIR WHO ALWAYS WINS, was the paſſionate exclamation of one he had plucked to his laſt feather; this aſſertion, the vanquiſhed player was obliged to defend at the riſque of his life; for, whatever the Major ſaid or did, he was eager rather than willing to defend by perſonal rencounter; the pidgeon, in this inſtance, eſcaped, only wing-broken and ruined.

On books, men, manners, and foreign countries, having viſited various parts of Europe and Aſia, he was well qualified to ſpeak; and when play or Fitzgerald was out of the queſtion, was conſidered as a pleaſant

ſant converſer. At table, his general ſucceſs ſometimes imperceptibly became the topic of the moment; he would not invite, but never avoided the diſcuſſion; "referring good fortune at the gaming table, indiſcriminately, and in every inſtance, to foul play," ſaid the ſubject of our preſent article on a very memorable occaſion, "is fooliſh and inſolent, the weak reſource of impotent anger, the unavailing and diſhonorable ſolace of vanquiſhed ignorance, reviling ſuperior capacity.

"The man who makes play the great buſineſs of his life, who never eats, drinks, ſleeps, acts, or even thinks without an eye to the *occupation of the night*; who makes every purſuit, women, wine, pleaſure, and buſineſs, ſubſervient to the maſter paſſion, ſuch a rigid diſciplinarian in diet, and the common habits of life, who, from caution and corrected appetites, teaches even his pulſe to beat, and his eyes to move in mechanical obedience and uniſon, may be ſaid to ſubject fortune to his controul, to reduce even chance to certainty.

"With ſuch an antagoniſt, a raw, headſtrong, overfed young man, with furious paſſions, and of unguarded temper, ruſhes to almoſt certain defeat; to attribute victory over a foe like this, to any other cauſe than the natural triumph of cool preparation and ſubdued ſenſibility, over untutored ignorance and raſh indiſcretion, is unworthy a man of ſenſe and a gentleman; ſuch deduction, whenever intentionally and perſonally pointed, (for I have no objection to the *general* diſcuſſion of any ſubject) it is my duty and determination to puniſh by every means in my power. I never *have* played, I never will play with a drunken man; but in every other inſtance, I conſider myſelf as fully juſtified in ſeizing every advantage which ſkill and good luck may place within my reach.

"At a gaming houſe, we meet profeſſedly to combine amuſement with profit; and I think myſelf, on every principle, juſtified in emptying the pockets of men

men who aſſemble for the expreſs purpoſe of plundering mine. As to deducing proofs of unfairneſs from the difference of mens' abilities; at play as in war, he who draws the ſword, commits himſelf at once to all the chances of the field. If I were to decline accepting a challenge on the ground of being more expert in hitting a mark, or becauſe I was a more compleat maſter of the ſmall ſword than my antagoniſt, I ſhould be deſervedly laughed at for my moderation, and kicked out of company for a poltroon, who diſguiſed cowardice under a maſk of punctilio and affectation."

This frank confeſſion, which may be conſidered by ſome as unanſwerable argument, and by others as a downright avowal of unqueſtionable and illicit advantage, may be peruſed with advantage by certain young friends of the Editor, of full health and in ſtrong ſpirits, who think their night badly ſpent, and their day ill-finiſhed, which does not conclude with *Faro* or *Rouge et Noir*.

On the ſubject of gaming, at which ſo many, and ſuch great fortunes are, and have been ſunk, a ſhort, a natural queſtion has often been aſked: To what oblivious unfathomable abyſs does ſuch a vaſt maſs of ready money deſcend? for, compared to the numbers who are ruined, how very few have the luck, or the prudence to ſecure independence?

The magnificent ſtructures which are riſing on every ſide around us, vying with royal magnificence and oriental ſplendor, while their fortunate proprietors collect pictures, and purchaſe boroughs, is a full and ſufficient anſwer to the queſtion.

To this another circumſtance may be added, the life of a gameſter, who moves in circles where ſums worth winning alone can circulate, *muſt* be expenſive, his equipage brilliant, and his appendages ample; he muſt occaſionally viſit Bath, the ſea ſide, and other places of faſhionable reſort, objects not within the reach of moderate finances, and which, without

without a conſtant and adequate return, will not fail to impoveriſh the wealthieſt of individuals.

But whatever the viciſſitudes of gameſters, however miraculous their elevation, or ſudden their depreſſion, the proprietors of thoſe houſes where they aſſemble, play a ſafe and certain game; notwithſtanding their laviſh expenditure on decoys, male as well as female, and the unpropitious interruption of falſe brethren; in ſpite of fines and impriſonment, theſe triumphant adventurers, *who were never born to be drowned*, march the turnpike road to affluence and independence; whilſt ſuicide, public juſtice, famine or diſeaſe, are cruſhing and treading down into oblivion and perdition, the miſerable victims by whom they have been enriched.

Dick England, with all his high tide of ſucceſs, and many valuable qualities, not often to be met with in a gambler, ſuffered ſome of the heavieſt penalties, though he ultimately eſcaped the ſentence of the law, for ſhooting a man of violence and thirſt for blood, who richly deſerved his fate; and Major Baggs, reſpected by the brother of his ſovereign, and protected by an Italian king, periſhed from the effects of diſgraceful confinement, in the nauſeous receſſes of a watch-houſe!

BARRE, ISAAC, a Colonel in the army, an intrepid whig, and a patriotic Member of Parliament, prepared on every neceſſary occaſion to defend the cauſe of general liberty againſt the incroachments of privilege, that moſt dangerous of all uſurpations, which uniting, what ought never to be united, executive with legiſlative functions, and wielding the power of the people againſt themſelves, ends in the moſt abſolute deſpotiſm.

The eſſence of our Engliſh conſtitution, if I underſtand that which my forefathers purchaſed with their blood, and which I will not heſitate defending at the ſame price, the eſſence of the Engliſh conſtitution is, that each of the bodies of which it is compoſed, can act *ſeparately* only

only within their own walls, but *jointly* over the whole ſtate.

The king, on whoſe prerogatives Mr. Reeves prates, with the borrowed eloquence of a Filmer; the king, except in his own palaces and precincts, where he acts rather as the maſter of his family, than a public functionary; the will of the king, in every other caſe, can only be executed by the magiſtrates, civil officers, and public courts of juſtice, acting under the known and eſtabliſhed law of the land.

Yet various inroads have been made on this great, this glorious firſt principle, ſo admirably calculated to prevent perſonal oppreſſion, public anarchy, and private injuſtice; kings, inſtead of acting by judges, courts, and juries, have taken a ſhorter path, by privy councils, by proclamations, by meſſengers; the office of a ſecretary of ſtate has been often converted into an inquiſition, or a court of ſtar chamber.

The houſe of lords appears to have preſerved its proper ſcale and rank in the conſtitution, more ſcrupulouſly than either of its illuſtrious aſſociates; tho' the circumſtance of the chancellor and the judges ſitting there, and its being a court of appeal, would ſeem to have beſt entitled it, in certain emergencies, to have acted like Mr. Windham, *with a vigor beyond the law.*

But the powers of the houſe of commons, have been pronounced by a hot headed orator, undefinable, (a dreadful, a terrible word, a tyranny to which, if his deſcription be correct, the fiat of a Perſian Cadi is far preferable.) The ſame gentleman calls it criminal, to pretend only to enumerate the various inſtances in which that ſupreme law, the *ſalus populi*, might call them forth.

The utility of ſuch a power, in many caſes, cannot be denied; but it is of the higheſt importance accurately to define it, to mark out, and, if poſſible, place impaſſable fences and barriers againſt a formidable enemy, which has often attacked thoſe from whom it derives its exiſtence.

Its

Its unconſtitutional luxuriancy has, at different times, been happily corrected; by the revolution of 1688, by a more minute attention to the *lex et conſuetudo parliamenti*, by the accurate diſcernment, and preciſe diſcrimination of modern times; and, laſtly, by the ſalutary conflicts of miniſterial and oppoſition ſtruggles.

The Statute Book, and Parliamentary Debates, are no bad hiſtories of the tendency, manners, crimes, and purſuits of the age; every period has its bugbear, in morals as well as politics. The Speaker's warrant was a giant which rouzed, and rouzed with reaſon, the terrors and reſentment of a great part of the nation, in the early part of the preſent reign, and provoked much animated diſcuſſion among the firſt characters of the day.

It was contended, that whatever power the Speaker enjoyed, it could only be given him, to regulate the aſſembly over which he preſided, that they might perform their functions without interruption; he was of courſe enabled, in the diſcuſſion of private and public acts, to bring before the houſe perſons and papers, that both ſides of a queſtion might be examined, that partial and unjuſt bills might not be obtruded on them; in theſe caſes, it was of the firſt importance that the warrant of a Speaker ſhould be reſpected. He is alſo ſuppoſed to be armed with legal powers to puniſh printing the debates, or ridiculing the characters of the members, upon the wholſome principle, that whatever we deſpiſe, and render contemptible, we ſhall ſoon learn to diſobey; but it has been doubted by many, whether the aſſumed cuſtom of conducting the debates of an Engliſh houſe of commons in ſecret, or *foribus clauſis*, is any part of the conſtitution.

In anſwer to what has been frequently and ſtrongly urged againſt the illegal and oppreſſive exertion of privilege or of prerogative, it has been ſaid that the ſubject has little to dread, while our courts of law, and our juries, are ready to hear, to redreſs, and to compenſate; that if we tie

up the hands of public functionaries too closely, we cripple them on occasions and emergencies, when vigorous and prompt measures are absolutely necessary for the salvation of the state.

There is reason and justice in the reply; yet I fear it has been too often used as a cloak for abuse, or an instrument of party malice; and, notwithstanding my supposed democratic tendencies, I would rather be levelled to the ground by the staff of a constable, or even a king's messenger, than be crushed by the weight of the serjeant's mace; I should prefer being dispatched at once, under the weight of Mr. Reeves's royal trunk, than have my head broke every session, by one of the crabbed branches; let me be killed at once by the lion, rather than be kicked to death by *another animal*, that has purloined and wrapped itself in his royal skin.

After giving the subject as cool an investigation as a rapid and superficial thinker is able, it appears that privileges originally given or assumed by the house of commons, were evidently for the purpose of guarding it against regal incroachment, or the pretensions of the house of peers, but that in the mode of exerting them against the subject, they have never been accurately defined, and for a very obvious and natural reason. It was never supposed that a representative of the people would rebel against his creator; so unnatural, and whilst the constitution was purely administered, so impolitic a struggle, was neither thought of nor provided against.

The certain remedy, *if not attended with more serious mischief*, would be shorter parliaments, and more frequent elections.

The following animated invective, was pronounced by Colonel Barré, during the never to be forgotten debates, on committing the City Magistrates to the Tower; it rouzed the Minister from his slumbers, profligate venality trembled, and was confounded.

" Since I had the honor, or rather dishonor, of sitting in this house, I have been

been witnefs to many ftrange, many fhameful tranfactions; but fince I could call myfelf a member of the Britifh fenate, never were my ears fhocked with fuch an abominable propofal, as that which now difgraces this affembly. A reprefentative of the firft city of the empire, or, perhaps, in the world, is to be treated as a ftate criminal, for fupporting the general rights of the nation, and the peculiar privilege of his fellow citizens. It has been proved, to a demonftration, that your claim of privilege was meant as a bulwark againft the encroachments of the crown, and not a check upon your conftituents. It has been clearly fhewn, that you have acted contrary to *magna charta*, and that the arraigned magiftrates have adhered to the law of the land.

" You have been convicted of invading the peculiar franchifes of the city, and of trampling on numerous ftatutes made in its favor; while the objects of your impotent malice, have only acted according to the dictates of confcience, and in obedience to their oath. You will punifh them, becaufe they would not betray their truft, and be guilty of perjury. What can be your intention in fuch an attack upon all honor and virtue? Do you mean to bring all men to a level with yourfelves, and to extirpate all honefty and independence? — Perhaps you imagine that a vote will fettle the whole controverfy? Alas, you are not aware that the manner in which your vote is procured, remains a fecret to no man. Liften—for if you are not totally callous, if your confciences are not feared, I will fpeak daggers to your fouls.

" Whence did this motion take its rife? Where was the fcheme concerted? Did it originate in this houfe? Is it the legitimate offspring of this affembly? No; it is the abortion of five wretched clerks, who, though a difgrace to this houfe, have the management, I beg pardon, the mifmanagement of all national affairs. Thefe pitiful drudges brought the treafury into the fcheme; the treafury is directed by the

the junto of Carlton-house; Carlton-house sets all the administration in motion; and the administration issued their mandates to the machines that compose the majority. Thus are you played off like puppets, by the management of the magicians who act behind the curtain. Do you not blush at such infamy? Do not your cheeks burn with conscious shame at being mere machines, or like oxen in a stall, fed by the hand of your master, and forced to draw in his yoke? By heaven, I had rather not exist than drag such a heavy, such a galling, such a detestable chain. There are, indeed, those of whose commands I should be proud, because their service is perfect freedom. The instruction of your constituents, you should be always ready to obey. But you have inverted the maxim of the gospel, and made the servant greater than his master. You, who are only deputies of factors, have usurped a power not only superior to that of your creators, but destructive of the very rights by which they exist as freemen. In the gulph of your privileges, you have swallowed up the birthright of the people, who are ultimately paramount to all the three branches of the legislature. Had you been as tenacious of your duty as of your interest, you would have first provided for the safety of the peoples' rights, and then entered into a discussion of your own privileges.

"It is the privilege of the people to be tried by the law of the land, and to see the course of justice free and uninterrupted; you have flagrantly violated both, and opened a door for anarchy and confusion. But where is the wonder that you act in this arbitrary manner, when you would not allow mention to be made of that traiterous member who declared, in the face of day, that he hoped to see his Majesty as absolute as the King of Prussia; and that he had bought his constituents, and made use of their instructions for a purpose not fit to be named. Had you been true representatives, you would have immediately

immediately dropped every other ſubject, and bluſhed to determine any national affair, 'till you had removed from among you ſuch an accurſed thing, ſuch an abomination to all honor and honeſty. But you love to protect ſuch culprits, becauſe of ſuch is your kingdom compoſed. How then can you imagine, that the people will tamely acquieſce in injuries received from men of your ſtamp? How can you imagine, that Britons will endure an act of tyranny, as alarming as any practiſed by the deſpot of France? Louis, the *well beloved*, eraſes the acts of his parliaments, and our *beloved* Houſe of Commons eraſes the legal proceedings of our courts of record.

"The violence of Charles the Firſt, when he entered this houſe in perſon, and ſeized the five members, was not a matter of ſuch pernicious example. You have ſtruck at the very root of all law and juſtice, and endeavoured, at one blow, to annihilate all our liberties.

"The conſequence is natural. After having aſſumed an arbitrary dominion over truth and juſtice, you iſſue orders, warrants, and proclamations, againſt every opponent, and ſend priſoners to your baſtile, all thoſe who have the virtue and courage to defend the expiring freedom of their country, but it is in vain that you hope by fear and terror to extinguiſh every ſpark of the ancient fire of this iſle. The more ſacrifices, the more martyrs you make, the more numerous the ſons of liberty will become. They will multiply like the Hydra's head, and hurl vengeance at your devoted heads. Let others act as they will; while I have a tongue or an arm, they ſhall be free. And that I may not be a witneſs of this monſtrous proceeding, I will leave the houſe; nor do I doubt but every independent, every honeſt man, every friend to England, will follow me."

BELKNAP, Sir RICHARD, Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas, in the reign of Richard the ſecond.

This eminent lawyer, like others of his profeſſion in other times, ſaw, and confeſſed that he ſaw, the path of

of duty, but wanted fortitude and reſolution to perſevere in it, during that turbulent period of feudal, eccleſiaſtic, and military deſpotiſm.

To this Judge, and the reſt of his brethren, the king had ſent ten queries for their conſideration: the purport of them was to aſk if the ſovereign, by his own regal power, could revoke an act of parliament; they gave for anſwer, *that the king was above law;* THE VENERABLE SKIPWITH, I believe a Baron of the Exchequer, was the only man on the bench, honeſt and bold enough to avow a different opinion.

Yet Belknap did not give way, without conſiderable and painful ſtruggles; for when he was deſired by the Earl of Suffolk, and other meſſengers from the king, with drawn ſwords and menacing looks, to give his ſentiments on the ſubject in writing; after ſigning and ſealing the diſgraceful ſcroll, he delivered it to the Earl, with the following remarkable words; "I now want nothing but a horſe, a hurdle and a halter, to convey me to the puniſhment I deſerve. Yet, if I had not complied, I ſhould have been ſlain by your hands; and now I have gratified the king's pleaſure, I merit more than death; for thus violating my conſcience, and being guilty of the blackeſt treaſon to my country."

For this direliction of duty and decorum, the guilty and puſillanimous lawyers were degraded and baniſhed in the after part of the ſame reign; Treſilian and Bramber, who had more actively engaged in the unwarrantable buſineſs, were both put to death; thus leaving a memorable proof, that the life of the moſt ſubmiſſive tools is conſidered of ſmall account, by the very tyrants they have ſerved, whenever the neceſſity of the times, demands a ſacrifice to popular reſentment.

If Belknap, with ſuch ſtrong convictions as he evinced, had acted up to the principles he avowed, and boldly faced the conſequences, with what pleaſure and admiration ſhould I have recorded the circumſtance: Is there any thing in human life, its

permanent

permanent pains, and evanescent pleasures, is there any thing that can excuse a man for refusing *such* a call to resign it?

At *certain moments*, when nothing but the restraining hand of a Saviour, and "cannon planted by the Almighty," could have saved me from the gulph of everlasting perdition; at those unhappy moments, how eagerly would I have embraced the alternative he declined. Stimulated at once by patriotism and strong propensity, I would chearfully have ascended the scaffold, and considering the tyrants mandate as a kind release from vanity and vexation of spirit, I would have endured the agonies of death without a groan.

BOISSY, D'ANGLAIS, part of his speech on presenting the French constitution, for which I am indebted to a person who heard it delivered, with an assurance, (such was the mute attention with which it was heard) that not a syllable was lost; the good sense and moderation which pervade it, have induced me to make an extract, and indeed give it a fair claim to a place in this volume.

"A great nation," said Boissy, who with all his moderation, all his candor, and a thousand good qualities, has been banished from his country, since I prepared the present article; "a great nation is like a great man, while the world re-echoes his praises, *he* is often sighing for repose; thus France having atchieved the greatest of its labours, wishes to enjoy the fruit of them in peace.

"The destiny of twenty-five millions of men is in our hands; it remains with the present generation to determine, if order shall succeed to anarchy, and liberty to licentiousness; our efforts have hitherto been only to destroy, let us now begin to establish.

"And we may now be thankful that we are able to look around us without terror; I can now face an assembly of national representatives, without fear of seeing a miscreant, polluted with the blood of a fellow citizen, without my eye being shocked by a sight of the assassin of a parent, a brother or a sister; and what is

is of no ſmall account, the decency of a legiſlative body is no longer violated by the tumultuous howlings, and coarſe language of exaſperated demagogues.

" I do not ſay that paſſion is extinguiſhed, nor do I wiſh to ſay it; for the ſame energy which ſtimulated us to commence, and enabled us thus far to perſevere, in our glorious courſe, is ſtill neceſſary towards finiſhing the great work of political regeneration; but the majority of the people tired with repeated revolutionary ſhocks, demand a conſtitution which may guarantee perſonal ſafety, inviolability of opinion, and ſecurity of property.

" Our revolution *was not* the work of a few obſcure individuals, but a fiat of the general will; for the ſeceſſion or refuſal of the perverſe and the ſelf-intereſted, on ſuch important occaſions, cannot be attended to, either according to the laws of numbers, morality, or general happineſs. It is however, not to be denied, that we were gradually prepared for the bleſſings we are to enjoy, by thoſe philoſophers, for ever dear to every Frenchman, whoſe names will mark the eighteenth century, as a new and intereſting æra, in the hiſtory of the world; they pronounced thoſe magic words, LIBERTY AND EQUALITY; the nobleſſe were inſtantly panic-ſtruck, and the clergy terrified; in ſpite of all their efforts, the fabric of privilege and ſuperſtition, which had been erecting for ſo many centuries, contrived with ſo much art, and alas cemented with ſo much blood, the fabric was happily upſet from its foundation.

" On the 14th of July, the people gained a great victory, and the conſtituent aſſembly nobly ſeconded their efforts; but, like a traveller, who has ſtill a wide extent of country to traverſe, and which he dreads to look forward to, they were ſeduced by their feelings, and the force of antient preſcription; their optics were not ſufficiently powerful to take a full view of the republican ſun, which blazed on their ſight; they had not fortitude and ſtrength of mind to proclaim a republic, which it

was

was their duty immediately to have done; for they could not but ſee that the good of the people is, or ought to be the foundation of all governments, and paramount to every other object.

"But the ſervile duplicity of Louis the ſixteenth, and the unconquerable, intriguing ſpirit of his wife, happily forwarded the great work, which honeſt timidity prevented the aſſembly from undertaking; HIS THRONE WAS SUBVERTED BY HIS OWN ARTS, AND HIS UNMANLY SUBMISSION TO HIS WIFE; in all the commotions which have ſhaken us, in all the ſtorms we have experienced, the Fœderaliſts and Jacobins were greater enemies, to the revolution they *ſeemed* to aſſiſt, than the moſt inveterate Royaliſt, or irritated Ariſtocrate.

"Then ſucceeded the Conſtitution of 1793; that it conſiſted of many uſeful and many excellent parts, or *detached pieces*, cannot be denied; but *as a great whole*, as a machine deſigned for adminiſtering to the peace and the wants of more than twenty millions of men, it was radically deficient; conſiſtency, firmneſs and uniformity were wanting; it contained within itſelf the oppoſite ſeeds of anarchy and deſpotiſm. Our liberties would either have been ſacrificed to a few plauſible, ambitious men, or by forming the people at once into a deliberative and executive aſſembly, we ſhould inevitably have been precipitated into the ruinous abyſs of democratic turbulency; I ſpeak of thoſe articles in the Conſtitution of 1793, which organized inſurrection, and which alſo appointed an executive council of twenty-four.

"It is attempted, in the Conſtitution which is now preſented to you, it is attempted to divide, but by no means to weaken the power of thoſe, in whom the framing of laws is veſted; civil equality, ſo far as regards univerſal public contribution, and every man alike enjoying the protection of the laws, and his own property will be irrevocably confirmed. WE HAVE NOT ATTEMPTED, NOR SHALL WE ENDEAVOR TO ESTABLISH ABSOLUTE

 EQUALITY;

EQUALITY; the WHOLE OF THAT DELUSIVE THEORY IS A CHIMÆRA.

"To conduct the government of a great people is an arduous task, it requires a union of talents and good intentions; these will be best applied, by those who are most interested in the public welfare, and are guided by the most laudable motives; men of property, and of sound morality.

"To be eligible to the legislative body, it will be necessary to possess some property, the *quantum* you must fix yourselves; instead of being a restraint, this will secure to electors, the means of making a better choice. We will not propose to you the same measure for determining the rank of citizens; all have fought for liberty, all have the same right to its advantages; we will not again expose our country to vain, but invidious distinctions.

"We propose dividing the legislative body into two councils, both to be named by the people, and at the same time; one to propose laws, THE COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED; the consent of the other to be necessary before they can be put in force, THE COUNCIL OF ANTIENTS; one half of the legislative body to be renewed every two years.

"The galleries in the halls where the councils sit, shall be public, but they shall not contain, in any case, nor at any time, more than half the number of individuals who compose the assembly.

"We further propose to you, to establish an executive power, composed of five members, appointed by the two sections of the legislative body, who shall have power to accuse, but never to dismiss them. This executive power shall be called the Directory, one of the five members shall be renewed annually; they shall have no fixed president, but each of the five members shall preside during three months.

BOUVART, a French physician, in good practice, and a member of the Academy of Sciences, to which he made several communications, on professional and other subjects. He

He firſt introduced the Seneka root at Paris, and is ſaid to have pronounced it a ſpecific in dropſies; yet in ſpite of Bouvart or the Academy, have we one *well authenticated* caſe of recovery from a confirmed dropſy, notwithſtanding the mercenary audacity, and unbridled effrontery of modern empiriciſm; ſuch is the fatality or the faſhion of new remedies, at firſt induſtriouſly proclaimed, and ſupported by error or fraud.

Who, on reading Dr. Storck's pamphlets a few years ſince, his unqualified declarations, and apparently his well authenticated caſes, who could have doubted but that in hemlock, we poſſeſſed a ſafe and certain remedy for one of the moſt cruel and inveterate diſeaſes, which afflict mankind?

Yet, ſupported by the firſt and moſt reſpectable medical evidence, and without ſuppoſing that the hemlock of Vienna, is at all different from, or ſuperior to that of England, I venture to affirm, that in a confirmed cancer, no remedy remains but the knife; and that the radical efficacy of that can only be aſſured, by applying it in the earlieſt and moſt inert ſtage of the diſeaſe. It is therefore a fact, which cannot be too deeply impreſſed, or too widely diffuſed, that THERE IS NO CURE FOR A CONFIRMED CANCER, WHEN FIXED TO THE PART WHERE IT IS SEATED, OR WHEN THE SKIN IS BROKEN.

It is not improbable but that I may be condemned, for thus giving utterance to a melancholy truth; I may be told that it is cruel and unfeeling, to communicate unavailing information, and thus deprive the patient of hope, however fallacious, that laſt ſolace of the wretched. Yet, it is ſurely of importance, to reſcue the uninformed and the unfortunate, from the uſeleſs tortures and fraudulent impoſitions of quackery, by communicating, however unwelcome the taſk, wholſome advice; which, if I ever ſhould find myſelf placed in their unhappy ſituation, I am reſolved to follow myſelf.

The moment I had reaſon to fear that any complaint I laboured under, was cancerous, neither pains nor

nor expence ſhould be ſpared, in poſitively aſcertaining the fact, and in procuring the beſt advice from thoſe, properly qualified by early education and appropriate ſtudy; I would ſubmit, without reluctance, and I hope without ſhrinking, to whatever ſeverities, ſound judgment and practical dexterity ſhould adviſe; perhaps I ſhould ſubmit to internal medicines with the moſt reluctance.

But, once convinced, from the circumſtances before mentioned, that the hour for manual operation, and external application was paſſed, I would ſubmit quietly to my fate, and convert the mortal affliction, into a wholſome preparative for death; devoting the remainder of my days to the ſolaces of religion and friendſhip, I would endeavour to abate the pangs of diſeaſe, by large and frequent doſes of opium, which diminiſhing by degrees, nervous ſenſibility, and gradually lulling me to repoſe, I ſhould at laſt ſink into everlaſting ſleep.

I have been ſeduced by a melancholy, but intereſting ſubject, a ſubject, in which the ſtouteſt man among us, we know not how ſoon, may be directly or collaterally concerned; I have been ſeduced from the original purpoſe, for which I introduced the name of Bouvart; it was to relate a ſhort converſation which paſſed between the phyſician, and a French Marquis, whom he had attended, during a long and ſevere indiſpoſition. As he entered the chamber on a certain occaſion, he was thus addreſſed by his patient; "Good day to you, Mr. Bouvart; I feel quite in ſpirits, and think my fever has left me." "I am ſure of it," replied the doctor; "the very firſt expreſſion you uſed, convinces me of it." "Pray explain yourſelf." Nothing more eaſy; in the firſt days of your illneſs, when your life was in danger, I was your *deareſt friend;* as you began to get better, I was your *good Bouvart*; and now I am Mr. Bouvart; depend on it you are quite recovered.

The Marquis laughed, and

and acknowledged the justice of his obſervation; it was grounded on a knowledge of human nature, and ſupported by every day's experience; but on this point, a phyſician, whoſe motto is, *accipe dum dolet*, in other words, *I deal only for ready money;* a phyſician has the advantage of thoſe more ſubordinate, but more laborious branches of his profeſſion, whoſe *bills* are preſented, when the impreſſions of fear, hope and gratitude, are almoſt effaced, and are often paid with indifference and heſitation, reluctance or reproach.

BUNYAN, JOHN, a Bedfordſhire tinker of obſcure birth, and profligate life; who, after paſſing his earlier years in the indulgence of every evil propenſity, and taking an active part as a private ſoldier in the civil war of 1645, was rouzed to a ſenſe of his perilous condition, by ſeveral providential hair-breadth eſcapes from imminent danger, at the ſiege of Leiceſter, where he ſerved in the parliamentary army.

Thus happily awakened from the dreams of thoughtleſſneſs, and the ſtupor of ſenſuality, he gradually weaned himſelf from wicked habits and profane ſwearing, for which he was ſhamefully notorious, and had been reproached by his reprobate companions; being thus reproved for wickedneſs by ſin, was the firſt ſalutary ſhock his conſcience received.

As the great work of grace is ſeldom at a ſtand in ſerious minds, particularly in thoſe endued with a more than ordinary ſhare of ſenſibility, and as SPIRITS ARE TOUCHED TO DIFFERENT ISSUES; the pangs of repentance, in the caſe of Mr. Bunyan, acting on ſtrong feelings, and a fervid imagination, were attended with conſiderable energy and emphaſis.

But, unfortunately, the flights of his fancy were not reſtrained, nor his judgment matured by any previous intercourſe with well informed circles; having few opportunities of procuring books, he was not enlightened by literary improvement; and, as might be

be naturally expected, he was precipitated into the torrents and whirlpools of enthusiastic fanaticism, which, at times, so wonderfully and irresistibly seizes the untaught multitude, and sometimes well cultivated understandings.

He mistook the rapid flashes of internal conviction, acting on a nervous system peculiarly irritable, for divine inspiration; the depression of despair, and the elevation of hope, he took for cœlestial intercourse; what, in fact, was only *self-communion*, he interpreted, understood, and insisted, was a voice or voices heard; and ideas which, early and late, sleeping or waking, were never absent from his mind's eye, he considered and described as objects actually presented to his sight; so natural is it to give to the impressions of imagination and strong impulse, a substance and a form.

The anatomist, or the metaphysician, must decide on the difference of operation, and on the effects produced on the nervous fibre, by material or immaterial *stimuli;* perhaps, in the instance of the Bedfordshire divine, for he afterwards officiated in that capacity, during a long and useful life, perhaps, in his case, a strong cordial, a dose of laudanum, or a few ounces of blood taken from the arm, would have shewn him his mistake.

That such declarations, or such delusions, are often cloaks for the worst species of hypocrisy, and made use of to forward the purposes of interest and ambition, past experience, and present example, leave us no room to doubt; but, from the previous habits of Bunyan, and afterwards his useful exertions; from the steady unsubdued fortitude with which he suffered religious persecution, I am persuaded that the conduct of our Bedfordshire enthusiast, was founded on strong conviction, on honest but mistaken zeal.

These struggles of the flesh with the spirit, these *experiences*, in a word, these effects of hope and fear on a susceptible mind, were frequent; and Bunyan, as

was

was the faſhion of the day, publiſhed a copious narrative of them, under the title of Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners.

But whatever was his *faith*, he was not deficient in *works*; he became a *new man*, ſhook off his looſe companions; and to protect himſelf againſt the aſſaults of a temptation to which he had been inordinately devoted, he took to himſelf a wife; thus effectually providing for human frailty, legal gratification.

To this excellent woman, who had been religiouſly educated, Bunyan attributed, under the direction of a kind Providence, the ſalvation of his ſoul. Her marriage portion was very ſmall, but ſhe opened to him the treaſures of everlaſting life, as contained in the holy ſcriptures; and, by means of a ſmall, but well ſelected collection of the beſt Calviniſtic writers, compleated his religious education. She made it an expreſs ante-matrimonial condition, that he ſhould amend his life and converſation; and, previous to the ceremony at the altar, firmly declared, that if he did not perſiſt in his pious reſolutions, ſhe would, tho' a wife, relinquiſh his ſociety, and abandon her huſband.

After narrowly eſcaping the deluſions of the Ranters, an odious and deſpicable claſs of Antinomians, whoſe doctrines and lives would have injured and diſgraced any religion but that which was revealed from Heaven, he continued to fulfill his duty as a miniſter of the goſpel; and at length produced a work, the Pilgrim's Progreſs, which, if literary labors are to be eſtimated by the benefits they confer, and the great truths they diffuſe, cannot be rated too highly; when I conſider the millions who have profitted from this popular production; millions, who probably would neither have been intereſted or awakened by a work written in a more elaborate, or indeed in any other form, I cannot help declaring, that I had rather be the author of it, than of the Iliad, or Paradiſe Loſt.

BUSSY, De la RABUTIN, a French Count, and an accompliſhed courtier, in the early part of the ſeventeenth century; a military man, and an agreeable, but occaſionally an indelicate and licentious writer, nearly related to Madam de Sevigny, but baniſhed from Court, and diſmiſſed the ſervice, for his amorous Hiſtory of the Gauls, in which he juſtly, but ſatirically, delineated the character of the Grand Monarch, and many diſtinguiſhed perſons of that day; a proceeding in which the king did not act with the magnanimity of the unhappy Louis XVI. who, on being ſhewed a ſevere attack on himſelf, in a work of Diderot's, is ſaid to have exclaimed, "I will excuſe the perſonality on myſelf, on account of the number of excellent paſſages I have met with in other parts of the book."

Rabutin is one of the numerous inſtances of the advantages of misfortune; and the book he wrote in the high tide of blood and proſperity, which was eagerly ſought after in its day, and for which he was diſgraced, but which, after ſeveral efforts, from its unintereſting flimſineſs, I found myſelf unable to read, probably derived its original, its chief value, from the characters it exhibits, being portraits of perſons generally known, and actually drawn from the life.

But the productions of his more ſober hours, in addition to a lively deſcription of men, and manners, poſſeſs much ſolidity, conſiderable depth of thought, and uſeful application to the purpoſes of life, that indiſpenſible requiſite in every literary production. He exhibits a naiveté of diction and ſentiment, an intereſting ſimplicity of ſtyle, not eaſily conveyed through the medium of an Engliſh tranſlation.

"It is the faſhion for good people ſitting by a comfortable fire ſide," ſays the agreeable Count, "to tremble at the thoughts of an engagement, to wonder how it is poſſible for any one to eſcape amidſt a ſhower of muſket balls; for my

own

own part, I have been in many actions, 'tis true, I felt at first an *unpleasant sensation;* but, in the hurry and bustle of the business, this was soon dissipated; and such is the force of habit, that I acquired a kind of artificial security, arising from having never been wounded, and, at last, became wholly a stranger to fear; *my* misfortunes, alas, proceeded from another source."

"But to diminish your alarms," continues Rabutin, in a letter to a female friend, if I mistake not, Madam de Sevigny, "to diminish your alarms on the subject, let me beg of you to recollect, that many campaigns are often made without drawing a sword; that one is often in battle without seeing an enemy; it is frequently a mere affair of position; a dancing the hays, a struggle for posts, a trial of skill in extending fronts, turning wings, and securing defiles."

"For instance, in the battle of Dunes, (query Dunkirk) in 1658, the matter was entirely settled by the dragoons; I was in a distant quarter wholly unconcerned, and in my own opinion and feelings, as safe as if I had been chatting with you in your little alcove.

"But it is common for women, and *men like women,* to be hurried by hopes and fears, into misconception and exaggeration. Romantic girls think a lover always ready, *en etat,* and parsons, that a soldier is perpetually fighting, sword in hand.

"I heard you were ill," says the Count in another letter to the same lady, "and talked with a neighbour of mine, an able physician, on your case. He tells me, that women of full habits like you, and who continue *really* widows, from the constant struggles between their passions and discretion, are commonly subject to lowness of spirits.

"My apprehensions of a more serious malady were instantly dissipated; and as the time is not yet come for you to be quite tired of life, and the remedy is within your reach, I flatter myself you will not long hesitate between an emetic and a gallant." It is scarcely

ly neceſſary to ſay, that the patient, a woman of virtue, rank, and literary eminence, did not follow the indecorous preſcription, which would have added vice to diſeaſe.

With all the eaſe of a well bred lady, but the good principles of a chriſtian matron, ſhe thus replied to Buſſy: "The *remedy* you mention is worſe than the complaint; it has often been recommended to me, but the ſame reaſons which prevented my uſing the medicine *as a preventative*, hinder me alſo from adopting it by way of cure."

It is thus that reaſon and religion happily ſtep in to guard us againſt the attacks of ſin, which ſoftened by licentiouſneſs into the leſs offenſive term gallantry, wraps up wicked actions in harmleſs words, and too often paints guilty pleaſure in alluring colors.

"Wit calls the Graces the
chaſte zone to looſe,
Nor leſs than a plump god
to fill the bowl."

Swift, in one of his letters, finds fault with the Count De la Rabutin, becauſe he was perpetually ſighing to be reſtored to favor, and cenſures his want of philoſophy, in not making himſelf happy, and even preferring literary retirement, to the ſplendid buſtle, and ſuppreſſed feelings of a Court; yet, if I underſtand the Dean's character, he was the laſt man who had a right to make the obſervation.

He was himſelf a baniſhed courtier, exaſperated by diſappointment, a political common place croaker for more than half his life. Had he been rewarded, with what he called *bread and cheeſe in England* (meaning, of courſe, Durham or Wincheſter) few ſpecimens would have remained of his venomous invective and party malignity.—— Crowned with eccleſiaſtic laurels, and baſking in the warm ſun-ſhine of clerical honors and preferment, one conſiderable ſource of his peculiar miſanthropy and irritability, would not have exiſted, he might have gradually ſunk into eaſe and oblivion; a placid conſumer of port wine, turtle, beef, and pudding; a chuckler

ckler in lawn ſleeves, with little or nothing to diſturb his ſlumbers, but an occaſional dream of a rich commendam, a *Congé d'Elire*, or the renewal of a leaſe. Sleeping through life in gentle inactivity, and ſhaking *his* head at men with leſs prudence than himſelf, *he* would have had no reaſon to

"Pray heartily for ſome new gift,"

nor would *others* have had occaſion

"To ſhake their heads at Dr. Swift."

CANCER, for an important fact relative to this dreadful diſeaſe, ſee the article Bouvart, in this volume.

CARNARVON, Earl of, a Peer in the reign of King Charles the Second, and deliverer of a ſingular ſpeech in the Houſe of Lords, preſerved by Torbuck, in his parliamentary debates; it was indeed ſingular, not only from the circumſtances by which it was preceded, its compoſition, and mode of delivery, but in the literal meaning of the word, for it was the only time this noble Lord ever addreſſed the houſe.

Having dined with the Duke of Buckingham, and other bon vivants, who circulated the bottle briſkly; in the buoyancy of high ſpirits, or the reſtleſs raſhneſs of intoxication, Lord Carnarvon made a conſiderable bet with the favorite, that he would ſpeak, in an important debate, which was expected to come on that very afternoon in the Houſe of Lords, on the ſubject of a propoſed impeachment of the Earl of Danby, an anceſtor of the preſent Duke of Leeds.

The wager was confirmed by half pint bumpers of Burgundy, and the party repaired to the ſcene of action, but the debate had commenced before their arrival; the noble Lord, however, catching the Chancellor's eye ſoon after a Peer ſat down, who had concluded with a latin quotation, he thus began:

"I underſtand little of Latin, my Lords, but a good deal of Engliſh, and a little of Engliſh hiſtory, from which I have learned the miſchiefs of ſuch proſecutions

fecutions as thefe, and the ill fate of all perfecutors.

"I could bring many inftances, and thofe very antient, but I fhall go no further back, my Lords, than Queen Elizabeth's reign; at which time, the Earl of Effex was run down by Sir Walter Raleigh, and your Lordfhips know what became of Sir Walter Raleigh; Lord Bacon ran him down, and your Lordfhips know what became of my Lord Bacon; the Duke of Buckingham ran him down, and your Lordfhips know what happened to the Duke of Buckingham.

"The Earl of Strafford ran down the Duke, and we all know what became of him; Sir Henry Vane ran down the Earl of Strafford, and your Lordfhips know what became of Sir Henry Vane; Chancellor Hyde ran down Sir Henry Vane, and your Lordfhips know what became of the Chancellor; Sir Thomas Ofborne, now Earl of Danby, ran down Chancellor Hyde, but what will become of the Earl of Danby, your Lordfhips beft can tell."

As foon as the orator fat down, the furprized and fomewhat difappointed Buckingham, (for he wifhed rather to ridicule than ferve Lord Danby) ftepped towards him, and patting him on the back, exclaimed "The man's infpired, I have loft my money, my claret has done the bufinefs."

This anecdote ferves to confirm an axiom of a teacher of oratory, during a late reign; he infifted that no man would ever make a figure, as a public fpeaker, unlefs he confidered all who heard him as fo many cabbage ftalks.—Wine produced in Lord Carnarvon, this temporary delufion, this imaginary fuperiority, and the effect it produced was compleatly fuccefsful.

CARTHAGE, the capital of a warlike kingdom, co-temporary with Rome in her meridian fplendor; a powerful and formidable rival of the miftrefs of the world, by whom, after long repeated, and bloody ftruggles, this pride of Africa was fubverted, her warriors and citizens exterminated

exterminated or dispersed, her treasures plundered, and her walls levelled with the dust.

Yet how little do we know of the internal policy, and external relations of this great military and commercial people, whose fleets once covered the Mediterranean; and conducted by the intrepid Hanno, planted numerous colonies, on a long extent of coast, from the streights of Gibraltar, to several hundred leagues eastward of Senegal, and the modern settlement of Sierra Leona?

To this question, a short, but satisfactory answer may be given; the few historical facts we possess, relating to them, have for the most part been handed down, by the suspicious conveyance of a prejudiced and inveterate foe, jealous of a power, which for several centuries set bounds to their ambition, and envious of a glory, which made so near approaches to their own; a people who far excelled their conquerors in the arts of peace, and laid the foundations of empire rather on the honorable basis of human industry and ingenuity, than on carnage, plunder, and lawless domination.

The remains of Carthaginian history appearing so very scanty, has induced the learned Dodwell to suppose, that a nation which had attained such eminence as a maritime power, and forced even their vanquishers to confess, that if Carthage existed, Rome could not; he has been induced to think, that they did not possess any public records, that they had no writers capable of relating, and preserving their domestic, naval and military history.

But this circumstance, which has inclined so good a writer to consider even the Periplus of Hanno as fabulous, may be easily and naturally accounted for, from the characteristic supercilious indifference of the Greeks, and the malignant envy of the Romans, neither of whom had generosity or strength of mind to confess the merits of a people, whom they hated and feared, and comprehended indiscriminately with all other nations of the globe,

globe, under the insolent and often inapplicable title of barbarians.

At a period so remotely anterior to printing, when to produce literary works for the public eye, was a tedious and laborious operation, and to multiply or diffuse them, attended with difficulty and expence; when the burning half a dozen copies was tantamount to suppression, we have good reason to think that every species of historical evidence, in favor of a people whom they detested and destroyed, was eagerly annihilated by the vindictive industry of a triumphant enemy.

To those, who in matters of controversy, are influenced by the weight of names, it may be sufficient to observe, that on the subject of the authenticity of the Periplus, and other fragments, which would establish beyond a doubt, the well founded claims of the Carthaginians, to glory and renown; it may be sufficient to observe, that to the learned scepticism of Dodwell, may be opposed the scrupulous accuracy of Mons.r Bougainville, brother of the celebrated voyager, the critical depth, and sound judgment of the president Montesquieu.

By what means, and from what causes, a great commercial nation, neither inferior in courage, nor deficient in the sinews of war, at length was subjugated by the Romans, would afford a curious and useful object of enquiry, to the patriot, the philosopher and historian.

It hath been said in reply, that Carthage did not possess an extent of territory and population, equal to her spirit of colonization; that her principal defenders were mercenary troops, neither endeared to their allies, nor attached to the people for whom they fought; that they were strangers to that strong enthusiastic spirit, which so eminently distinguished the Romans, which has burst forth so ardently in the modern Gallic Republicans, who wholly occupied by the *amor patriæ*, equally despised difficulty, danger and death; that inordinate wealth, and its inseparable offspring, luxury and vice, had not yet entirely sapped the

the principles of the Romans, with whom a *certain portion* of virtue and public ſpirit ſtill remained; that the Italian citizens, while the popular forms continued, were parties concerned in the government they defended; in a word, had a country to loſe.

Without entering deeply into the queſtion of the comparative ſtate of morals of the two countries, or wiſhing to overturn ſo uſeful and honorable a theory, I may be permitted to obſerve, that ſome of the greateſt victories upon record, have been gained by men, converted by the habits of rigid diſcipline, into mere mechanical machines; and with reſpect to reaſoning and reflection, very little, if at all ſuperior to the weapons in their hands; the memory of my readers will on this occaſion, naturally recur to the deciſive battle of Arbela, which cruſhed the power of Darius, and the modern, but not leſs ſplendid victory of Frederick, near the village of Roſbach.

In contemplating the protracted wars, the armed truces, and the inſidious conditions of peace, by neither meant to be obſerved, (for I conſider the *fides Romana* equally perjured and proſtituted with the *Punica)* of theſe implacable rivals, who alternately deſolated, re-peopled, improved and corrupted the world; it is natural for an Engliſhman, intereſted in the welfare of friends he loves, and of a conſtitution to which, notwithſtanding its eaſily removed blemiſhes, he is warmly attached, it is natural for an Engliſhman, to caſt an anxious eye on the preſent conteſt between Great Britain and the French Republic, with reſpect to its preſent effects, and its probable future conſequences.

If after a long and bloody ſtruggle between theſe powerful rivals, peace ſhould at length be reſtored, the eyes of the world will be fixed on what I conſider a great and memorable experiment, an experiment, in the event of which the univerſe is intereſted. The French people oppreſſed for ages by regal deſpotiſm, nobility and the church, without conſtitution, repreſentation, or any interme-

diate barrier between the monarch and his ſubjects, at length (to uſe an expreſſion of Mr. Burke's) *will'd* a conſtitution, in the formation of which, they have endeavoured to avoid, or provide againſt the evils, under which their country groaned for ſo many centuries, and to procure as many advantages, as the preſent improved ſtate of human knowledge would afford.

After a long conteſt, in which they excited reſiſtance and ineffectual combination, and in which, with regard to Great Britain, I will not attempt to decide, who were the firſt, and who the ſecondary aggreſſors, they have in a great meaſure attained the object of their wiſhes, and augmented their territories, to a degree, I fear inconſiſtent with the ſafety and independence of Europe, and incompatible with the commercial intereſts of this country.

The durability of the ground work, on which their fabric is raiſed, the conveniences and utility of their ſuperſtructure, remain to be proved; if however, after ſufficient experience, (of at leaſt a century) the happineſs, proſperity, and morals of the people of France, ſhall be meliorated, as well as her general intercourſe with other nations, for the intereſt and well being of her neighbours, muſt never be out of the queſtion, as an Egotist Republic, will never be of long duration; if after ſuch a trial, France ſhall be evidently improved, both as to internal policy, and external intercourſe, the force and effect of the French Revolution, and the principles on which it proceeded, muſt and will be generally felt, and in caſe of the event proving proſperous, generally diffuſed; or the cities, towns, ports and villages of an unaccommodating world, will be gradually deſerted, and the new Republic, extending its outſtretched arms, and wide extended domain, to the borders of every civilized nation in Europe, will be crowded by *emigrants from other ſtates*, impatient to taſte the bleſſings, and ſhare thoſe comforts, of which they are deprived at home.

On

On the contrary, ſhould the profeſſed mother and patroneſs of liberty, ultimately prove her greateſt and moſt inveterate enemy, and ſubverting ſalutary laws, ſyſtems, and inſtitutions, without replacing them by adequate ſubſtitutes; ſhould ſhe in one hand hold forth fraternization, while with the other ſhe prepares to plant a deadly poignard in our vitals; ſhould ſhe diſguiſe, under the maſk of democracy, the lawleſs ambition and ſubjugating ſpirit of Louis XIV, and revolutionize the world only to blaſt the proſpects, and exhauſt the reſources of a commercial rival; ſhould it be found that her laws, her habits, her theory and her practice, are neither calculated to make men happy, or to keep them ſo; the eyes of mankind will be opened, and however for a time, her warriors and her legiſlators may have dazzled us by enthuſiaſtic energy, and brilliant exploit, ſhe will afford a warning beacon to future ages, an illuſtrious example of ingenuity miſapplied, and heroic valor ill directed, of what ought to be avoided rather than imitated, an impreſſive inſtance of bleſſings or of calamities, purchaſed too dearly; an æra in hiſtory, at which ſucceeding generations will tremble or exult.

CHEYNE, GEORGE, a North Briton, a phyſician, and a man of religion and virtue, who enforced the doctrines he taught, by the efficacious example of a life devoted to the ſervice of God and man.

Treading in the footſteps of nature, Hippocrates and Sydenham, he addreſſed himſelf to valetudinarians, to the ſedentary and voluptuous; he may be ſtiled the phyſician of chronic diſeaſe, who laying his axe to thoſe productive roots of human malady, indolence and luxury, combated the moſt alluring of our pleaſures, and waged war with vicious paſſions.

This conduct created a hoſt of enemies, who attacked, but never defeated their intrepid antagoniſt, with ridicule, ſarcaſm, miſrepreſentation, and falſe reaſoning; he was a butt for the arrows of the hu-

morist and *bon vivant*, and virulently abused in rhyme.

One of the most malignant and personal of his opponents, was the ancestor of a learned friend, who has occasionally condescended to favor this collection with an indulgent eye; I am induced by a grateful partiality, I cannot resist, but for which I own myself culpable, I am induced to suppress his name, and shall abstain from bestowing on his conduct its proper epithet.

In the course of these attacks on Cheyne, as in too many other instances, wit and humor were leagued against morality and moderation; for had the system of the medical man been generally adopted, what a blank would life have been to the herd of sensualists and triflers.

The attention of Cheyne to diet and regimen, was first powerfully rouzed by the deplorable state of his own health, of which he has left an interesting and impressive narrative, which every reader, of every description, ought to peruse; if I may trust to the powers of memory, after a ten years absence from the book, an interval alternately occupied by business, folly, sickness, and dissipation, I think it occurs in his English Malady, a work in which he professes that, after having successfully tried his system on himself, he thought himself not only justified, but felt impelled by duty, to recommend it to others.

The rules he inculcates, like those of other men, led by strong, perhaps enthusiastic conviction, must be followed with due allowance for peculiarity of constitution, weakness of stomach, and delicacy of frame; neglecting or concealing these necessary, these indispensible precautions, his enemies accused him of recommending an impracticable regimen, and producing a system incompatible with the human constitution; but time and truth have established the character, and set a proper value on the life and writings of Dr. Cheyne, whose name is never mentioned by the editor of the present article, without emotions of gratitude and veneration, as he considers himself

ſelf indebted to him for much practical, that moſt uſeful of all knowledge, for much of ſolid comfort, and in all human probability, for the preſent duration of his life.

He who hath been miſled by vicious aſſociation, or been tempted by a dainty palate, to inordinate indulgence, and diſcovers his error happily before it is too late; or he who from hereditary prediſpoſition, bad nurſing, a tender conſtitution, or from unfaithful medical treatment, is compelled to live by line and rule, will read Cheyne's book with conſiderable advantage.

Taking prudence and diſcretion for his hand-maids, to point the neceſſary adaptation of the phyſician's doctrines, to his peculiar habit, the valetudinarian will, in a great meaſure, be able to pick his way through the unpleaſant paths of precautionary regimen; though, at intervals he may, and probably will require the ſalutary aid of medical ſkill and dexterity, he will not be given up hand-cuffed, and blindfolded, to an ignorant or a treacherous guide; he will, in moſt inſtances, be qualified to detect ſolemn impoſture, or to reject the parading jargon of ignorance.

The ſubject of our preſent article, appears to have been a ſincere Chriſtian, as well as an honeſt man, who, diſdaining to accommodate himſelf to the evil propenſities and whims of his patients, addreſſes himſelf at once to their reaſon and their intereſt. Combining, and uſefully combining, in a certain degree, the twofold, but not incompatible characters of phyſician and divine, he inſiſts on the ſolid advantages of a good conſcience, and a mind at eaſe in forwarding recovery from ſickneſs.

CHIMNEY SWEEPING, an odious and unhealthy occupation, which devoting a conſiderable number of unhappy infants and wretched out-caſts to danger and diſeaſe, and cloathing the human countenance in an impenetrable maſk of filthy grime, impoſes on children a labor of the worſt ſpecies, before they have acquired adequate ſtrength, while it places,

places, in a great meaſure out of their reach, comfort, vigor, wholſome recreation, and undiſturbed repoſe.

For it is an indiſputable fact, that the general effect of their buſineſs is, either to induce premature old age, by impeding the organs of breathing, to affect their eye-ſight, or, laſtly, to bring on a complaint, painful and without a name, which erodes the ſprings of life.

Of a claſs of beings, who may be ſaid to have their cup overflowing with the bitter afflictions, unaccompanied by the ſoothing ſolaces of life, little new can be ſaid; their wretchedneſs has intereſted the profeſſional acuteneſs of Mr. Pott, the well applied humanity of Mrs. Montague, and the honeſt philanthropy of Jonas Hanway. The legiſlature has alſo been ſtimulated to a uſeful interference in their favor.

It is not my wiſh to deny, that theſe and other merciful regulations have diminiſhed the evils of a deſtructive and hateful employment; BUT THE TRADE OF A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER, AS IT IS NOW CARRIED ON; OUGHT, ON EVERY PRINCIPLE OF POLICY AND FEELING, TO BE INSTANTLY ABOLISHED; it is wholly incompatible with the health and happineſs of thoſe who purſue it; and I know not any right we have, either to pleaſure or conveniency, purchaſed at ſo unwarrantable a price.

"Am I never to have my chimney ſwept, Mr. Reformer," cries the induſtrious houſewife, "is my houſe to be ſet on fire, and all my nice mahogany furniture to be ſpoiled, for the ſake of your nonſenſe about little naſty ſoot boys. *Why, what elſe are they good for?*"

"By no means, Ma'am; neither you nor your nice mahogany tables, which ſhine almoſt as bright as your noſe, nor your fine poliſhed grates, which I heartily wiſh were oftener disfigured by a good blazing fire, not an inch of them, or your ruby of a noſe, ſhall be injured.

"A ſafe, eaſy, and expeditious method of cleaning chimnies, has been invented; it does not require a perſon to aſcend them,

them, and is equally creditable to the head and heart of the projector.—The King's Patent hath been procured; and if you, or any other reader of this article, persist in employing chimney sweepers in the usual but cruel mode, I shall set down every woman of you, with all your tender hearts and fine feelings, as wilful inflicters of a heavy and unnecessary punishment, on those who never injured you in their lives."

If the public ceases to employ them, the business as now carried on, must be ultimately suppressed; other more safe and healthy sources of labor may be easily found out and supplied. To those who may object to the expence of the patent invention, I offer the cheap and easy expedient of ordering a bundle of straw or brambles, adapted to the size of their chimnies, to be dragged from top to bottom by means of a long rope, and for a sufficient time; but, at all events, and whatever the consequence, were I an absolute monarch, I would forbid infants and striplings ascending the infernal sooty recesses of a chimney, on pain of death to the proprietor of the house, and the master of the boy.

CHURCHILL, CHA[s]. a poet, and a man of genius, with more vigor than correctness, more energy than truth; rendering his muse too often subservient to the keen resentments of political warfare; his friends are gods, and his enemies devils of the blackest hue.

This guilty prostitution of talent, I mean not to venality, but to the exasperated recriminating spirit of party fury, and to the defence and praise of characters *not very immaculate*, clouded his real merits, and considerably lowered him in the esteem of men of judgment and candour; to this last word he appeared to have a constitutional antipathy, he repeatedly, and keenly attacked it in different parts of his works, and in conversation; it never failed rouzing him to passionate and outrageous expression.

Yet candour, (one may now venture to repeat the word) that soothing and companionable

companionable quality, candour, which proud, vehement, unaccommodating ſpirits, are ſo apt to deſpiſe, *but ſo perpetually ſtand in need of themſelves*, this ſame apparently trifling ingredient, would have contributed largely to the happineſs of poor Churchill in private life, and have eſſentially advanced his reputation as a poet.

His name is introduced in this place, for the purpoſe of recommending an erazure from an inſcription to his memory, at Mr. Wilkes's cottage, in the Iſle of Wight; a charming ſpot, where claſſic ſimplicity, and the correctneſs of good taſte are united.

Surrounded by weeping willows, cypreſſes, yews, and laurels, a well proportioned but broken fluted pillar appears, apparently ten feet high; to this a tablet is fixed, with the following tribute to the deceaſed friend and companion of the alderman:

CAROLO CHURCHILL,
DIVINÆ POETÆ,
AMICO JUCUNDO,
CIVI OPTIME DE PATRIA
MERITO.

I cannot think the word *divinæ* appropriate to Churchill, nor exactly decent, when applied by a man who was the conſtant object of the flattery of this poetic Drawcanſir; for Charles *could* flatter as well as *cut up*.

The *optime de patria merito*, I alſo conſider as a glaring violation of truth and moral equity; for in what reſpect could a man be ſaid to deſerve well of his country, whoſe life reflected diſcredit on a religion he *once* profeſſed, and whoſe example contradicted its great precepts; a literary adventurer, who did not ſcruple confeſſing, that Flexney's half crowns were his moſt attractive objects, and moſt ſoothing rewards, as an author.

Should the worthy Chamberlain ever think proper to alter the inſcription:

CAROLO CHURCHILL,
POETÆ
ET AMICO

would not be inconſiſtent with real fact, and would be doing more real ſervice to the fame of his friend; for when we deſcribe thoſe whom

whom we love or respect in overstrained and exaggerating expression, or load them with epithets notoriously inapplicable and false, we only provoke the severity of critical discussion, and tempt mankind to deny the real merits they possess.

"Praise undeserv'd, is satire in disguise."

Though the time is fast approaching, when much of Churchill will be obscure, unintelligible, or uninteresting, it cannot be denied that he exhibits many brilliant passages, a considerable portion of strong sense, terse, metre, and vigorous expression.

The following lines, which I quote from memory, exhibit in a high degree these different qualities; they are applied by the satirist to certain mellifluous well-known writers of his day, who were in the habit of borrowing the thoughts of their predecessors without acknowledgment, but to prevent detection, garbled and disguised them; or for the purposes of harmony and rhyme, refined, weakened, and polished down the rough sterling sense of others, to the elaborate inanity of their own productions:

"Italian fathers thus with barb'rous rage,
Prepare their helpless offspring for the stage;
Deaf to the voice of nature, manhood wound,
And murder vigor for the sake of sound."

This and other passages I could give, prove, that if he had not debased himself by virulence and malignity, and written on the spur or necessity of the moment, he might have attained considerable excellence, and have made near approaches to the reputation of Dryden and Pope. But I doubt, if in that case, his writings would have been sought after with such general eagerness, or have proved so advantageous to the finances of the poet; for, in their treatment of the writers of satire and invective, mankind imitate the conduct of an unprincipled coquette towards her ravisher, whom she alternately *incites*, *abuses*, and *enjoys*.

I have heard Dr. Johnſon cenſured for not admitting the ſubject of my preſent article into *his* temple of poetic fame; could our great moraliſt have happily conquered reſentment, ſmoothed aſperity, and acquired candour, almoſt the only defects in *his* character, it would have been an honorable monument of philoſophy and greatneſs of mind; but to examine the life, and criticiſe the productions of one againſt whom we imagine we have juſt cauſe for enmity, requires ſo much ſubjection of paſſion and temper, to judgment and equity, that it may indeed be ſaid to be walking over aſhes, under which fire is concealed; I have, beſides, good reaſons for thinking, that certain political biaſſes of the Rambler, which, if diſplayed at that time, would have materially injured his proſpects in a certain quarter, was another cauſe for not inſerting the name of Churchill among his Engliſh Poets, a diſtinction to which, in ſpite of his ſarcaſtic anſwer on the ſubject, the ſatiriſt was undoubtedly entitled.

CIBBER, COLLEY, an actor, a dramatic writer, and poet laureat, during the reign of George the Firſt. In the two firſt purſuits he enjoyed, and is ſaid to have deſerved the applauſe of his cotemporaries; but, in that ſingular ſpecies of ſtipendiary poetry, which annually regales the ears of royalty with new year odes and birth-day panegyric, he proved himſelf groſsly deficient.

The memory of Cibber has been conſigned to everlaſting ridicule, by the matchleſs powers of Pope, his inveterate perſonal enemy, whoſe reſentments are ſaid to have been exaſperated, if not originally produced by the actor's glancing at an unſucceſsful dramatic piece, called Three Hours after Marriage, the joint effort of Arbuthnot, Gay, and Pope. Yet, with all his ſatirical acumen, and metrical harmony, the attack of our great maſter of Engliſh Poetry upon Cibber, as "the ſon of dullneſs," was palpably inapplicable; with much of whimſical folly, and much of ſuperficial vicious abſurdity, the laureat was a

prating

prating pragmatical impudent coxcomb, and, on many accounts, a fair object for satire; but his character was as distant from dullness, as that of the translator of Homer himself.

The offence given to the irritable bard, and for which he determined to make Colley the hero of the Dunciad, was, during his performance of Bays, in the Rehearsal, a part in which every actor, from Cibber to Foot, has considered himself authorized licentiously to introduce a little impromptu of his own, on any occurrence which occupied public attention.—The piece of Pope and his associates, which had been very lately condemned, exhibited a scene, in which two gallants, for the purpose of forwarding their attempts on the chastity of a virtuoso's wife, had procured themselves to be introduced into his museum, one in the disguise of an Egyptian Mummy, the other in that of a Crocodile. The circumstance did not escape Bayes, who, speaking of the mode in which he meant to have brought on his two Kings of Brentford, said, "I intended to have introduced them differently, in the shape of a Mummy or of a Crocodile, but some of our wits hearing of my intentions, stole the thought, and made use of it before me."

This tame and insipid allusion, neither remarkable for point, nor culpable for virulence, was received with considerable applause by the audience, but highly offended Pope, who was present at the representation. The moment the play was over he hurried behind the scenes; and, in a transport of rage, and the coarsest language, attacked Bayes, demanding, in a loud voice, how he durst treat a gentleman in so unjustifiable a manner; indeed, so violent was his passion, that interfering friends could scarcely prevent his collaring Cibber, notwithstanding the disparity of their powers, his mis-shapen frame, and tender constitution.

The actor, considerably and justly irritated by such behaviour, assured his assailant, that he would readily have suppressed the words in question, had he

addreſſed him in the language of pacific remonſtrance; but, as he could not help conſidering him as "a wit out of his ſenſes," (Cibber's own words) by way of puniſhment for his prepoſterous and unwarrantable conduct, he was reſolved to introduce the exceptionable paſſage, whenever the play was performed.

To this altercation, Cibber, the correctneſs of whoſe narration I will not pretend to vouch for, to this altercation he generally attributed the enmity of Pope, an enmity probably embittered by mutual recrimination, and which ceaſed only with their lives.

The tranſlator of Homer could never endure, with patience, the ſucceſsful run of the Nonjuror, a play altered by Cibber, from the Tartuffe of Moliere; this lamentation of a want of taſte in the public, or this ebullition of envy in the bard, burſts forth frequently in his letters. As every deſcription of men are ſaid to have their peculiar pains, perhaps it may be one of the puniſhments of genius, to find itſelf depoſited in regions not ſenſible of its pre-eminent value, or to ſee bounty and applauſe ſhowered down on the undeſerving, whilſt virtue and intellectual merit, muſt be ſatisfied with their own rewards.

Pope, like Addiſon, whom he laſhed for the ſame fault, could not endure, with patience, any thing like a rival or a pretender to the poetic throne; yet the expectations of a man ſo generally admired, muſt have been high, as the produce of his verſion of Homer, on the ſcore of fame as well as emolument, would have been conſidered by moſt men, as ample remuneration; he was, neverthleſs, querulous and diſcontented for more than half his life.

Cibber could not ſubmit, without reply, to the imputation of his adverſary, conveyed in the following line:

> And has not Colley ſtill his lord, and whore?

"As Mr. Pope has ſo particularly picked me out of the number of ſinners," ſays the laureat, "why may

may not I take the ſame liberty with him?——As he has ſhewn no mercy, ſo unprovoked an aggreſſor has no right to expect any, and the virulence of his attack muſt excuſe my publiſhing the ſecrets of a confidential converſation.

"So long ago as when Button's coffee-houſe was in vogue, and when Mr. Pope had not tranſlated more than the firſt book of Homer, there was a young nobleman, poſſeſſing a good deal of wicked humor, who frequented that houſe, and on a certain evening, fancying that the poet was in higher ſpirits than uſual, he had the addreſs to entice him, in company with myſelf, and another gentleman ſtill living, to a certain houſe, not of the moſt creditable deſcription, near the Hay-market.

"His lordſhip's frolic was, to ſlip "his little Homer," as he called him, at a girl of the game, to ſee what ſort of a figure a man of his ſize of body and vigorous intellect, would make in the unguarded moments of love. The noble wag ſo far ſucceeded, that the ſmirking damſel, who ſerved us with tea, ſeduced the man of rhyme into the next room, to the infinite glee of the peer, from whom I underſtood, the moment the door was ſhut, that he would probably receive a favor of a kind, not very deſirable.

"While my lord was tittering at the thoughts of the meditated miſchief, I ruſhed without ceremony, into the room, to which the fond couple had retired, and interrupting them in a pretty cloſe *tete a tete*, whiſpered in Mr. Pope's ear, the peril of his ſituation. He immediately quitted the damſel, and whenever we met for ſeveral years, profeſſed himſelf much obliged to me; I appeal to my readers, whether my reſcuing him from ſo ſerious an evil, merited the treatment I have met with at his hands, or if *he*, of all men living, had any right to tax *me* with wenching?

CONVERSATION, between a Refractory and a Conſtitutional Prieſt, copied from a French journal.

Refractory Prieſt.—What have

have you done; do you not dread divine indignation?

Constitutional Priest.—For what?

Ref. Pr.—You have married, and can you ask such a question?

Con. Pr.—Patriotism and morality induced me to fulfil the first command of God, and the great law of nature; I could not reconcile myself to a practice, generally adopted by those who have no wives of their own, to make use of those of my neighbours.

Ref. Pr.—You are a schismatic.

Con. Pr.—That is impossible, for I side with the majority.

Ref. Pr.—You are unworthy of being a priest; if each of us were to do as you do, who would pray for the faithful, who would confess, who would say mass?

Con. Pr.—There is not a word of mass in any part of the Bible or Testament; as to praying and confessing, mankind must perform those duties, as they did in the primitive ages, for themselves.

Ref. Pr.—Who would marry?

Con. Pr.--The magistrate.

Ref. Pr.—-Who would baptize?

Con. Pr.—The first christian that came in the way, as the church empowers every christian to do.

Ref. Pr.—According to *your* account, people might do without priests; you would reduce religion to mere morality.

Con. Pr.—To love and to serve our country; to fear God, and to keep his commandments; to do to others as we would they should do unto us, is the whole of the law and the gospel.

Ref. Pr.—You are an innovator.

Con. Pr.—By no means, my opinion was the same, when we had Cardinals and Grand Almoners.

Ref. Pr.—God will punish you.

Con. Pr.—-He has the power, but I think too highly of Him to fear that He will.

Ref. Pr.--Impious wretch! what no more priests?

Con. Pr.—I do not say that we will have no more priests,

priests, I only say that we can do without them.

Ref. Pr.—This is precisely what ought not to be said, for if people once believe they *can* do without priests, they *will* do without them; you are an Atheist, and will repent that you have contributed to make the French unhappy in the world to come.

Con. Pr.—I will console myself, with doing my part in rendering them free and happy in their present state of existence.

CONVERTS, a holy zeal for making, often noticed, and sometimes censured in this work.

On this subject the following anecdote used to be related by General Oglethorpe, a military veteran in the reign of George the First.

An industrious missionary had taken great pains to impart a knowledge of the Christian religion to an American savage, and exulted in the probable hope of success; he persuaded himself that the assent of this untutored child of nature, was the effect of rational conviction, and thought it his duty to confirm the good work, by administering the sacrament.

After receiving it, the good father, in the honest triumph of his heart, asked the proselyte, if he did not receive a mental comfort, an inward refreshment from the holy cup? "Yes," said the poor fellow innocently, "it was very good, but I like rum better."

CORONER, an officer of justice, chosen by the freeholders of a county, appointed by law to inspect, and assisted by a jury, to decide on the circumstances, condition, and mode of interment of persons, whose death has been attended with violence, suspicion of violence, or uncertainty; and to detain for trial, such offenders as shall appear to have been instrumental in violating the law.

This short article was occasioned by my being accidentally present, at a public discussion of a county rate, which greatly exceeding its usual amount, excited general attention. After inspecting the various articles of public expenditure,

ture, the Coroner's bill was found to occaſion the increaſed expence.

It was in a maritime county, and after a ſeaſon remarkably tempeſtuous and deſtructive; on one day thirty-two dead bodies had been thrown on ſhore, and ſubmitted to the Coroner's inqueſt; for executing this part of his duty, twenty ſhillings was charged for every ſhipwrecked man, an expenditure which amounted in a few months to a conſiderable ſum. After ſome altercation, and ineffectual oppoſition, the charge was at length allowed.

Coroners have been further accuſed of acting on mercenary and corrupt principles with reſpect to ſuicides; of evading the law in all wealthy families, by regularly producing a verdict of lunacy, which ſecures to the deceaſed, chriſtian burial, whilſt the moneyleſs and friendleſs *felo de ſe*, is conſigned to a hole dug in the highway, with other diſguſting circumſtances of indecency and diſgrace.

The law which deprives the deſcendants of a ſuicide of their property, was enacted with the beſt intentions, but with little knowledge of the human heart; like other puniſhments which excite more horror than the crime they were meant to prevent, it is generally evaded, and is one of the numerous inſtances, in which nature and reaſon ſtep in to correct legiſlative error. But if this regulation is found to militate ſo ſtrongly againſt humanity and expediency, why not at once expunge it from the ſtatute book? Suſpend (as has been recommended by ſome) the body of a ſelf murderer in chains, on a gibbet, and not thus expoſe Coroners and their aſſociates, to the temptation of bribery and perjury, or the ſtill more powerful appeal of the widow and the orphan.

The more I conſider the ſubject of ſuicide, and I have had weighty reaſons for reflecting upon it, I am daily and hourly convinced that in nine inſtances out of ten, it does not originate from madneſs. It has been in moſt of the inſtances I have witneſſed, the effect of

of a regular chain of reasoning, rightly, and on every logical deduction, soundly conducted, but founded on depraved and impious principles; the conduct of a modern suicide may be thus exemplified:

There is no state of existence after this life.

I have formed habits, and enjoyed indulgences, which render it impossible for me to live happy, but in one particular mode.

By folly and by vice, I have exhausted those resources, by which alone I was able to support myself in that particular way.

I therefore prefer a state of annihilation, to a life of mean expedients, penury, and distress.

It is by such a chain of argument only, that I have been able to account for the conduct of certain late self-destroyers, though it is contradictory to a statement which I have noticed in the article assigned to Mrs. Inchbald, in this volume.

COWPER, WILLIAM, author of that best of modern poems, the Task, and Translator of Homer into blank verse.

In the latter instance it cannot be denied, that with a few exceptions, he has closely, and sometimes to modern taste, offensively adhered to the sterling simplicity of his rugged original; that he has given the English reader, a Polygraphic resemblance, a good *fac simile* of that correct, that interesting picture, of antient life, religion, and manners.

"The matter found in my book," says Mr. Cowper, "whether the English reader like it or not, is to be found in Homer; I have omitted nothing, I have invented nothing." Yet, were the version of his rhyming predecessor, to be placed on the same shelf with Mr. Cowper's Translation, I fear that the fascinating volumes of Pope would be oftener perused by the majority; indeed it hath been said, that if the Mœonian bard himself were to revisit the earth, he would think his fame more securely extended, by the splendid and elaborate superstructure of Pope, than by the rough counterpart of the late translator; yet, as fidelity is the essence of translation, this praise cannot

not be denied to the author of the Tafk.

It is to be lamented, that the fubject of our prefent article, one of the few poets who has, in every inftance, controuled imagination by duty, and rendered his mufe fubfervient to the caufe of virtue and religion ; it is to be lamented, that fuch a man has been occafionally loft to his friends and the world, through mental depreffion, and poignancy of feelings, occafioned, as I have been informed, in one inftance, by furveying men and things, our prefent ftate, and our probable future condition, through the melancholy and hopelefs medium of the Calviniftic fyftem.

Had I rendered to mankind one hundredth part of the fervice Mr. Cowper has done, by well directed literary exertion, and what is ftill more effectual, by the example of a blamelefs life, I fhould be ready to meet my Creator, either *here*, in devotional intercourfe, or in the world of fpirits, with the calm confidence of humble hope.

Superior intellect, and very acute feelings, have been compared to a keen knife, which though admirably calculated for thofe purpofes which require a delicate edge, is eafily injured by rough ufage, and fometimes cuts through the cafe in which it is enclofed.

I never repeat the following paffage from our author's favorite poem, without joining hand and heart in the fentiment :

"'Tis pleafant through the loop-holes of retreat
To view the world———
To fee the ftir, but not to feel the crowd,
To figh, but never tremble at the found ;
To run in fancy the great circuit———
———and be ftill at home ;
In fcenes fo thorny, and where none
Find happinefs unblighted,
It feems the part of wifdom, and no fin
Againft the law of love, to meafure lots
With lefs diftinguifhed perfons than ourfelves,
——To bear with patience moderated ills,
And fympathize with thofe who fuffer more.

Mr.

Mr. Cowper appears to have aptly described his own genuine benevolence, his characteristic unassuming plainness of manners, in the following couplet:

An honest heart close button'd to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.

DAILY ADVERTISER, singular notice in, which appeared after a gentleman's house in Stanhope-street, had been broke open.

"Mr. R———, of Stanhope-street, presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honor of eating a couple of roasted chicken, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of old Madeira, at his house, on Monday night.

In their haste they took away the tankard, to which they are heartily welcome; to the table spoons and the light guineas which were in an old red Morocco pocket book, they are also *heartily welcome*; but in the said pocket book there were several loose papers, which consisting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his *kind* and *friendly* visitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes and trusts they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them.

For an old family watch, which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser.

W. R.

A few nights after, a packet, with the following letter enclosed, was dropped into the area of his house.

Sir,

You are quite a gemman. Not being used to your Madeira, it got into our upper works, or we never should have cribbed your papers; they be all marched back again with the red book.

"Your ale was mortal good; the tankard and spoons were made into a *white soup*, in Duke's Place, two hours before day lite. The old family watch cases were at the same time made into

into a *brown gravy*, and the *guts new christened*, are on their voyage to Holland.

If they had not been *transported*, you should have them again, for you are quite the gemman; but you know, as they have been christened, and got a new name, they would no longer be of your *old* family. And soe Sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we are much obligated to you, and shall be glad to sarve and visit you by nite or by day, and are your humble sarvants to command.

DIVINE VENGEANCE, a term too often prostituted by short-sighted mortals, to the base purposes of party malice and private revenge.

A striking instance of the perverse misapplication of these words by James the Second, when Duke of York, and of the emphatic reproof he received, is worth repeating, for the salutary purpose of inculcating mildness and moderation, in our treatment of those, towards whom we *might* be justified in exercising *a certain degree* of wholsome severity and correction.

This odious and absurd character, thought proper, soon after the Restoration, to visit the author of Paradise Lost, in company with his brother, King Charles the Second. They wished to see, and were eager to reproach the hoary Republican, who in his controversy with Salmasius, had o'erleaped the bounds of decency, and treated the moral and political character of their father with acrimonious and unjustifiable virulence.

Milton was now become a helpless, blind old man, a circumstance which would have been considered by a generous mind, as a sufficient reason for overlooking, if not forgiving the violence of inordinate zeal, exasperated by the spirit of the times, and by the fury of political controversy. But the princes chose rather to attack the enemy of kingly government with his own weapons, and to imitate the most censurable part of the poet's conduct. They insulted him in various ways, and concluded a long

long ſtring of coarſe abuſe, with the following words: "You are now ſuffering the juſt reward of your crimes, you old ruffian; DIVINE VENGEANCE has at length overtaken you, and put out both your eyes."

"I cannot ſay," replied Milton, calm and undiſturbed, "I cannot ſay whether it has pleaſed the Almighty to puniſh me with blindneſs on account of my ſins; but if *my* ſufferings are to be attributed to this cauſe, THINK WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE CRIMES OF YOUR FATHER, WHOM THE SAME PROVIDENCE PUNISHED WITH DEATH." The Catholic bully baffled, and ſeverely mortified, inſtantly retired, he was not able to utter a ſyllable, in reply to this appeal to his feelings as well as his reaſon, in argument ſo ſtrong, in moral equity and fair deduction, ſo unanſwerably applicable and convincing.

EPISCOPAL Revenues of England and Ireland, eſtimated on a very low valuation, at ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THOUSAND POUNDS a year; a ſum applied for the ſupport of forty eight perſons, while ſuch numbers of the inferior clergy are ſtarving on forty pounds a year!—Yet Mr. Burke perſiſted to the laſt, in aſſerting, that WE (i.e. the Engliſh nation) that WE GLORY in giving the Archbiſhop of Canterbury ten thouſand pounds a year!!!

If a reaſonable diſintereſted man, would prove that any injury, perſonal or political, could ariſe from confining the income of future Biſhops to one thouſand pounds a year, (preſerving to the bench, now living, their preſent ſalaries) and diffuſing, as they dropped, the vaſt ſuperfluity of one hundred and thirty thouſand pounds a year, among the officiating, and, ſad to ſay, the indigent clergy, ſo that none might ſtarve, and none wallow in ſuperabundance; I would, in that caſe, ceaſe to lament ſo prepoſterous and partial a diſtribution of church revenue.

EXPEDIENCY, the touchſtone of all human inventions, the unerring criterion by which every religious inſtitution, and every political contrivance

vance must be tried; the paramount law which statesmen, divines, and philosophers, must willingly obey, or ultimately and reluctantly submit to.

I am aware that *justitia fiat ruat cœlum*, is a favorite doctrine with certain late writers, and *some* of my readers; who, seizing abstract plausible positions, and hurried on by the enthusiasm of honest, but often impracticable intention, consider, reason, and act upon the maxims they avow, wholly independent of every concomitant circumstance, or any future effect they may produce.

I will not refuse to these gentlemen the praise of an heroic, if not a philosophic contempt of consequences; yet these intrepid reasoners, standing erect and undismayed on the strong holds of first principles, whilst contending elements, shake the very ground on which they tread; these rapid, these undaunted deciders on subjects where eminent sages, and great legislators, have trembled and paused, would do well to consider whether *some* of the favorite objects they pursue, might not be attained by gentler means than those they wish to employ; and if they should not be able, *in their own time, and exactly in their own way*, to eradicate imperfection, remove evil, and redress grievance, to the full extent their sanguine hopes first taught them to expect, they would do well to consider, whether making a few sacrifices to general safety and public security, will not prove some compensation for failure, some satisfaction to soothe the pangs of disappointment.

To ride on whirlwinds and direct a storm, has been described as the awful and melancholy employment of a rank of beings, guided by omnipotence and wisdom, superior to, and free from, the infirmities and mistakes to which mortals are subject. Indeed such a post requires a union of calm intrepidity, self-possession, and firmness of nerve, which falls to the lot of few sublunary creatures.

The sagacious reader need not be told, that these preliminary reflections are directed to revolutionary measures; for it is almost

next

next to an impoſſibility that any revolution ſhould take place, without inflicting puniſhment on ſome individual, and, for a time, augmenting calamity in certain quarters; a government without malverſation, and a country without oppreſſion, require not reform.

To demoliſh antient inſtitutions, and free mankind from ſuperſtitions, conſolidated by the attrition of fifteen centuries; to deprive powerful bodies of men of their influence, revenue, and veneration; by diffuſing truth and information to diſband at once two thirds of three learned, wealthy, and reſpectable profeſſions; cannot be performed without exciting the ſtruggles of oppoſition, and the efforts of ſelf-preſervation.

He who, for more than half his life, has been looked up to and revered, as the inſtructor and benefactor of his fellow-citizens, as the reliever of their calamities, the ſoother of their pains, or the protector of their property, who fairing ſumptuouſly, and cloathed in purple and fine linen, hath been conveyed from place to place in luxurious ſplendor, will not be eaſily perſuaded to deſcend from his triumphal car, to tread the pavement, and encounter the promiſcuous buſtle of common life; with his luxuries and comforts, from whatever quarter they may be derived, he loſes his reliſh for exiſtence; the attainment of perſonal merit, he finds *too painful an endeavour* for one, who hath long been repoſing in the lap of eaſe; he is by nature, inclination, and almoſt by neceſſity anti-revolutionary, and falls in the bloody conflict.

Yet I have ſometimes felt inclined to doubt, if there can be reaſon or morality in that ſtern juſtice, which is not tempered by prudence and mercy, I have heſitated in deciding, whether even melioration be deſirable, if the means employed are incompatible with practical utility.

The Engliſh Revolution, of 1688, has been mentioned, but I think not correctly, as an inſtance of political tranſmutation, tranquil and unſtained with blood; a vagrant monarch driven from his throne, the penſi-

onary court of St. Germains, the mendicants of the vatican, the civil wars and confiſcations of 1715 and 45, clearly aroſe from, and were intimately connected with that tranſaction; ſuch is the price at which the bleſſings we enjoy, have been purchaſed.

Were I diſpoſed, or could I prevail on myſelf, to ſet out like a certain animated writer, whoſe principles would ſometimes carry him further than *he ſays* he meant to go. Were I to ſet out like him, with an exaſperated multitude, on a reforming expedition to Windſor, I ſhould certainly approve of, and join in his prudent reſolution, *to halt at Staines*; but it is a point worthy conſideration, a point which travellers, on *ſuch* journies, ought never to forget, coolly to conſider, and, *previous* to joining our aſſociates, (for, on theſe occaſions, afterthought and repentance are unavailing) coolly to conſider and determine, whether thoſe whom we had accompanied ſo far, would permit us to ſtop on the road.

Should ſuch a ſtep ever be in contemplation, I would myſelf anticipate the purpoſe of, and, if poſſible, prevent the viſit; preſenting myſelf, with all poſſible expedition, to the auguſt inhabitants of thoſe turrets, whoſe gothic battlements frown at, but might be ſhaken to their foundations by democratic viſitors; I would boldly announce myſelf the zealous avant-courier of humanity, policy, duty and common ſenſe; I would earneſtly intreat the illuſtrious family, in all its collateral branches, to reſpect public opinion, and in every poſſible channel to diminiſh ſuperfluous expence; to conſider the adminiſtration of the executive power as a truſt for which they will, and muſt be anſwerable; and public happineſs, as the great and firſt purpoſe for which power was beſtowed.

Were my ſuggeſtions happily attended to, and after I had received unequivocal proofs, that they would be inſtantly, rigidly, and practically enforced, flying on the wings of honeſt

neſt hope and rational exultation, I would return to my impatient friends, diſſipate, in a moment, anxiety and care, and enjoy the ſatisfactory triumph of having been a ſucceſsful, but humble inſtrument, in procuring peaceable reform, and a redreſs of grievance, without impairing the forms of our well-poized conſtitution, or ſhedding one drop of Engliſh blood.

FALSTAFF, SIR JOHN, a character of Shakeſpeare's, concerning which, the following words of a dramatic critic accidentally caught my eye.

"In Falſtaff, you have humour ſupported by wit; all is nature, all is jovial, all is gay; his ſelf-ſufficiency heightens your reliſh for his diſaſters; his unwieldy bulk prepares the mind for laughing, at his ſetting himſelf up for an enterprizing active gallant. *It is impoſſible not to love Falſtaff; he has nothing to diſguſt, and every thing to give ſatisfaction; it is impoſſible to be tired of his company.*"

I will not deny the juſtice of many obſervations made by the gentleman, whom I have quoted; but to ſome of his aſſertions, more particularly to thoſe printed in Italicks, I beg leave to enter an unqualified negative. How is it poſſible to *love* a liar, a glutton, a debauchee, an adulterer, a coward, and an unſavoury epicure, rank with crudities; we may tolerate a man of ſuch a deſcription for the ſake of his humour; but it cannot be reconciled either to nature or to good taſte, that we can contemplate ſuch a character without diſguſt.

FANATICISM, a ſtrong perſuaſion, founded on conviction or falſe reaſoning, that the ſpirit of God acts upon us in an immediate and ſupernatural way; frequently aſſumed for the baſe purpoſes of intereſt and ſpiritual dominion, but often the natural effect of honeſt zeal, operating on violent paſſions, and a heated imagination.

Thoſe involuntary external ſtrugglings, and internal feelings, which have ſometimes been appealed to as deciſive teſtimonies of cœleſtial inſpiration, and ſometimes of ridiculous extravagance, are clearly to be accounted for, and deducible

ducible from nervous irritation, convulſive ſpaſm, and hyſteric affection.

How far, and how ſtrongly the powerful principle, which is the ſubject of our preſent article, will ſtimulate the human mind, to act or to ſuffer; to riſe ſuperior to all oppoſition, to exile, chains, and death, has been exhibited at different periods of the world: In the conqueſts of Mahomet, the progreſs of the diſciples of Zinzendorf, the multiplied followers of Fox, and the wide ſpread diffuſion of the doctrines of the modern Methodiſts.

I have been accuſed of pleading the cauſe of this laſt religious perſuaſion; I have been reproached for being inſtrumental, as far as lay in my power, in degrading true religion, by ſpeaking well of Enthuſiaſts and Ranters, who baniſh from it reaſon and good ſenſe, and expoſe it to laughter and contempt, by ſubſtituting faith for good works, and thus, in effect, laying open a convenient door to every ſpecies of vice and impiety.

The charge is a ſerious one; and any man, on whom it could be clearly proved, would deſerve the hatred of his fellow-creatures, and loſe that firſt of conſolations, which ariſes from a conſciouſneſs, that we have exerted to the utmoſt, our powers, whatever they may be, for the benefit and happineſs of mankind.

I appeal to every unprejudiced reader, if any deduction, direct or by implication, can be made to this purport from any part of the preſent collection. I have acknowledged, that Methodiſm had many evils, and ſome abſurdities. (Vol. II. p. 258). I have called the preachers of its doctrines, blind guides; yet I have not thought myſelf juſtified in denying their real and actual merits, in purifying the vulgar, and amending the mob, who, in all countries, and at all periods, have required motives and inſtruments more powerful than reaſon and common ſenſe, to ſtimulate their hopes and fears; in a word, I aſſerted, and again aſſert, that any tranquil method, not contradictory to ſound morality, and capable

pable of producing ſuch ſalutary effects, was highly laudable.

I will not refuſe to my adverſary, whom in another place I have called a coxcomb without taſte, and a pedant without learning, I will not deny him the credit of dexterity, in his endeavours to fix a ſtigma of infidelity on all who venture to look boldly in the face of, and point out errors and impoſitions in that eſtabliſhment, to which this gentleman and his aſſociates adhere with ſuch *diſintereſted* perſeverance.

Such men, in all ages, have been the worſt enemies of chriſtianity; they ſcrupulouſly ſupport, and defend, without a bluſh, the degrading corruptions, the awkward incumbrances, and tawdry ſuperſtructures which have been placed and grafted on the pureſt and ſimpleſt of all religions, by fraudulent craft; while the induſtrious of advocates of Deiſm, rejoice at ſuch a union of hypocriſy and guilt, which ſo rapidly forwards *their* inſidious purpoſe.

FAVART, MONSIEUR, a ſucceſsful dramatic writer, author of ſeveral pieces, which although they do not exactly come under the deſcription of legitimate and regular comedies, were well received in the middle of the preſent century, and became extremely popular at Paris.

It would be ungrateful in an Engliſhman, to treat with diſreſpect a writer, who has diſcovered in ſeveral of his productions, a ſtrong partiality in favor of the natives of Great Britain; compliments them on the open plainneſs and honeſt bluntneſs of their manners, their inflexible courage and general character, while he rallies in a pleaſant manner, and without acrimony or ill nature, their *ſuppoſed* gravity and gloom, their want of politeneſs, and their proneneſs to national prejudice.

I mention Monſieur Favart for the ſake of recording a curious paſſage in an advertiſement, prefixed to one of his *petites pieces*, I believe *Le petit Maitre Malgre lui*.

"The following dramatic trifle has had many difficulties to encounter, which, however laughable and ridiculous

diculous they may appear in telling, are melancholy circumftances for an author.

"After writing it, and getting it received and rehearfed, not without much trouble, the day for its performance was announced, but on the inftant of the curtain drawing up, the principal performer running acrofs the ftage with thoughtlefs eagernefs, met with the head of a candle fnuffer, making his way in an oppofite direction, full fpeed; the concuffion ftunned and laid both parties proftrate on the floor; they were much hurt, and of courfe the bufinefs of the evening was poftponed.

"It was advertifed for a fecond time a fortnight after, when the chief female performer became fo intoxicated with a famous cordial liqueur, called *Parfaite Amour*, which had been recommended by an attendant at the theatre, for a ftomach complaint, that fhe was neither able to ftand or fpeak.

"On attempting a third reprefentation, things at the commencement feemed to proceed fmoothly, but in an interefting fcene between a lover and his miftrefs, the actors of which had in fact been once the very characters they reprefented; the hero in a tranfport of paffion, inflamed by the part he played, and probably ftimulated by a recollection of his former attachment, ventured on a rapturous kifs, and a gentle preffure of that lawn, which rendered ftill more tempting the beauties it did *not* conceal: the heroine difgufted at former inconftancy, or his prefent want of delicacy, repaid the infult with a box on the ear. Private animofity getting the better of public decorum, they abufed each other in grofs terms, in the face of the audience; after confiderable delay and confufion, and an apology from the parties, the piece was fuffered to proceed, had a good run, and put a handfome fum into the pocket of the author."

It has been remarked by a refpectable critic, that the comedies of the French, though they are the livelieft and gayeft people in the world, are for the moft part of a more folemn caft than thofe of the *grave* Englifh; that

that they are in fact rather conversation pieces than dramas, approaching to what *we* term genteel sentimental comedy, and somewhat paradoxically called *la comedie larmoyante.*

"The levity of *our* pieces would not be endured at Paris, where the general run of their stage compositions, are more chaste, regular, decent and natural; containing little, if any, of that *broad farce*, which produces in London, such thunders of applause and bursts of laughter: the English productions are more humorous and diverting, but less delicate, and I fear less moral."

I know not if this observation, made more than twenty years ago, be applicable to the present taste of Republican France, where theatric exhibition is said to flourish with renewed vigor and boundless expence, beyond the example of former times, so much as to have provoked the application of *panem et circenses*, to the Parisian populace.

On this subject it hath been suggested, that motives of policy have induced the Directory to endeavor to entice their *active citizens*, by splendor, music, spectacle, and dance, from the irritation of political discussion, and the dangerous effects of revolutionary propensities; a kid for the lion to dandle, a tub thrown out for a whale.

FOULON, an unpopular individual, sacrificed early in the French Revolution, to popular fury, whose death has been pathetically described, and malignantly dwelt on, with a design of stigmatizing the cause of liberty. Yet it was observed, that his execution was celebrated with bonfires, and other public demonstrations of joy, at Hanau, the territory of an absolute prince, the Landgrave of Hesse.

This proceeding excited surprize in a traveller, who was accidentally passing at the time; but his wonder, and if he felt any, his concern ceased, on being informed that Foulon, in the year 1759, was intendant of the French army, and raised contributions in this unfortunate country, at that time the theatre of war.

Irritated by ſome oppoſition to his oppreſſions, he ſeized ninety-three perſons of the regency, nobleſſe, municipality, and principal inhabitants, and confined them for three days and two nights in a ſmall dungeon, where they were ſo cloſely pent together, that they could only remain in an erect poſture, during the whole of the time. On the evening of the third day, having endured the ſuffocating miſeries of the black hole at Calcutta, they were indulged with a ſmall allowance of bread and water. After exhibiting this proof of the merits of Foulon, I can ſcarcely prevail on myſelf to lament his being conducted *a la lanterne.*

FRANCE, our preſent war with, attributed to the following various cauſes.

Firſt—To the perſonal reſentments of the ſovereigns of Europe, who conſidered the efforts made in favor of Louis XVI. as a common cauſe.

Secondly—To the ſyſtematic plunder and partition of the treaty of Pilnitz.

Thirdly--To the invaſion of Holland, and the opening the Scheldt.

Fourthly--The preſervation of religion and order.

Fifthly—To protect the Britiſh Conſtitution in church and ſtate, againſt Jacobin doctrines.

Sixthly--The reſtoration of the Netherlands to the Emperor.

But ſince Lord Malmeſbury's return from his ſecond diplomatic journey, the circumſtances between the two countries appear to have taken a new face; paſſion and perſonal malignity have added new ſtimuli to national hatred and political hoſtility; according to the raſh and unjuſtifiable language of ſome, we are actually involved in a *bellum internecinum;* we muſt deſtroy the enemy, or periſh ourſelves.

If, while the Engliſh ambaſſador was treating for peace at Liſle, it can be inconteſtibly proved, that the emiſſaries of his employers were actually fomenting diſcord, and *purchaſing* a conſpiracy, to overturn the Gallic Republic; ſuch duplicity cannot be too ſtrongly reprobated, nor can we blame the peremptory language, and indignant

dignant demeanor of the Directory.

If, on the contrary, it can be proved, that our enemies liſtened to pacific overtures, without really wiſhing to attain the object propoſed; that the more we grant, the more they will demand; if it ſhall be evident, that their great point, from firſt to laſt, has been under a Republican maſk, to effect the univerſal monarchy of one of their old deſpots; it only remains for every Engliſhman to unite hand and heart, to reſiſt and expel them; relying on thoſe means, which God and nature have ſo copiouſly placed in our hands; we muſt in that caſe conſider their cant of liberty, equality, and fraternization, as only the hollow inſtruments of vengeance, envy, and deceit, played off againſt our Conſtitution, our commerce, our independence, and our happineſs.

FRANKING, a privilege enjoyed by peers of the realm, members of parliament, and many perſons employed by government, which, on the ſuppoſition that their correſpondence relates to public buſineſs, exempts them from paying the poſtage of letters; and it is a fact, not very creditable to ſome of our wealthieſt commoners, that Mr. Pitt's propoſed regulations for curtailing this injurious exemption, with a laudable intention of increaſing the national revenue, met with a longer, and more determined oppoſition than any meaſure ſince the Revolution.

An Iriſh peer, who was one of the earlieſt and moſt earneſt, in offering to lay down his life and fortune, towards proſecuting the preſent war, and a well known banker, to whom the freedom from poſtage was worth eight hundred pounds a year, theſe independent and public ſpirited gentlemen, vociferouſly oppoſed the ſalutary bill, and ſuch was their diſintereſted zeal, actually divided the houſe againſt the miniſter.

It appeared in evidence, that the poſt office, in conſequence of franking, had been a regular conveyance for ſilk ſtockings, taylor's, haberdaſher's, and milliner's patterns; for periodic publications of every kind and deſcription;

description; for bookseller's catalogues, and that a well known individual, in a certain public office, who had an allowance of *extra weight for state papers*, had actually sent, under two franked covers of his own directing, the two folio volumes of Johnson's Dictionary ! !

GAY, JOHN, a silk mercer, and a pleasing poet, patronized in opposition to the minister of the day, by the Dutchess of Queensberry, who sacrificed the favor and fascinating splendor of a court, objects to a woman of rank, of some importance, to her disinterested friendship for the author of the Beggar's Opera.

It is not my purpose, in this place, to record the unexampled and unmerited success of that once fashionable, but indecorous drama, which, to say no worse of it, certainly paints in alluring colors, the adventures of vicious audacity. The present short article is introduced, to point out, and reprobate the following couplet, produced, and I think designed by Gay, for his monumental inscription :

This world's a jest, and all things shew it,
I thought so once, but now I know it.

A sentiment in theory more false, and in practical influence more injurious, it is not easy to conceive; and I consider it of the highest importance to the interest of society, and to the impressing serious truths on the minds of our rising generation, to resist, with the energy of truth, and the firmness of strong conviction, a doctrine, which threatens to be more destructive, as it is conveyed in an apparently harmless axiom, and as the settled and last opinion of a man, respected in his day, for amiable manners and inoffensive life.

THIS WORLD IS NOT A JEST; he who travels with pain and anxiety, the rugged road, who wakes to labor, and sleeps without refreshment, or even the more fortunate man, whose paths are apparently covered with flowers, but ultimately and invariably planted with thorns, will tell us another tale. All things above, all things around, and

and all underneath us, confirm a different opinion; they feelingly tell us, that the present is a scene of trial, toil, and preparation, an awful and momentous portion of existence, on the well or ill employing of which, and on the motives by which we are influenced, the happiness or the misery of ten thousand times ten thousand years depends.

To represent as trifling and unimportant, so arduous a struggle between passion and reason, between resolution and infirmity, I cannot but consider as unchristian, in expedient, and criminal; it is like supposing the ocean wrought into tempest, or the raging elements set in an uproar, merely to waft the bulk of a feather, or to drown the dimensions of a fly.

GORDIER, JOHN ANDREW, a respectable and wealthy inhabitant of Jersey, in the early part of the present century, whose death excited considerable surprize and alarm in the island where he resided, and was followed by circumstances so peculiarly melancholy and affecting, that they have afforded materials to the muse of Mr. Jephson, in his splendid and elaborate tragedy of the Italian Lover.

The subject of our present article had, for several years, paid his addresses to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, a native of the island of Guernsey; and having surmounted the usual difficulties and delays of love, which always increase the value of the object in pursuit, the happy day for leading his mistress to the altar, at length was fixed.

After giving the necessary orders for the reception of his intended wife, Gordier, at the time appointed, in full health and high spirits, sailed for Guernsey. The impatience of a lover on such a voyage, need not be described; hours were years, and a narrow channel between the islands, ten thousand leagues. The land of promise at length appears, he leaps on the beach, and, without waiting for refreshment, or his servant, whom he left with his baggage, sets out alone, and on foot, for the house he had so often visit- ed,

ed, which was only a few miles from the port.

The servant, who soon followed, was surprized to find his master not arrived; repeated messengers were sent to search and enquire, in vain. Having waited, in anxious expectation, 'till midnight, the apprehensions of the lady and her family were proportionate to the urgency of their feelings, and the circumstances of the case; the next morning, at break of day, the appearance of a near relation of the missing man, was not calculated to diminish their fears; with evident marks of distress, fatigue, and dejection, he came to inform them, that he had passed the whole of the night in minutely examining, and in every direction, the environs of the road by which Gordier generally passed.

After days of dreadful suspence, and nights of unavailing anxiety, the corpse of the unfortunate lover was at length discovered in a cavity among the rocks, disfigured with many wounds; but no circumstance occurred on which to ground suspicion, or even to hazard conjecture concerning the perpetrator of so foul a murder.

The regret of both families for a good young man thus cut off in the meridian of life and expectation, by a cruel assassin, was increased by the mystery and mode of his death. The grief of the young lady not being of that species, which relieves itself by external effusion, and loud lamentation, was for that very reason the more poignant and heart-felt; she never shed a tear, "but let concealment, like a worm i'the bud, feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought; and, with a green and yellow melancholy, she sat like patience on a monument."

Her virtues and her beauty having attracted general admiration, the family, after a few years, was prevailed on to permit Mr. Galliard, a merchant and a native of the island, to become her suitor, hoping that a second lover might gradually withdraw her attention from brooding in hopeless silence over the catastrophe of her first.

In submission to the wishes of her parents, but with

with repeated and energetic declarations, that ſhe never would marry, Galliard was occaſionally admitted; but the unhappy lady found it difficult to ſuppreſs a certain involuntary antipathy, which, declaring herſelf, at the ſame time, unable to account for it, ſhe always felt whenever he approached.

This ſingular, but well authenticated circumſtance, was often remarked long before the fatal, the bloody ſecret was revealed; it was a more than mental averſion, and was ſaid to bear a near reſemblance to that tremulous horror and ſhivering, which ſeizes certain perſons of keen ſenſibility and delicate feelings, at the ſight of a ſpider, an adder, or a toad. But ſuch was the ardor of paſſion, or ſuch the faſcinating magic of her charms, repulſe only increaſed deſire, and Galliard perſiſted in his unwelcome viſits, ſome times endeavouring to prevail on the unfortunate young woman to accept a preſent from his hands.

Her friends remarked, that he was particularly urgent to preſent her with a beautiful trinket, of expenſive workmanſhip, and valuable materials, which ſhe poſitively and firmly refuſed; adding, with a correctneſs of ſentiment, and propriety of conduct, not always imitated by her ſex, that it was baſe, diſhonorable, and mean, to encourage attentions, and receive favors from a man, who excited in her mind ſenſations, far more violent than indifference, and whoſe offers no motive of any kind could ever prevail on her to accept.

But Galliard, by the earneſtneſs of his addreſſes, by his aſſiduities, and by *exciting pity*, the common reſource of artful men, had won over the mother of the lady to ſecond his wiſhes; in her deſire to forward his ſuit, ſhe had taken an opportunity, during the night, to fix the trinket in queſtion, to her daughter's watch chain, and forbade her, on pain of maternal diſpleaſure, to remove this token of unaccepted affection.

The health of the lovely mourner ſuffered in the conflict; and the mother of the murdered man, who had

had ever regarded her intended daughter-in-law with tenderneſs and affection, croſſed the ſea, which divides Jerſey from Guernſey, to viſit her, to offer every conſolation in her power; and what, in ſuch *caſes* is always the moſt ſoothing conſolation, to mingle tears with hers.

The ſight of one ſo nearly related to her firſt, her only love, naturally called forth ten thouſand melancholy ideas in her mind. She ſeemed to take pleaſure, in recounting to the old lady, many little incidents which lovers only conſider as important. Mrs. Gordier was alſo fond of enquiring into, and liſtening to every minute particular which related to the laſt interview of her ſon with his miſtreſs.

It was on one of theſe occaſions, that their converſation reverted, as uſual, to the melancholy topic; and the ſad retroſpect, ſo powerfully affected the young lady, whoſe health was already very much impaired, that ſhe ſunk, in convulſions, on the floor. During the alarm of the unhappy family, who were conveying her to bed, their terror was conſiderably increaſed, by obſerving, that the eyes of Mrs. Gordier, were inſtantaneouſly caught by the glittering appendage to the lady's watch; that well known token of her ſon's affection, which, with a loud voice, and altered countenance, ſhe declared he *had purchaſed as a gift for his miſtreſs*, previous to his leaving Guernſey.

With a dreadful look in which horror, indignation, wonder and ſuſpicion, were mingled, ſhe repeated the extraordinary circumſtance, as well as the agitated ſtate of her mind would permit, to the unhappy lady, during the interval of a ſhort recovery.

The moment the poor ſufferer underſtood that the jewel, ſhe had hitherto ſo much deſpiſed, was originally in the poſſeſſion of Gordier, the intelligence ſeemed to pour a flood of new horror on her mind; ſhe made a laſt effort to preſs the appendage to her heart; her eyes, for a moment, exhibited the wild ſtare of madneſs, ſtung to its higheſt pitch, by the invenomed dart of horrible con-

conviction; and crying out, "Oh, murderous villain," she expired in the arms of her attendants.

It is hardly necessary, further to unfold the circumstances of this mysterious assassination; Gordier, in his way from the port to his mistress's house, had been clearly way-laid by Galliard, murdered, and plundered of the trinket; in the hope, that after his death, he might succeed to the possession of a jewel far more precious.

Galliard, on being charged with the crime, boldly denied it, but with evident confusion and equivocation; and while the injured family were sending for the officers of justice, he confirmed all their suspicions by suicide, and an impious letter left in his apartment, in which he imputed his abominable conduct to the fury of ungovernable passion; and concluded, with calling on the Almighty, *who had implanted such strong desires in him*, to forgive the rash, unwarrantable, and desperate act he was about to commit.

Improbe amor, quid non
mortalia pectora cogis?

Mr. Jephson, in common with most of our modern writers of tragedy, has been accused, by a severe dramatic critic, of introducing into his drama, persons who, without at all forwarding the business of the piece, appear to be brought in, merely to say fine things; and, instead of rouzing attention by strokes of nature, and interesting incident, of sickening the ear, by pompous and sentimental dialogue, by *strut*, *whisker*, and *gold fringe*.

There may be a degree of truth in the observation; yet after the tragic mines have been for ages so industriously ransacked; he who has afforded Mrs. Siddons, for whom I understand it was professedly written, and Mr. Kemble, an opportunity of working so powerfully on our feelings, (which I confess was the case with me) is entitled, as a successful treader in the footsteps of Shakespeare, to a degree of praise.

After Mentevoli, the murderer of the drama, has been vainly paying his court to the heroine of the piece, and she has expressed,

ſed the moſt inveterate hatred againſt him, Mentevoli replies,

You hate me then?
Julia.—Hate thee — the term's too weak, 'tis vital horror;
The helpleſs dove views not the rav'nous kite,
With more inſtinctive dread and deteſtation,
Than I do thee.
Hence—thy ſight is deadly to me.
Men.—O thou unthankful beauty,
How envy'd, but for thee, had been my lot,
My youth had glided down life's eaſy ſtream.
But ſince the hour I ſaw thy fatal charms,
My boſom has been hell;
All my neglected duties of the world,
Friends, parents, int'reſt, country, cry againſt me,
And find all bartered for thy hate and ſcorn.
Julia.—I never gave thee hope; I play'd no hypocrite;
My heart at once, ſpoke through my eyes
Rooted averſion, coldneſs and diſdain.

GOTHIC ARCHITECT, part of a late poetical addreſs to.

"Had Wren but liv'd to ſee thy bleſſed work,
To ſee Pilaſters ſcor'd like loins of pork,
To ſee the orders in confuſion move,
Scrolls fix'd below, and pedeſtals above;
To ſee defiance hurl'd at Rome and Greece,
Sir Chriſtopher had never left the world in peace;
Look where I will, above, around is ſhewn
A new *diſorder'd order* of thy own;
Where lines and circles curiouſly unite,
A ſtrange compound of all, the compound compoſite:
Which Stuart reprobates, which Dance derides,
While taſteful Wyatt holds his aching ſides.

It hath been obſerved, with regard to certain lapidary eccentricities of the gentleman in queſtion, that he ought not to be made reſponſible for the whims of other people; that, in the inſtances alluded to, he,

he, by no means, followed his own inclinations, but the orders and plans of those who fancied they understood the science better than the man they employed.

GOVERNMENT, a strong one.

In the present age of popular discontent, when it has been thought, and prudently thought, necessary to strengthen the hands of government, it may be useful to hear the opinion of an able writer on the subject, Sir William Temple.

"The safety and firmness of any frame of government, may be best judged of by the rules of architecture, which teach us that the pyramid, of all figures, is the firmest, and least likely to be shaken or overthrown; that it grows still the firmer, the broader the bottom, and the sharper the point.

"THE GROUND UPON WHICH ALL GOVERNMENT STANDS, IS THE CONSENT OF THE PEOPLE; and that government which alienates the affections, oppresses the opinions, and crosses the interests of the people, may be said to narrow its bottom; if this be done to serve the ambition, humour the passions, or advance the wealth of a few individuals who administer the executive power, the top of the pyramid may be said to grow broader, in proportion as the bottom is narrowed.

"This, of course, if carried to any extreme, will be a pyramid reversed, which, if balanced with skill, and supported by perpetual care, may stand for a while on its point, provided the elements be calm and untroubled; indeed, if the point should be very hard, the soil yielding and soft, it may gradually pierce still farther into the ground, and grow firmer the longer it stands. But this cannot happen if the top of the pyramid be weak and soft, or the soil into which it is meant to penetrate, be *hard and tough*."

But to quit the figurative comparison, and apt allegory of Sir William, every reasonable man must agree with him, that general consent was originally the foundation, and that popular confidence is an essential ingredient

ingredient, in all well conducted governments; yet it is of importance to determine in civil diſſentions, whether the diſſatisfaction be well founded, whether it be a diſſatisfaction of the majority, and whether the grievance in queſtion be one which can be removed without altering, melting down, and deſtroying the form and fabric of the Conſtitution.

Should this prove actually the caſe, firmneſs to reſiſt, and energy to correct, will be highly requiſite; as a good father moderates the impetuous tranſports of a youthful ſon, or in the hour of ſickneſs, adminiſters, even againſt his will, nauſeous, but ſalutary medicines.

I would in theſe trying inſtances, adopt a conduct ſimilar to that which I purſue, when I occaſionally wrap myſelf in an old family roquelaire, which has protected my father, my grandfather, and probably my grandmother, from the pelting of many a ſtorm. When I occaſionally iſſue forth, wrapt in this venerable remnant of antiquity, it is ſure to attract the notice and cenſure of the populace; one finds fault with its form, another with its weight, its color, and its texture; a third obſerves what a deal of camblet there is cut to waſte, enough to make a cloak for his wife; I march on ſilent and unmoved, convinced that there is not a man among them, who would not eagerly exchange his ſmart, perhaps his thread-bare coat for the rugged, but comfortable covering; it might I allow, be eaſily cut and altered to the trim of modern faſhion, but I fear that I ſhould loſe a proportionate ſhare of the warmth and protection it affords.

The ſyſtem of Sir William Temple, the rational ſyſtem of governing a country, by the mild influence of mutual confidence and attachment, has been contraſted by the *diſciplinarian* plan of Machiavel, which unites miniſterial adroitneſs with a vigor beyond the law.

"The man who drives the political machine," ſays the cunning Italian, "muſt take care that his hooks and ſtaples be driven home, and ſee that his chains are ſtrong.

ſtrong. Let his horſes be in well tried *harneſs*, and in each of their mouths, a *curb;* freely uſing his *whip*, holding a *tight rein*, and keeping a firm ſeat, he may go where he will, and at what rate he pleaſes.

"It is not at all neceſſary that the cattle under his management, ſhould know by what point of the compaſs he is ſteering; only promiſe them good provender, and if you *cunningly manage* them, you may do with them whatever you pleaſe.

GUILLOTINE, addition to the article under this title, in my firſt volume.

The following trifle, written by Duchatelet, a few days before his execution, is ſtrongly expreſſive of philoſophy or of French levity, under circumſtances which would have diſqualified moſt men from turning a ſtanza.

La guillotine eſt un bijou
Aujourdhui des plus a la mode,
J'en veux en bois d'acajou
Pour mettre deſſus ma commode
Je peſſarai chaque matin,
A fin que n'etant plus novice,
Je ſerais pret le lendemain,
Si j'allois etre de ſervice.

TRANSLATION.

Since in our age of ever-varying taſte,
The guillotine's a toy quite *a la mode*,
I'll have a model made in coſtly wood,
For ornament upon my toilette laid.
Each morn the curious inſtrument I'll try,
'Till grown at length proficient in the trade,
To-morrow, ſhould our rulers aſk my head,
With graceful eaſe and elegance I'll die.

HAIR POWDER, a material prepared by a tedious proceſs, from wheat, and become a conſiderable ſource of public revenue, as well as a faſhionable ornament of the head.

This cuſtom of ſcattering a white ſubſtance on the hair, and giving indiſcriminately to youth and to beauty, the hoary appearance of age; this habit, which

which in a ſavage people, we ſhould enumerate among their abſurdities, is ſaid to have originated from the extravagant freaks of certain ballad ſingers, at the fair of St. Germaine, in the beginning of the preſent century; they imagined, that by adding to their unnatural and groteſque appearance, it would occaſion general merriment.

That which was firſt adopted to render the uſers of it ridiculous, is gradually become a neceſſary appendage to courtiers, and the indiſpenſible decoration of every well-dreſſed gentleman; it is alſo an important object of finance in the national treaſury, the diſtinctive mark of a GUINEA PIG, and has put a thouſand pounds into the pocket of a theatric tax projector; an ample, a ſplendid reward, for the eaſy effort of a lucky thought.

During the late real or artificial ſcarcity, I peruſed much ſerious declamation, and much of laughable ſatire againſt the folly of waſting on the outſide of the head, the indiſpenſible means of ſubſiſtence, of diſſipating in the powdering room, what ſhould ſupport the cottager and his family; and I agree, that in caſe of an unproductive ſeaſon, it would be highly cruel and impolitic, not to put a ſtop to ſuperfluous conſumption during the urgent moments of preſſure and calamity, *but not a ſecond longer.*

For it is a ſelf evident propoſition, confirmed by experience and common ſenſe, that the greater the demand for any article, the more numerous and the more tempting the avenues to conſumption, in the ſame proportion will the growers of it, turn their attention to providing a greater quantity for the market; no ſurer means of calling down a famine on our heads, could be imagined, than to diminiſh the various modes of conſumption, except the fixing a certain price, beyond which the farmer, the grazier and corn-factor, ſhould not be permitted to ſell.

Should a wealthy individual, from caprice, madneſs, or any other cauſe, reſolve to purchaſe every year of his life, thirty thouſand quarters of wheat, and order the whole to be annually thrown into the ſea,

ſea, ſuch extravagance and waſte, in a moral view, would be highly culpable, he would probably fall a ſacrifice to the reſentments of the more indigent claſſes of ſociety, but I am convinced, he would be a conſiderable benefactor to his country, to more than ten times the amount of the ſum expended; he would advance the general intereſts of agriculture, by ſuch a laviſh expenditure, more than all our drawbacks, all our bounties, and all our prohibitions; he would be more inſtrumental in improving our waſte lands, than a thouſand ſocieties, with Sir John Sinclair, or even Arthur Young at their head.

I conclude the preſent article with relating a little anecdote, on the authority of one of the parties concerned, leaving my readers to apply it in their own way.

The magiſtrate of a little town on the ſea coaſt, a few years ſince, and I believe with the beſt intentions, interfered in the conveyance of fiſh by land carriage, from the place, over whoſe police he preſided. He could not behold with patience, cargoes of fiſh; of the firſt quality and ſize, conſigned, wholeſale, by the rapid conveyance of poſt horſes, to an overfed and overgrown metropolis; whilſt in the town where they were landed, none could be procured, but at a great price, and for the moſt part the refuſe of the market.

I will not exactly deſcribe what he ſaid or what he did, but his object, apparently no very unreaſonable one, was, that occaſionally a baſket of fiſh, not ſelected, but taken at random, ſhould be diſpoſed of at a fair market price on the quay. This propoſal was acceded to, but mark the event, the fiſhing ſmacks one and all quitted the place, the ſhore is avoided as a quickſand, or an infected ſpot, and though the regulation in queſtion, has been long dropped, the worthy magiſtrate, if diſpoſed to treat his friends, orders fiſh from London, by the coach, and pays an enormous price.

HARRISON, JOHN, an eminent mechanic, raiſed to fame and independence

dence by his celebrated time-piece, which he produced to the world, as an unerring inſtrument for finding the longitude.

"The longitude of any place is its diſtance eaſt or weſt from any other given point, and what we want, is a method of finding out at ſea, how far we are got to the eaſtward or weſtward of the place from which we ſailed.

"The application of a time keeper to this diſcovery, is founded upon the following principles: The ſurface of the earth is divided, for the purpoſe of calculation, into 360 equal parts, (by imaginary lines drawn from north to ſouth) which are called degrees of longitude, and the daily revolution of the earth, eaſtward, round its own axis, is performed in twenty-four hours; conſequently in that period, each of thoſe imaginary lines or degrees becomes ſucceſſively oppoſite to the ſun, which makes the noon, or preciſe middle of the day, at each of thoſe degrees. It muſt follow, that from the time any one of thoſe lines paſſes the ſun, 'till the next paſſes, muſt be exactly four minutes; for the number of minutes contained in twenty-four hours, being divided by 360, will give preciſely that quantity; ſo that for every degree of longitude that we ſail weſtward, it will be noon with us, four minutes later, and for every degree eaſtward, four minutes ſooner, and ſo in proportion for any greater or leſs quantity.

"Now the exact time of the day at the place where we are, can be aſcertained by well known and eaſy obſervations of the ſun, if viſible for a few minutes, at almoſt any period of his progreſs; provided it is ten degrees above the place of his riſing or ſetting, or not within an hour of its meridian. If therefore, at any time when ſuch obſervation is made, a time-keeper tells what o'clock it is at the place we ſailed from, our longitude is clearly diſcovered.

"To do this, it is not neceſſary that a watch ſhould perform its revolutions preciſely in that ſpace of time, which the earth takes to perform hers; it is only required that it ſhould invariably

variably perform it, and with regularity, *in some known time.*"

Such were the avowed claims, and such the reputed merits of Mr. Harrison's time-piece; but impelled by duty, vanity, or inclination, he could not be content without attempting to display his literary qualifications. Deaf to the intreaties of friendship and affection, and apparently stimulated by a jealous fear that others might, or would assume the merit of his ingenuity, he published his book on the Mensuration of Time; a work, which, at once technically obscure, grammatically erroneous, and elaborately unintelligible, exposed its author, otherwise a very respectable character, to ridicule and reprehension.

Many *admired*, but none could read the book; his family sighed, and his patrons blushed; they saw, with concern, that Mr. Harrison, with all his undoubted merits, was incapable of committing his ideas to paper, that he was not able to explain his own inventions; the critics attempted *a translation*, but finding the task attended with considerable difficulty, some of them, in a jocose or an irritated moment, accused him of wilfully, and from selfish motives, wrapping up in mystery and darkness, important communications, which he felt the public had a right to expect, as a small return for the splendid reward he had received.

From what I personally knew of him, and have heard from good authority, I cannot but acquit from so heavy a charge, a man, whose general conduct was not tainted by pecuniary obliquity, and whose principal errors originated from constitutional irritability, an attachment to his own opinion, and a harmless overvaluing of his labours, the natural, and not uncommon effect of having succeeded in pursuits, where such numbers have failed.

The national compensation he received was TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS; whether the benefits produced by the perfection of his time-keepers, were adequate to such a reward, I am not qualified to determine; yet, so elevated were his

his expectations, so well founded his claims, or so teazing the official forms required, to ascertain the justice of his pretensions, Mr. Harrison and the Board appointed to decide on his merits, parted with mutual dissatisfaction and distrust.

After listening to one of his long and tedious harangues, full of complaints and invective against a certain royal favorite, the clergy, and the two universities, whose professors he could never forgive, for differing from him in opinion; one of his friends and patrons, and a member of the Church of England, offended at his ill humor, which was often inconsistent, and always ill-timed, suddenly quitted the room, with the following short reply:

"I have ever been ready, as you well know, to do justice to the superiority of your skill, and the correctness of your inventions, but permit me to say, you have little reason to make *parsons* so perpetually the burthen of your song, and I can never be prevailed on to think a man *very ill used*, who has received, at different times, twenty thousand pounds of the public money."

I am informed by a friend, engaged in similar pursuits, that the time-pieces of Harrison were carried to the highest pitch of mechanic dexterity, that his *escapements* were incomparable; but from the intentional or accidental obscurity of his explanatory communications, he adds, that general science, and practical utility, have been very little, if at all meliorated by this singular instance of private ingenuity and public munificence.

The following observations on the same subject, were made by a gentleman, eminently qualified to decide on such points, and although a man of science, and on one occasion, a rival of the subject of our present article, remarkable for candor and sound judgment.

"By a series of observations made, from May, 1766, to April, 1767, with all possible attention to accuracy, fairness, and collateral evidence, (one of whom I believe was Capt. Baillie,

Baillie, the ſubject of an article in a former volume) it appears that Mr. Harriſon's time-piece gained 20 ſeconds per day; that in a Weſt India voyage of ſix weeks, it cannot be depended on to keep the longitude within a degree; and that even *with* that allowance, it muſt be kept in a place where the thermometer is always ſome degrees above freezing; I nevertheleſs am free to acknowledge that his watch is a uſeful and valuable auxiliary, and *aſſiſted by obſervations on the diſtance of the moon from the ſun and fixed ſtars*, (a man may venture to write the words in Italics, now Harriſon is dead, for during his life, they always exaſperated him) they may be of conſiderable uſe to navigation."

HASTINGS, WARREN, a zealous and able ſervant of the Eaſt India Company, by whom he hath been amply and munificently rewarded.

The name of this gentleman is not introduced for the purpoſe of diſplaying his eminent, his indiſputable merits, or to blazon forth the obvious, the acknowledged faults of his adminiſtration; faults which appear to have originated from an oppreſſive, but conſiſtent ſyſtem of policy, and from his conſidering the intereſts of his Leadenhall Sovereigns, and the official emoluments of himſelf and his adherents, paramount, in many inſtances, to the calls of juſtice, reaſon, and humanity.

Yet, whatever were his motives, or whatever his means, it cannot be denied, that he employed them with efficacy and ſpirit, and at a moſt awful criſis, when thick clouds, and impending ruin, hung over our oriental proſpects; it cannot be denied, that the effects of his ſuperintendance, have conſiderably tended to the firm eſtabliſhment and improvement of the revenues of our Eaſt India poſſeſſions; and that he has been enabled to retire with a ſplendid independence.

For, to this opinion, I ſtill adhere, notwithſtanding the frowns, the ſhrugs, and the ſolemn avowals of the intrepid Major; indeed, had any additional proof been wanting to confirm my former aſſertions on

on this subject, they have recently been placed beyond a doubt, by certain unwelcome discoveries, made in consequence of the derangements of a considerable foreign banking house:

"Magna est veritas et prevalebit."

But the business of my present page must not be forgot; it is to ask, in as calm and temperate a manner as I am able, the various defenders of Mr. Hastings, from his acute persevering advocates in bands and tye-wigs, and his indefatigable military partizan, down to those more humble diurnal light troops, who, at a certain period, were so assiduous in letting off their literary crackers, squibs, and diurnal paragraphs, not forgetting his unwearied champion *in Ansteyan Rhyme*; I would wish coolly to ask them, in the name of truth, decency, and common sense, which they so often violated, and so industriously set at defiance; I wish to ask, what there was either hard, oppressive, unreasonable, or unjustifiable, in the impeachment of Mr. Hastings.

I rejoice, in common with thousands, at the issue of his trial; I see, with pleasure, a highly endowed public functionary, a munificent patron of arts and learning, restored, with unsullied honor, to public opinion, and enjoying the fruits of a considerable portion of his life, which he had devoted to the military and civil services of his country.

Yet, that he *was* tried, is a source of considerable comfort to every reflecting *disinterested* man; for, after all the whining pathos, mercenary cant, and outrageous invective, with which every literary avenue *but one*, at a certain time, was crowded and overcharged; it is evidently palpable, that there was strong, ample, and sufficient cause for investigating the conduct of the Governor General of Bengal, and submitting it to a public tribunal. Whatever difference of opinion on the whole aggregate of facts, or the degree of *malus animus* which led to them, several of the articles

articles were inconteſtably proved, and, as ſuch, publickly and ſolemnly declared by the preſent Chancellor, and ſeveral other noble Lords; theſe are facts upon record, and cannot be denied.

I hope hereafter to hear no more of the *cruel* and *injurious* treatment of Mr. Haſtings: his proceedings were of a ſuſpicious, and ſome of a violent tendency; he was tried, has been acquitted, and enjoys a *princely revenue—vivat et valeat.*

I confeſs there was ſomething peculiarly harraſſing to a man of ſpirit, who had once filled an exalted poſt, to be chained down for many hours, many days, and many years, without being permitted to reply, reſent or refute, the animated invective, and flowery miſrepreſentations of Mr. Burke, the high-wrought deluſive, but fatiguing pathos of Mr. Sheridan, and the unvaried monotony of Mr. Anſtruther: but againſt ſuch puny attacks, the ſword and buckler of integrity, talents, and brilliant ſucceſs, was fully ſufficient to ſupport, and ultimately to extricate him from all his difficulties.

HOCHE, LAZARUS, a General in the French ſervice, and commander of an expedition againſt Ireland, for whoſe failure of ſucceſs, we are wholly and ſolely indebted to a tempeſtuous ocean.

The following is part of the addreſs of this gallant officer, to his troops, previous to embarking:——

"From friendſhip, duty, and honor, you will reſpect the perſons and property of the country to which we are going; the armed ſoldier is the only object of your attack; citizens, peaſants, manufacturers and artizans, as long as they are inoffenſive, muſt be protected.

"As I have endeavoured, by every means in my power, to provide for all your wants; and as I conſider the reputation of the army committed to my charge, of the higheſt importance, I ſhall ſeverely puniſh every departure from duty and diſcipline; laurels and glory ſhall be the lot of the Republican ſoldier;" (continued the general, forgetting his dependence

ence on winds and waves) "death and disgrace shall be the price of violation and pillage. You have known me long enough to be assured, that I will not, for the first time, forfeit my word; I have given you a fair warning, recollect it."

The author of this animated appeal, to the hopes as well as the fears of his companions in arms, seems to have taken some pains to guard against the almost inevitable excesses and evils of war; with what justice or propriety he hath been called a monster, with other opprobious names, by the Chancellor of Ireland; or, in what single instance of his life, he hath given just occasion for such gross abuse, I feel myself at a loss to conceive.

I hope and trust, that in case of a Gallic invasion, I should not be less active in opposing our foes, than the noble Lord; but unfounded obloquy, irritating epithet, and foul-mouthed abuse, even against an enemy, I consider as injurious and unlawful, more particularly in the advocate of social order and regular governments; calculated only to embitter national warfare by personal malignity, and unworthy a peer, a great law officer, and a gentleman!!

HUMANE SOCIETY, a benevolent and valuable institution, which has been the happy means of rescuing many a father and many a husband from a wat'ry grave.

I would wish to do justice to the industrious alacrity of Dr. Hawes, the practical philanthropy of Dr. Lettsom, and his coadjutors, to his munificent encouragement of this and other highly useful establishments. But while we pay this just tribute to patriotic exertion, Dr. Lettsom, in his annual commemorations, his medals, his octavo edition of cases, and his speeches, should not lose sight of that impartial justice, which it is the duty of a medical historian, and a citizen of the world, to observe.

I will not deny to the humane, and if the doctor is more gratified with the appellation, the Royal Humane Society, the well earned merit of apt application, and skilful contrivance,

ance, in cafes of *fufpended animation*, I agree, that confiderable *improvements* have been made in this important branch of medical fcience; but it cannot efcape the doctor's memory, that the profeffed purpofe of the fociety, which is the fubject of the prefent article, was carried into effect, by a company of merchants in Holland, and by the municipality of Paris, many years before it was fo generoufly patronized in England.

It is alfo well known, that the firft introducer and promoter of *refufcitation* in England, was Dr. Alexander Johnfon, who addreffed a letter to the Prefident and Fellows of the Royal Society, which was publickly read, and for which, thanks were returned to him.

Dr. Johnfon, with a modefty and diffidence, the general attendants of good fenfe, was far from arrogating to himfelf *the merit of invention;* he called himfelf only an importer of ufeful knowledge, from our continental neighbours; he did not, in the language of Dr. Lettfom, "*felicitate his country on poffeffing men, fufficiently bold and elevated in their views, to imitate the power of the Deity, in reftoring to life apparently dead matter.*"

I take this opportunity of calling on Dr. Lettfom, as a profeffional man and a chriftian, to retract fome of his unfounded affertions in a late fpeech, in which he confidered, and called *his* fociety, the authors and inventors of the procefs in queftion; I intreat him, as one not blind to many of his good qualities, to moderate florid exaggeration, retrench the fabulous luxuriancy of his panegyric; and, as he is not a very young man, to array himfelf in the fober language of unaffuming fimplicity and truth.

If he fhall happily prevail on himfelf, on fome future occafion, to do juftice to the induftry of Dr. Johnfon, to whom I am wholly a ftranger, but who, many years before the Humane Society was inftituted, printed and diftributed, at fome expence and trouble, many thoufand copies of inftructions for recovering perfons *apparently dead by drowning*: I fhall not have labored in vain; and Dr. Lettfom will add, to the

 virtues

virtues of charity and generosity, the characteristic accompaniments of a follower of Fox and Barclay, self correction, and moral equity.

HUTTON, ULRIC, a zealous antagonist of popish imposture, a cotemporary and troublesome adherent of Luther, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and the reputed author of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum;* though they appear to be the work of different hands, and have been attributed by some to Crotus Rubianus; by others, to Reuchlin himself, the hero and demi-god of Hutton; it is not improbable that they were the joint production of the three, if any confidence is to be placed in the internal evidence of literary compositions.

Ulric appears to have been a turbulent, headstrong partizan, in favor of the opinions he espoused, and not without merit as a writer, but lower, considerably lower in the literary scale, than many of his sanguine friends, and some of his modern *outrageous* panegyrists have thought proper to place him.

Having discovered acuteness and energy in the course of his studies, he was persuaded to bury himself in monastic seclusion; but being constitutionally restless, he served as a private soldier several campaigns, in the army of Maximilian the First, Emperor of Germany, the original persecutor of Luther. At the siege of Padua, he received a wound from an enemy, more dreadful than any Italian foe he encountered; a wound, the scourge of illicit love, for which, at that period, no remedy was known; and to which, after a long and painful course of unavailing palliatives, he ultimately fell a sacrifice.

By the anguish he endured, and the natural desire he felt to seek relief, his attention was powerfully excited, and he thought himself experimentally qualified to write his Treatise De Morbo Gallico, which is still extant; but much of his theory, much of his practice, and his great sheet anchor, (Guaiacum) are superseded

perseded by modern art, and a certain omnipotent specific, extracted from the bowels of the earth.

His unfortunate condition did not escape the ridicule and sarcasm of his enemies, of whom his violent spirit, and his rude attacks on established opinions, had created him a host.

It cannot be denied, that the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* possess much laughable humor and just satire, that the Latinity of Hochstraten and other *poor scholars*, is admirably hit off, and the weapons of ridicule and irony handled in a masterly manner; but they are too often disgraced by obscenity and profaneness, and the name of the Almighty is introduced on every trivial occasion, with indecent wantonness.

Yet with all their faults, the publication of these letters in Germany, is said to have eminently assisted the Protestant cause, and ultimately to have forwarded the Reformation. This probably was the case, but I have sometimes been tempted to think, that the spirit in which they are written, and their occasionally treating the most important and awful of all subjects, with coarse merriment, or indecorous levity, tended to injure the great truths of christianity, invalidated gospel precepts, and promoted the progress of infidelity.

Every thing directly or remotely connected with revelation, with our peace here, and our everlasting happiness hereafter, should neither be spoken or thought of, but in a serious and devout state of mind.

These circumstances, the exasperated spirit of Hutton, and his tendency to personal violence, considerably diminished the esteem which Luther and Erasmus once entertained for him; the former, in reply to his sanguinary threats against Pope Leo Xth, thus addressed him: "I hope and believe, that your zeal is founded on good motives, but the cause of the gospel is not to be forwarded by fire and sword;" Luther, like other popular leaders, had excited a spirit, which he found it difficult to moderate and cool.

The

The pacific remonſtrances of Eraſmus only increaſed his reſentments; he attacked his former friend in rude invective, and after wearing out the patience of all his acquaintance, died miſerable, and wretchedly poor, in the cottage of a hoſpitable curate, to whom he was almoſt a ſtranger, near Zuric.

For ſeveral years before his death, he appears to have arrived at that unhappy ſtate of morbid, nervous irritability, in which, like the dog in the manger, he could neither be eaſy himſelf, nor ſuffer others to be ſo; a ſtate ſomewhat ſimilar to that of the *philoſopher* Rouſſeau, during his ſtay in England, in conſequence of the invitation of David Hume, and his patron.——If ſuch are the evils attendant on ſuperior faculties, if ſuch the penalties attached to the acquiſition of eminent attainment, the humble man may look up, with thankfulneſs to Providence, for bleſſing him with content; the ignorant may alſo ceaſe to lament the abſence of thoſe dangerous qualifications, which ſo often render learned men troubleſome to their neighbours, diſſatisfied with, and uncomfortable in themſelves.

IMPERIAL GERMAN ETIQUETTE, which it is not eaſy to relate without a ſmile or a ſigh.

It is ſcarcely neceſſary to give a narrative of the battle of Vienna, in 1683; moſt general readers know, that under the walls of that city, John Sobieſki, king of Poland, with an army, conſiderably inferior in number, defeated two hundred thouſand Turks.

But hiſtory bluſhes to relate, that the emperor of that day, Leopold, I believe the firſt of the name, called a council, to deliberate on the manner in which an elective king ſhould be received by an emperor; "In your arms," ſaid the Duke of Lorrain, with honeſt warmth, "for he has preſerved the empire, and ſaved Europe from deſtruction."

Notwithſtanding this juſt and mild reproof, our purple ideot, I mean our purple emperor; for on points where family pride was out of the queſtion, he did not appear deficient, and is ſaid

to

to have dismissed his minister, Zinzindorf, for advising him to be absent from the battle; Leopold ordered his chancellor to give the King of Poland to understand, that it was not consistent with the dignity of the empire, to offer him his hand.

After much idle cavilling, and silly ceremonious arrangement, in which the conqueror was too indulgent to the whims and caprices of a fool, whom he had saved, the parties met in an open plain: Leopold, with a studied indecorum, appearing in a loose undress, and during the whole interview, continuing to prate of the vast benefits he and his ancestors had conferred on Poland; Sobieski, in all the native dignity of personal worth, but with an ironical coolness, which hurt the emperor's feelings, merely replied, "I am glad that the Poles have been able to render you a trifling service in return;" gently inclining his body, he quitted the imperial presence.

Few circumstances would have pleased me better, than to have had it in my power to relate, that the gallant Pole had bound his ungrateful ally hand and foot, and sent him, packed up in a hamper, to the Seraglio.

If the Archduke Charles and Buonaparte chance to meet, history will have a different tale to relate.

INCHBALD, Mrs. an ingenious novellist, and a successful dramatic writer, who seldom errs as a describer of life, of men, and manners; a species of knowledge, in which many novel-builders, who describe the world from their closets, are deficient. Yet in one of her late productions, deservedly a favorite with the public, I think she mistakes.

It is where she describes her heroine, suffering under the agitations of love, on its first accession.

"The walks were melancholy, and the company insipid, every thing seemed altered, but it was herself who was changed; yet tho' she found herself less happy, she felt, that to enjoy the happiness she had lost, she would not again be reduced to the being she was before.

"Thus

"Thus does the lover consider the extinction of his passion, with the same horror, *as the libertine looks upon annihilation;* the one would rather live hereafter, though in everlasting punishment, than cease to exist."

Nothing can be further from fact and every day's experience; I never yet knew a wicked man, and I have had intercourse with a few in my time; I never yet knew a wicked man, who would not merely have preferred a state of non-existence to everlasting punishment, or even the probable chance of it, but have earnestly and eagerly desired it.

A short argument in favor of, and an illustration of this opinion, may be seen in the latter part of the article Coroner, in this volume.

INQUISITION, original foundation of.

After the conquest of Granada, by the Spaniards, such of the Moors as would consent to be baptized, were permitted to remain in the country; but to prevent apostacy, and to detect interested imposture, a certain number of Friars, *calling themselves* THE COURT OF INQUISITION, was authorized to reprove, exhort, and punish.

In this society, at first apparently instituted on harmless, perhaps on laudable principles, we may see strongly exemplified, the danger of trusting, in the hands of feeble or ill designing mortals, the prerogative of Omnipotence. To dive into the remote springs of action, to decide in matters of conscience, and read the human heart; a power perhaps originally exercis'd with mercy and discretion, gradually degenerated into the most deadly despotism, converted the balm of revelation into poison, and made the most powerful of monarchs tremble on their thrones.

The blasphemous trash of defending religious persecution, on the ground of the words in the scripture parable, "compel them to come in," I have noticed in the article Ximenes, I trust not with undue emphasis, or unnecessary warmth.

A well informed general reader, need not be told the fate of those miserable Moors,

Moors, who refused baptism; while their more pliant brethren were reserved by the humane Spaniards, as food for future *auto da fés*, the wretched men, who from sincere, and in that case, laudable motives, turned with abhorrence, from the alternative; crowded in narrow and unsafe vessels, were devoted to destruction, in a tempestuous ocean, perished by famine, on a desart coast, or fed the vultures and tygers of Africa; animals far more rational and merciful, than Ferdinand and Isabella, or the bigots and monsters they reigned over.

INSANITY, a disease to which the English nation has been said (I think without sufficient proof) to be peculiarly liable, and described by the praisers of *other times*, as more frequent in the present day, than at any former period. This unhappy tendency is attributed by these declaimers, to the profligacy and dissipation, which has pervaded every rank of society, to the prevalent fashionable excesses, to late hours, cards, and faro, to spirituous liquors, green tea, and the agitations of deep gaming; and lastly, to too general and indiscriminate a use of deleterious minerals, in the modern practice of physic.

It is not my present business to enquire, whether we exceed or fall short of our forefathers, in vicious indulgence; and I have observed in another place, that every departure from moral rectitude, though not accompanied with a total derangement of intellect, may, strictly speaking, be deemed, and actually is, an absence of reason; for what creature, guided by her celestial influence, would risque the penalties of everlasting punishment, for a momentary sensual gratification; to this species of intellectual perversion, every wealthy country will be found equally subject.

Without waiting to enquire into the propriety of giving so general and indeterminate a definition to madness, we are authorized by experience to say, that the miserable victims, to this, of all afflictions the most terrific, are, previous to its harrassing attacks, frequently the most correct in

in conduct, temperate in life, and healthy in constitution; a circumstance, which proves, that madness *may* arise from causes independent of, and unconnected with those assigned.

I will not lose myself, or mislead my readers, by exploring the unfathomable abyss of remote causes, particularly in a class of diseases, which appear to originate from predispositions, wholly out of our power to investigate with accuracy or precision; sometimes from morbid constitutional irritability, or peculiar nervous arrangement, and sometimes from mechanic pressure, arising from local injury or original mal-formation. It cannot be denied, that these causes are often rouzed into action, and always aggravated by the temporary stimulus of rage, by unconquerable grief, immoderate joy, and other incidental circumstances, to which the madness is generally attributed.

But the hereditary nature of this dreadful malady, first induced me to give the present article a place in my collection; and I address myself with the seriousness such a subject demands, to every man and to every woman, who is convinced by infallible evidence (and in *such* a case I would not be governed by slight proof) that the seeds of madness are actually in their family:—I solemnly call on them, as sincere christians, and as feeling men, to arrest, as far as lies in their power, the diffusion of disease without remedy, the spreading of irreparable calamity; I earnestly exhort them to live and die unmarried, and if possible, without descendants.

At the Day of Judgment I should dread to appear before my Creator, as the parent of an unhappy train of children, whom I had wilfully and knowingly introduced into existence, with so terrible a curse entailed on them; on that great, that awful day of general retribution, I should prefer the condition of an offender, spotted with common sins like a leopard, and dark as an Æthiopian with venial transgressions.

Every

Every antinuptial argument produced againſt thoſe inconteſtably infected with hereditary madneſs, is equally applicable to perſons, either in themſelves or their anceſtors, notoriouſly contaminated with ſcrophula or king's evil.

It is, I confeſs, a hard ſentence, thus to lay a cruel embargo on the firſt great law of nature, and cloſe a legal avenue to one of the few pleaſures, we are permitted innocently to enjoy; but however harſh and unaccommodating, it is not more ſevere and mortifying, than thouſands, and tens of thouſands have voluntarily impoſed on themſelves in Catholic countries; what theſe miſtaken, but perhaps well-meaning men, have undertaken on their *own* accounts alone, ſhall we repine at or refuſe, when the intereſts and happineſs of ten thouſand times ten thouſand, are probably at ſtake?

Reſolute ſelf-denial, on this as on other occaſions, diſarms the tempter; and he who wholly abſtains from, or has never commenced the practice of illicit ſenſual gratification, will enjoy the honors of victory, without the riſque and perils of a ſtruggle: but at all events, and however unpropitious or unpleaſant the conſequences, I conſider marriage in the circumſtances I have pointed out, as a ſin of the firſt enormity; and were I ſure beyond the reach of doubt, that I came under either of theſe deplorable deſcriptions, whoſe unequivocal ſymptoms, compared and ſtrengthened by traditional and collateral facts, it is almoſt impoſſible to miſtake; were I poſitively convinced, that ſuch was my unhappy fate; if I found it impoſſible, from motives of religion and duty, to ſuppreſs the ſtimulating fury of deſire, or to extinguiſh it by *an abſtemious vegetable diet*, that ſovereign remedy for every inordinate paſſion; I would not heſitate a moment, in preferring obſcene and bought embraces, with all their nauſeating and dangerous accompaniments, to the heinous and never-to-be-forgiven crime of entailing miſery and abhorrence on generations yet unborn; of deforming the fair face of

nature,

nature, in one of her moſt excellent productions, by forcing into exiſtence, the pallid mis-ſhapen productions of fatuity and languor, a race of unhappy beings, who ſuffer from diſeaſe, before they can be ſaid to live, who endure a two-fold ſhare of the miſeries, without being qualified to taſte the exhilirating circumſtances of life.

This prohibition, if I miſtake not, falls very ſhort of the rigid regulations of the Moſaic law, concerning lepers, delivered by a writer, more immediately under the influence of the Almighty, and according to every hypotheſis, a ſtateſman, poſſeſſed of ſtrong ſenſe, and deep policy.

"Let his cloaths," ſays the inſpired law-giver, ſpeaking of theſe miſerable outcaſts, "let his cloaths be rent, his head be ſhaved, and a covering be fixed on his upper lip, HE SHALL DWELL ALONE; his habitation ſhall be without the camp. His houſe ſhall be ſcraped within and without, and that which they ſcrape off, ſhall be carried into an unclean place; with other mortar ſhall the houſe be plaiſtered, but if the leproſy again break out, the houſe ſhall be broken down, the ſtones, the timber, and the mortar thereof ſhall be carried forth out of the city."

I am aware that this article will not be cordially reliſhed by a ſpecies of fortune-hunter, which I think, of late years, has increaſed, and is ſtill thriving amongſt us. I think them numerous, for I could eaſily point out a dozen; in the contracted circle of a recluſe, a pretty conſiderable number.

Theſe deſperate and indecorous adventurers alternately prowling to London, Bath, the ſea ſide, and our provincial towns, ſometimes in red, and ſometimes in black coats, reſt not from their iniquitous career, 'till they have fixed their eyes, and at laſt their talons, on ſome unfortunate female, rendered by unconquerable defects of perſon, temper, or underſtanding, an unmarketable commodity, in the fair Smithfield mart of modern matrimony.

Theſe unlucky women, enticed by fraudulent arts from

from the arms of their parents, are either placed in a ſituation which expoſes them to ridicule and contempt, or plundered of their property and peace of mind, are deſerted by their unprincipled huſbands.

I will not pretend to addreſs myſelf to marauders, againſt whom a blunderbuſs or a piſtol is the proper argument, and the only effectual guard, and a gibbet, the puniſhment they merit; but every family, which numbers amongſt its inmates, one of theſe unfortunate creatures, will, I truſt, keep themſelves in a ſtate of unceaſing vigilance and precaution, when they underſtand, that to ſearch for, and point out ſuch unhappy victims of illicit purſuit, is become a profeſſed and lucrative buſineſs, conducted with legal formalities, regular percentage, formal interviews, precautionary obligation, office fees, parchment and ſeals; that a herd of young men, numerous in the preſent day, *of great wants, but very ſmall deſert*, bluſh not to conſider, and to declare, this mean and unmanly expedient, as their laſt and moſt productive reſource. That depending confidently upon it, truſting to apt emiſſaries, and thoſe moſt infamous brokers in human miſery; on the firſt ſignal of a prize in view, they are allowed conſiderable credit by coachmakers, taylors, perfumers, and other ſubordinate tradeſmen, on the ſtrength of a nuptial ſpeculation at once prepoſterous, unnatural, and unjuſtifiable.

In caſe of ſucceſs, the fortune of the poor wife is deeply taxed to ſatisfy the demands of neck or nothing tradeſmen, and daſhing artizans, whoſe profits are proportionate to the riſque of ſuch an adventure. A regular ſyſtem of fraudulent co-operation is eſtabliſhed; the good will of governantes, milliners, ſervants, humble dependants, and other profeſſional frequenters of great houſes, is ſecured, in various ways and at any coſt, to forward the unhallowed work.

Making themſelves maſters of infatuation, deformity, and imbecility; of the ſick, the halt, the half-witted, the crazy, the libidinous, or the blind; from

hoſpitals,

hospitals, from mad-houses, from convents, or from nurseries; from boarding-schools or masquerades; from parks, from auctions, from operas, from plays, or from chamber windows; by rope-ladders, by moon-shine, by sun-shine, by hook or by crook, they rush, with front undaunted, and felonious hearts, to the land of promise, and elbow God's altar, profaning his holy temple, and converting a sacred and awful ceremony into odious mockery, and an instrument of the basest traffic, robbery, and collusion.

This article ought not to conclude, without a hint to the friends of insane persons, who think they have sufficiently discharged their duty to their unhappy relations, by committing them to the care, and by confining them in the house of some professional man, or his assistants, and that all further claim on them ceases. But there are circumstances, in these cases, which ought never to be forgotten; and I mention them, without the most distant design of offence, or imputation to the proprietors of mad-houses, several of whom I know to be worthy and respectable characters. The circumstances to which I allude are, that the keepers of these receptacles are, and naturally must be, from the nature of their circumstances and employment, mercenary in their views, that they cannot possibly be influenced by the tender sympathies of blood and of affection; and, lastly, *that it is not their interest that the patient should ever recover*; I agree, that motives of so sordid a kind, would never have weight with a conscientious professional member, a man of honor, and a gentleman; but it is not clear, that they will be wholly over-looked by the more humble appendages of such receptacles. If I may be permitted another suggestion, it is, that I have seen, or have fancied that I have seen, a defect in gentleness; but this I understand is the effect of habit, arising from the stern law of absolute necessity, as these patients, like persons of a different description, whose passions are stronger than their reason, can only be managed by

by the savage restraints of fear and compulsion.

But I return to the situation of the friends of mad persons: I could point out more than one who, in the bustle of business, or the levity of dissipation, have been grossly deficient in this important branch of social duty; who reflecting, when it was too late, for their brother, (the word has escaped my pen) has long been delivered, by the kind interposition of death, from the hand of the tormentor, have confessed to me, with tears, that their error, or their crime, the effect rather of thoughtless gaiety than unfeeling neglect, or intentional unconcern, was the source of many a painful reflection, embittered, because it was unavailing.

As it is of importance to close, as far as we are able, the avenues to ineffectual repentance, and regret, which cannot be remedied, attending to the following particulars, may prove useful to those who are, or hereafter may be, doomed to such trying and anxious moments.

A deranged patient should, in every instance where it is not wholly incompatible with circumstance and situation, he should be retained, as long as possible, under the roof and eye of his friends; but if this cannot be done, the distance should never be more than a few hours ride. He ought to be visited, at least, two or three times a week, not at fixed times, but at hours unknown to, and unexpected by the persons under whose care he is; and, at every visit, unless there are urgent reasons to the contrary, the keeper should be absent part of the time.

A thousand little cares, necessary comforts, and soothing consolations, will present themselves to the fertile, anticipating, inquisitive eye, of zealous affection, which we have no right to expect, and indeed cannot meet with from a stranger, evidently actuated by venal motives, and whose finer feeling must naturally be smoothed down, or hardened by the friction of professional habit.

Besides, should there be, at any time, lucid intervals, which,

which, in many of the moſt deſperate caſes, ſometimes occur, how ſhocking muſt be the ſcene, on the firſt opening of the mind's eye, whilſt ſearching, with ineffectual gaze, for ſympathy and commiſeration, thro' the gloom of a darkened or a grated window, to ſee only ſurly ſtrangers, wearied, perhaps irritated by fatigue, trouble, and watching; to feel the benumbing cramp of a ſtraight waiſtcoat, perhaps, to be bolted and chained to a floor; while the brother and ſiſter we once loved, the wife and child we once doated on, are diſſipating, in heedleſs profuſion, that wealth for which we traverſed the globe, toiled in the counting-houſe, or melted at the bar. The foundeſt reaſon, awakening to ſuch a ſcene, could ſcarcely ſtand proof, but would inſtantly ſink into deſpair and diſtraction; yet, with all its horrors, I had rather be the miſerable victim, than the negligent or the guilty relation, who had conſigned him to, and deſerted him in it.

IRONICAL SATIRE, a ſpecies of literary compoſition, in which Swift excelled. A ſpecimen of it, on a late *particular occaſion*, the production of a pen to which this collection has been frequently indebted, is thought worth preſerving.

"Averſhaw died laſt Monday; an amiable man, cut off in the prime of life, formed by nature, talents, and education, for a ſtateſman. He read with tolerable correctneſs; he ſpoke and wrote, at leaſt, as intelligibly as the defenders of our preſent men and meaſures; like them, what he did not know, he could aſſert, and what he could not prove, he would ſwear to. His converſation was copious, lively, and figurative; but, conſcious of the general tendency in mankind to doubt, he frequently appealed to Heaven; on theſe occaſions, his oaths were ſolemn, his execrations marked by energy and indignant ſenſibility.

"His talents for finance, were alone ſufficient to have raiſed him into conſequence; where perſuaſion was ineffectual, he employed force; what could not be done by direct means, he performed by circumvention;

circumvention; like other great financiers, he first *excited terror*, and by this method, generally raised supplies with facility. In one respect he differed from these eminent characters; though he levied large contributions on the rich, the accumulating, and the tenacious, he spared the poor and helpless.

"Of his sincerity, had sincerity been necessary in *his* vocation, we have no reason to doubt; but this, and his other virtues, he did not lavish on trifling occasions; what he did not profess, it would therefore be unjust to accuse him of wanting; the circumstances and situations in which he was placed, called for other qualifications. He had all the ambiguity of a prime minister: In his schemes, he observed the profoundest secresy. It was difficult to know what he meant from what he said; from his countenance little could be gathered, as in the execution of his darling projects, he concealed it beneath a mask, which at once preserved his modesty and eluded observation.

"He was a friend to war, and, like other admirers of that science, not averse to depredation; so firm in his purpose, and so provident in his means, that he never undertook an expedition in which he failed. His courage was prudent rather than rash; he took every possible advantage of his enemies, frequently making his attack when they were unprepared, unarmed, and sometimes sleeping in the dead of night.

"In the common intercourses of life, his manners were plain and unadorned. He did not oppress his inferiors, he scorned to flatter his equals, and submitted reluctantly, to his superiors; he pretended not to virtues he did not possess; he prated not about conscience, when it was his practice to violate its precepts. His disposition was convivial, he loved a cheerful glass; yet, in his cups, he was patriotic; he would not encourage foreign spirits, but was devoted to the productions of his native country.

" In his commercial transactions, his moderation was conspicuous.— When inclined to part with any thing, he never received more than a third of its value; often adding, with an oath, in order to increase confidence, 'That it was more than it cost him.'

" In his hours of recreation or reflection, he was fond of wandering over uncultivated heaths, commons, and unfrequented woods; from the fertility of his genius, he generally rendered these solitary excursions productive. His ideas of property were not correct; his notions of the *meum* and *tuum* were somewhat confused. Deeply engaged in the practice of raising cash, he probably had neither inclination or leisure to attend to theory and hypothesis. He preferred the *monied* interests; and so peculiar was his mode of address to men of that description, that he always gained upon them.

" Of his religious opinions, little can be collected. He frequently spoke of hell; yet he never anticipated success by *fasting*, nor ever before or after an engagement composed *a form of prayer*. His extemporaneous effusions were, however frequent and fervid, generally heard with fear, and often with impression.

" Such was Avershaw; he fell by a death, glorious as his life, a death which hath alone been wanting to complete the characters of many heroes and statesmen, whose histories would, in that case, have been perused with greater pleasure and profit."

JEWISH ARISTOCRACY, an instance of, lately introduced in his discourse, by a popular preacher.

Speaking of the pride of birth, and the contempt with which certain writers treat the lower orders of society: " It was in this manner," said the divine, " that the aristocrates of Jerusalem spoke of the Saviour of the world: " Who is this that maketh such a stir amongst us? Is it not the son of Joseph the carpenter?

JUBENTIUS CELSUS, a Roman prætor during the reign of Domitian, against

against whom he joined in a conſpiracy; but being ſeized, and condemned to die, demanded a private audience of the Emperor. Proper precautions being taken to prevent perſonal violence, his requeſt was granted; and, after many myſterious hints, and dark ſuggeſtions, he declared, that if he was pardoned, it would be in his power to communicate many important diſcoveries, with which the life and ſafety of his ſovereign was intimately connected.

The execution of his ſentence was reſpited, tho' in fact, he had nothing of conſequence to impart; and, under various pretences, he delayed making the promiſed confeſſion, from day to day, 'till Domitian was aſſaſſinated by Parthenius, and the artful traitor eſcaped.

The conduct of Jubentius has been compared to that of a nobleman, in the reign of King William, who was tried for treaſon, and condemned; but ſaying that he was maſter of certain dangerous ſecrets, which he was willing to impart to the king and his miniſters, they were inclined to liſten to him; he added, that as his teſtimony, under the preſent circumſtances, could be of no validity, he would delay it 'till he had received a pardon, which, as ſoon as it had paſſed the great ſeal, was formally delivered to him, in the preſence of the Privy Council; they then called on him to make the propoſed diſcoveries.

He ſurprized every perſon preſent by the following words, firmly graſping the pardon, at the moment he ſpoke: "My Lords, all the hints I have thrown out, were wholly without truth or foundation, and merely to ſave my life. I ſolemnly proteſt, and call Almighty God to witneſs, that I am in poſſeſſion of no ſecret tranſaction whatever againſt government, except that for which I was ſentenced to ſuffer death; and I truſt your lordſhips will excuſe the fineſſe I made uſe of, when you conſider that my life was at ſtake."

JUDGE JEFFERIES, his ſingular ſpeech to the Mayor and Aldermen of Briſtol.

 "I have

"I have brought a bruſh in my pocket, to rub off your dirt; I tell you I have brought a ſtout beſſom, with which I will ſweep every man's door, both within and without; for, in good truth, you want rubbing, the dirt of your ditch is in your noſtrils.

"Where am I? in Briſtol, a city in which it ſeems you claim the privilege of hanging, drawing, and quartering; a privilege you ought to enjoy, at leaſt, once a month. I have a calendar of your city in my hands, and hope, before I have done, to hang one half of you at leaſt."

It has been doubted, whether the title of Earl of Flint, by which Jefferies, while Chancellor, was addreſſed, in the dedication of a medical book, publiſhed by a Dr. John Grœnvelt, in 1687; it has been doubted, whether the title was ſerious or ſatirical.—But, although from the circumſtances of the times, no evidence remains of a patent or grant of ſuch a dignity; yet a phyſician, and a candidate for practice, would certainly not have addreſſed a great officer of ſtate, in the language of irony. It is, however, a ſingular coincidence of qualities and words; and the title which King James's Chancellor and favorite choſe, was admirably expreſſive of the hardneſs of his heart.

JUSTICE of a Cauſe.—In moſt conteſts, from Conſtantine and Mahomet, to Roberſpierre and Mr. Pitt, both parties, in their appeals to Heaven, as well as the ſword, are diſpoſed to dwell on the ſuperior juſtneſs of *their* ſide of the queſtion.

On this occaſion, the ſentiments of two followers of the camp of John, the great Duke of Marlborough, have been mentioned; converſing, the evening before the battle of Hochſtet, on the dreadful buſineſs of the enſuing day, one of them concluded with ſaying, "May God ſtand by the right." "Don't tell me of the right," ſaid a Scotchwoman, "God ſtand by Hamilton's regiment, right or wrong;" a wiſh conſonant, I believe, with the feelings of moſt ſoldiers and

and moſt lawyers, in the ſtruggles of the field, as well as the forum.

KELLY, HUGH, a ſtay-maker, a writer for attornies and for newſpapers, a political pamphleteer, and a dramatic author.

Deſcended from humble, but honeſt parents in the city of Dublin, and apprenticed to a buſineſs he diſliked, and of courſe neglected, he quitted his native country clandeſtinely, and arrived in London, literally ſpeaking, with no more than a ſhilling in his pocket, and the ſolitary ſhirt on his back.

Hunger, and a want of dexterity in his original occupation, which he tried for a ſhort time in the metropolis, impelled him to ſeek employment as a hackney writer in Chancery-Lane; but emolument, inadequate to his toils, and probably the conſciouſneſs of ſuperior abilities, ſoon occaſioned him to quit this ſedentary drudgery.

Having communicated ſufficient ſamples of his talents, he was placed on the eſtabliſhment of the Gazetteer, and afterwards of the Public Ledger, as a political eſſayiſt, and dramatic critic, with a decent ſalary. In this ſituation, he gave conſiderable ſatisfaction to his employers, and became acquainted with Lord Baltimore, in whoſe defence, with reſpect to his treatment of Miſs Woodcock, Kelly defended his patron with ſo much zeal and ſucceſs, that the peer preſented him with a five hundred pound bank note.

Dazzled with the poſſeſſion of a ſum, the tenth part of which he had never before poſſeſſed, but not without ſome ſcruples of conſcience, for having pleaded the cauſe of a profligate debauchee; our author took chambers in the Temple, became generally known, and reſpected as a literary man, and ſoon after ſucceeded to the editorſhip and ſuperintedance of one of the diurnal publications, to which he had hitherto been only an appendage.

Being adviſed by his patron to turn his attention to the ſtage, he produced the next winter, his Falſe Delicacy, which was received with applauſe, and not long after, a political pamphlet, which was well written, but

ſomewhat

ſomewhat diminiſhed his popularity, as it was in favor of adminiſtration, but ſecured him a friend at court.

During a period, which has ſeldom been equalled for popular commotion, and party violence, Kelly profeſſedly a miniſterial advocate, could not expect to eſcape unhurt. His next piece, A Word to the Wiſe, was condemned unheard; an eye witneſs of this unjuſt and cruel deciſion, and a regular frequenter of dramatic exhibitions, relates that he never witneſſed a ſcene of equal uproar, noiſe and confuſion; that he never beheld a ſtronger or more impreſſive inſtance of democratic deſpotiſm, of the "*Civium ardor prava jubentium.*"

It was impoſſible that a ſyllable of the piece could be heard; its opponents had not the decency to diſguiſe the malignity of their motives, as hath ſometimes been done, under the maſque of pretended critical indignation; "It is Kelly's, and ſhall not be performed," re-echoed from a thouſand voices.

With ſuch reaſoners, it is in vain that juſtice or common ſenſe can expect to be heard; the curtain was dropped, or the houſe would have been torne to pieces; and the author ſoothed his diſappointment, by publiſhing the play, with a numerous and profitable ſubſcription.

Rendered cautious by experience, he brought forward his future pieces, under an adopted name, and they generally proved ſucceſsful.

Hugh Kelly has been produced as an inſtance of a man, ſprung from the loweſt order of ſociety, and almoſt uneducated, yet who in the walks of literature, private life, and public intercourſe, ſhewed no defect as a writer, a chriſtian, a friend, a polite man, and a gentleman.

KENYON, Lord, his motto, *Magnanimiter crucem ſuſtineo*, thus aptly tranſlated by a literary lady, "I boldly recommend the puniſhment of the pillory."

KING, Dr. WILLIAM, an exaſperated tory and jacobite, in the reign of King George the Second, principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford,

Oxford, and author of an obscene, but scarce poem, called the Toast, published in the year 1737, under the name of Peregrine O'Donald, as a translation from *the Latin* of Frederic Scheffer, a Laplander.

The doctor appears to have possessed much of the narrow bigotry, and some of the malignant spirit of his party, which frequently burst forth on his academic associates, as well as his political opponents, some of the first wits of that day; they did not however forget to repay his abusive petulance, in a manner, which almost justified *his* conduct; they made it a pattern for their own.

Dr. King appears to have been endowed with decent powers, which though they would never have enabled him to soar above mediocrity, guided by prudence, might have conducted him through life with credit and satisfaction; but a *wish* to shine without adequate *ability*, that rock, on which so many of us split, exposed him in the decline of life, to the shafts of sarcasm and invective.

In convivial meetings, intoxicated men are said to be the most averse to retiring; they will not in general be satisfied, 'till in their endeavors to prove, they can walk as straight as any person in the company, they have stunned themselves against a wall, or been laid prostrate on the floor. It is thus with many characters of a common cast, characters which can only escape censure, when they escape observation; impelled by vanity or constitutional restlessness, they seize, like the subject of our present article, every opportunity of presenting themselves to public notice, and provoking general discussion; an unlucky turn of mind, which kept Dr. King in *hot water*, half his life.

On the dedication of the Ratcliffe library, he insisted, contrary to the custom of the University, and in opposition to the express desire of the trustees, who were aware of the character of the founder; he obstinately insisted on making a public speech; a task, for which he was by no means

means qualified, either on the score of pure latinity, or popular eloquence.

Yet in spite of these fundamental defects, and other unpropitious circumstances arising from his political tendencies, he commenced his oration with a falshood, well known to the majority of those who heard him; "I would willingly have declined my present office" said this singular man, "had it not in a manner *been forced upon me*."

As if it was his fate or his perverseness to handle every subject, which it was desirable on every account, for him not to meddle with; he next rushed with the zeal of an ideot, and the coarse white-washing brush of indiscriminate panegyric, to the character of Ratcliffe, whose harsh features, savage maxims, and unaccommodating peculiarities, the trustees, like sensible men, thought the less that was said of them the better:

"'Tis only praise like this
that damns our friends."

His dwelling on the *erudition* and *humanity* of the founder, laid him open to an attack for such injudicious and misapplied adulation, and subjected him to the suspicion of wrapping up satire in irony; but the notorious attachments of the physician, as well as the divine, to the Court of St. Germaine's, clear him from the charge.

"*His* fortunes," says Dr. King, speaking of the founder, and evidently glancing at the great house at Blenheim, but forgetting that his pecuniary was the tenderest point in Ratcliffe's character, "*his* fortunes were not collected by war and desolation, they were not cemented by the blood and tears of thousands, but in diffusing health and comfort."

"I will not deny," said an antagonist of the subject of our present article, I believe Dr. Burton, of Eton; "I will not deny the professional merits of the founder of the library, but it is notorious, that no man ever used more artifice and cunning, in accumulating money, than Ratcliffe; and instead of being eminent for erudition and humanity, for which you so pre-

preposterously praise him, he always affected to despise them."

"His warmest friends always confessed, that his natural sagacity amply compensated for his want of learning; his total absence of feeling, all who would not implicitly submit to his caprice and insolence, regularly experienced."

"Your rating Dr. Ratcliffe a London physician, the proverbial fee-hunter of his day, with Asinius Pollio and his Bibliotheca, is like comparing the Vatican to a book-case."

The orator thinking, or rather feeling some apology necessary, for the faults and inaccuracies of his style and language, observed,

"*Studia mea interpellebant convivia, amores, ingrata quædam negotia et peregrinationes crebræ.*"

"A curious and laudable excuse for a scholar's defects," said one of the doctor's audience, "feasting and wenching are enumerated without a blush, among the avowed methods, in which an old man spends his time."

"I should have taken less notice of your unappropriate adulation, and the disgusting incense you have poured on a very faulty individual," says the same writer, "had you not larded your crude oration with whinings, and complaints of oppressed liberty, when the slavish attachment of yourself and friends, to an odious and proscribed family, is so well known, and universally reprobated, by every friend to the British Constitution.

"Many of these have been properly expelled for their flagitious conduct, *but many remain behind.*

"I cannot conclude, without commending your prudence, in preventing a translation of your speech from being published in English; as it would not sound well, for the head of a college to be prosecuted in the Court of King's Bench, for a libel; and you are still at liberty to set the example, of a man publishing scurrilities, *in bad Latin*, with impunity."

Our irritable Principal did not submit to the chastisement of Dr. Burton, without reply; he published in 1750, what he called "*Elogium*

"*Elogium Jacci Etonensis, sive Gigantis*, or the Praises of Jack of Eton, commonly called Jack the Giant," collected into English metre, after the manner of Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, John Burton, and others; to which is added, a Dissertation on the Burtonian Style, by a Master of Arts; Dr. King was so elevated with his supposed success, in this satirical doggrel, that in a moment of triumph, he exclaimed, "I too am Jack, but it is Jack the Giant-killer."

In this poem, Mr. Bowyer the printer, did not escape his lash, a man, the tenor of whose life and conduct was such, that it was difficult for any reasonable being, to be at enmity with him; he was never able to recollect any circumstance, on which the satirist could ground his resentment, unless that on one occasion, he ventured to hesitate on the classical purity of an expression of Dr. King's, in his famous oration.

The subject of our present article, was also an unsuccessful candidate for representing the University of Oxford in parliament; and the election is said to have involved him in considerable obloquy, vexation, and expence.

LANGOIRAN, MONSIEUR, a sensible and zealous Hugonot, a subject of Charles the Ninth, king of France.

Several months before the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, it was the execrable policy of the Catholics, to soothe the fears of the Protestants, and lull their apprehensions by kindness and attention, which appeared too overacted to be real.

Of this opinion was the subject of my present article; puzzled and perplexed, as well as alarmed by a conduct so very different from the general practice of those inveterate foes of the Protestant faith; and after considering the subject in every point of view, he resolved to emigrate; but previous to his departure, called on the worthy Coligni, to take his leave. The Admiral remonstrated with Langoiran, on his rash determination, called his suspicions groundless, frequently repeating to him,

"My

"My friend Langoiran, why will you not remain with us? I tell you your fears are foolish." "I chuse rather," said the fugitive, "to save myself with fools, than to stay and perish with men wiser than myself."—The fatal event amply justified his sagacity and his caution.

It ought not to be suppressed, that on this bloody and nefarious occasion, there were Catholics who refused to co-operate with the merciless myrmidons of the Vatican. Of this number was the generous and humane D'Ortez. "I have read," said the gallant Viscount, "the letter, enjoining a massacre of the Hugonots, to the inhabitants of Bayonne; but they turned away with horror and indignation; your majesty has many thousand faithful subjects, but not a single assassin in that city."

LEARNING, an admirable remark on, by Selden, strongly exemplified in various articles of this collection.

"No man is the wiser for his learning, it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon, but wit as well as wisdom, (observe the difference, my literary friends, who once objected to the expression) wit as well as wisdom is born with a man."

LEEDS, DUKE of, his sensible observation, in a debate on one of the Duke of Bedford's motions for peace.

"It is amazing," said the Duke of Leeds, "to see the infatuation which prevails with respect to the war; I have repeatedly conversed with people, in other respects not deficient, but who on this subject, talk as if no proposition for peace could be made, 'till the British army had reached Montmartre, or the French were on Shooter's Hill; such extremes of rashness and timidity, are equally fatal; if things are to arrive at that desperate situation, the question would be not how to treat, but how to fall."

The *Bellum internecinum*, that intemperate declaration of Mr. Burke, and his infuriate school, and so sensibly exposed by the noble Duke, has been tardily, but in-

ineffectually disavowed by ministers since my former volumes.

LOCKE, JOHN, author of an Essay on the Human Understanding, a book more frequently quoted than perused.

In the course of certain political altercations, this writer, whom I cannot name without a proud glow in my bosom, at his being an Englishman, this masterly writer has not escaped the censure of Mr. Reeves, who compared to the object of his petulance, is a mole attempting to undermine and upset the dome of St. Paul.

I endeavoured for some time, to discover the reason why writers, of a certain description, have been so ready to outrage the memory of a man, to whom reason and revelation are so considerably indebted; for while he sounded the depths, and precisely ascertained the boundaries of human intellect, he did not forget to defend the christian religion, and was himself a living example, of the efficacy of the doctrines he enforced.

I was for some time at a loss to account for writers, who affect so much zeal for established governments and social order, for their disrespectful treatment of so excellent a person, 'till the following passage in his writings, opened my eyes on the subject; and I now understand, in consequence of this and other sentiments of a similar tendency, that a writer, whom after-ages will regard with almost religious adoration, whilst all memory of his traducers will be dissipated into oblivion, is a democrate, a republican and a leveller.

"A church is a voluntary society of men, joining themselves together of their own accord, in order to the public worshipping of God, in such a manner, as they judge acceptable to Him, and effectual to the salvation of their souls; a state is also a society of men, constituted only for the procuring, preserving, and advancing their own civil interests."

LIVES AND FORTUNES.——It hath been remarked, and I fear with truth, that many of the most sanguine supporters of the war, who came forward

forward very early, with voluntary offers of their Lives and Fortunes, have been found singularly tardy in following up their declarations with any real sacrifices; nor has the minister been observed, in his difficulties, to apply particularly to any of these friends, who had so repeatedly pledged themselves in the business.

A wag suggests, that it is against the rules of sporting, TO KILL THE DECOY.

LOTTERY TICKET Anecdote.

In the early part of the reign of King George the Second, the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life, in two lottery tickets, which proving blanks, after a few days melancholy, he put an end to his existence.

Among his loose papers, several plans were found, of the manner in which he would spend the five thousand pound prize. His mistress preserved the following, as a curiosity in its way.

"As soon as I have received the money, I'll marry Grace Towers, but as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant.

"Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it; then I will sleep 'till ten, after which I will have a large sack posset.

"My dinner shall be on table by one, and never without a good pudding; I'll have a stock of wine and brandy laid in. About five in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten a hot supper, of two dishes; if I'm in good humor, and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me;—to bed about twelve."

LOVE. What lady was it (where, and to whom) who observed, on this subject, that in men, desire created love, but that in women, love created desire.

MÆCENAS, the favorite minister, and confidential friend of Augustus, the patron of Propertius, of Virgil, and of Horace, whose praises have been re-echoed by the learned of all ages, and whose name has been transferred by

by general consent, to every munificent encourager of literature and science.

That many of his faults have been suppressed, and some of his virtues considerably exaggerated, by the enthusiastic warmth of gratitude and affection, past experience and present example, give us little reason to doubt; yet, after making every allowance for the high colouring of friendship or flattery, it cannot be denied, that the character of this eminent statesman, has descended to posterity in a highly favoured point of view, and surrounded with considerable splendor.

Succeeding to the intimacy, and directing the councils of his master, during a domestic war, which raged with more than civil fury, and in which, as a military and naval commander, he took an active part; he conciliated, by his affability, the esteem of contending parties; whilst he restrained, with predominating dexterity, the keen resentments of Augustus, who, with all his apparent moderation and deep policy, was of a disposition cruel and unrelenting.

Passing, by design or accident, a tribunal where the Emperor presided, Mæcenas was struck by the agitation of his body, and the fury of his looks; his anxiety was considerably increased, on reading a long list of offenders condemned to immediate death. Unable, from the distance and crowd to address or approach Augustus, but irresistibly impelled, by humanity as well as sound policy, to arrest him in the impetuous career of irritation, he drew his tablets from his pocket, and writing on them, "Cease, cease, thy bloody work;" they were conveyed, by the hands of the multitude, to the seat of the judge.

The Emperor's eye was instantly caught by the well known hand-writing of that friend, from whom he had received so many salutary and useful lessons; by the magic influence of reason and reflection, his passions immediately subsided, he adjourned the court, and afterwards listened

ened to the mind ſuggeſtions of mercy and forgiveneſs.

The miniſter who could venture on ſuch a ſtep, and at ſuch a time, muſt have poſſeſſed, and *have felt* that he poſſeſſed conſiderable influence; and the ſovereign, who ſubmitted to ſuch wholſome reproof, not only without offence, but with obedience, deſerves conſiderable praiſe.

Mæcenas has been cenſured for adviſing Auguſtus, contrary to the intreaties of Agrippa, for adviſing him to maintain that abſolute power, and rivet thoſe chains which had been previouſly forged by the impoſing arts and martial genius of Julius. Without wiſhing to derogate from the patriotic virtues of Agrippa, or ſuppoſing that Mæcenas was wholly uninfluenced by ſelfiſh motives, I cannot but think, the meaſures recommended by the miniſter, and purſued by his maſter, as beſt calculated for that deplorable ſtate of public ſpirit, and private virtue, to which the republic was reduced.

To adminiſter a government in which the democratic branch predominates, requires a union of moral rectitude and political ſagacity, a general diffuſion of wiſdom, virtue, and information, which, from the teſtimony of cotemporary hiſtorians, we have little reaſon to think was the caſe at that unpropitious period.

A charge of a darker nature has been produced againſt the ſubject of our preſent article; that when he perceived Agrippa had excited the jealouſy of Auguſtus, he perſuaded the Emperor to marry him at once to his daughter Julia, or to put him immediately to death. In reply to a charge which would involve an eminent and celebrated character in the odium of an aſſaſſin, and in juſtice to the reputation of Mæcenas, it muſt be obſerved, that this accuſation is wholly inconſiſtent with the general tenor of his life and converſation; and that it is produced by a ſplenetic and invidious writer, remarkable for ſeizing every opportunity to deſcribe men

men and things in their moſt unfavorable colors.

I am very unwilling to think ill of a miniſter, who gave the following advice to his ſovereign, when he complained of the calumny of his enemies: "Give yourſelf no concern, if what they ſay againſt you be falſe; and, if true, think yourſelf obliged to any man who points out your errors, and immediately reform them."

At the ſame time, it cannot be denied, that Mæcenas appears to have been, in ſome inſtances, a thorough paced courtier, a kind of character, a claſs of beings ſingularly compounded, who uniting a due regard to decorum, with pliancy of principle and lax morality, will too often, for the ſake of the ſmile of the moment, ſubmit to actions, at which conſcience and cooler reaſon, ſtrongly revolt; and for which the very perſons for whom they debaſe themſelves, will not fail to hate and deſpiſe them.

The favorite of Auguſtus was alſo accuſed, by ſome of his cotemporaries, of affecting a quaintneſs and prettineſs in his manners and expreſſion; of being generally effeminate, and of limping in his gait and walk; I can eaſily believe that a great man, ſurrounded by paraſites, might eaſily have his head turned by inceſſant adulation; yet, from many paſſages of his friend Horace, we have good reaſon for thinking, that, with all their praiſe, they knew enough of the character of their patron, to communicate to him, without fear, uſeful advice, and, in ſome inſtances, unpleaſant truths; the intercourſe between the miniſter and his literary aſſociates, if we may judge from the traits which remain, appears to have been rational, manly, and independent.

But to enumerate among his faults that which clearly originated from a tender conſtitution and a debilitated frame, is ſurely inhuman and ſevere; a man whoſe corporal pains, or mental anxieties, often prevented his ſleeping more than an hour during a whole night, might, I ſhould think,

think, have been left to *enjoy*, unenvied and unblamed, the consequences and appearances of infirmity.

It is not uncommon with persons of robust forms, and strong spirits, to ridicule or disbelieve the sickly tales of languor and dejection; what we have not felt ourselves, we are unwilling to credit in others; and it would be one of the evils of an uninterrupted course of health and prosperity, were such Halcyon days compatible with our present imperfect condition, it would be a very serious evil, to render us obdurate and unfeeling towards the distresses and misfortunes of others.

MANON L'ESCAUT, an interesting French novel, which describes a hot-headed, infatuated young man, of keen sensibility, and apparently not without discernment, well educated, and, 'till he beheld Manon, of sober life and conversation; but suddenly fascinated by a little Syren, who yielding to the ardor of a first passion, met him with mutual rapture, and, at first, with maiden vows; but confessing herself unable to struggle with the hardships of poverty, forsook her lover, the moment his purse was empty, and dispensed her favors, without partiality or affection, to the highest bidder; coolly defending her conduct, on the ground of absolute unavoidable necessity.

Yet the fatal attachment of our headstrong youth, continues ardent and unimpaired, in spite of parental remonstrance, or amicable interference; and, notwithstanding the most damning proofs of a total absence of delicacy or a feeling heart, those indispensible requisites, without which, youth and beauty, with most men, lose half their attractions.

Unbiassed by duty, unsubdued by conviction, uncooled by suffering, he pursues the giddy unprincipled fair one through the various, the rapid contrasts of luxurious elevation, and wretched deprivation, which the life of a prostitute so regularly affords.

Stimulated by want, and hurried by thoughtless prodigality into the debasing resources of vice, she loses, as is generally the case with

with women who ceafe to value chaftity, fhe gradually lofes fight of moral rectitude: Manon, the frail, the faithlefs, but ftill in her admirer's eyes, the lovely but unfortunate Manon, whofe virgin vows he had firft received, Manon becomes obnoxious to the violated laws of her country.

From a loathfome dungeon, in which fhe had been confined; with her head fhaved, in chains, and wrapped in the coarfeft of garments; fhe is conveyed on fhipboard; the guilty affociate of a crowd of hardened wretches, and doomed to a miferable exile, on a dreary uncivilized coaft.

An account of her deftiny reaches the lover, in a retirement to which the falutary reftraint of paternal care had removed him: he burfts from confinement, traces, and at length overtakes the fqualid groupe, on their journey to the fea-port, and bribes the conductor to permit him to accompany them; fatisfied, if after all his hardfhips, he can catch the averted grief fwollen eye of Manon, whifper comfort to her foul, and if poffible, lighten thofe fetters which weigh down her tender limbs, and bear hard on that bofom, he has fo often preffed to his own, and kiffed ten thoufand times.

Such are the animated expreffions, fuch the fentiments, and fuch the conduct of defperate paffion, of fondnefs or romance, which age and wifdom will hear with indignation or contempt, but which are actually and frequently exhibited between fourteen and twenty-one; at a period when the impulfe of unhallowed delight too often reigns triumphant, undifturbed, and unalloyed by prudence, or common fenfe; a ftormy unpropitious period, which frequently fhipwrecks our future peace, and which every ferious man, may be thankful he has weathered and paft over.

After eluding the anxious enquiries and refearches of his family, and fubmitting to fhame, diftrefs, and ridicule, he actually embarks, tranfports himfelf with a lawlefs band of outcafts, felons, and impures;

expofes

exposes himself to the perils of a sea voyage, the stench and suffocation of a ship's hold, the company and abominations it contains, still more loathsome and execrable.

He swallows, without repining, the black mouldy substance which they give for bread, and the scanty allowance of a fluid which has little resemblance to water, and which he is obliged to strain between his teeth before he can swallow it; he still thinks himself happy, if he is permitted to place himself near Manon, to rest her head on his bosom, occasionally breathe a sigh of sympathy and condolance, and *in turn* convey her to the grating of the hatchway, to recover her by a little air, from the effects of the noisome pestilential vapour in which they are inveloped.

They arrive at the land of desolation, where solitude alone is safety, where to behold the face of man, the wildest and most blood thirsty of all its inhabitants, is certain death, where to be seen is to be devoured. The frame of Manon is not formed to endure the fatigues, and meet the evils which await her; she sickens and pines.

Shocked that Manon, after all his efforts, for whom alone he considers life as worth preserving, that Manon is likely to be snatched from his arms, he submits, in agonies, to the regulation which separates the sexes during the hours of repose.

Tortured with fears that he shall not find her alive in the morning, he starts from broken unrefreshing slumbers, and concealed by the midnight gloom, darts to her mattrass; in a mingled tumult of hope, fear, regret, and fond delight; he seizes her in his arms, conveys her from the hovel, and without exactly knowing whither to go, takes the first path which presents itself; eager to find some friendly solitude, some den or cave, where he may himself administer to her support, by the fruits of the earth, and restore her health by tranquillity, a purer air, and the chrystal stream.

A furious tempest overtakes them, one of those

tremendous hurricanes, which it is impoſſible for a European, who has not viſited ſuch latitudes, to form a proper idea of. Miniſtering angels of vengeance, are almoſt ſeen and heard, 'to ride on the whirlwind, and direct the ſtorm;' thunderings which ſhake creation to its axis, clouds burſting in torrents, and winds alternately blowing from every quarter; hurling into chaos and deſtruction animals, trees, and habitations, and blurring, in hideous havoc, the fair face of nature; ſcenes, compared to which, the utmoſt fury of an Engliſh blaſt, is little more than the zephyr of a Summer evening.

Manon, already worn down with pain and ſorrow, ſinks under the complicated horrors of her ſituation; after confeſſing the kindneſs of her lover, and her own unworthineſs, after the laſt ſad ſighs of tardy unavailing repentance, ſhe faints in his arms; he watches the laſt ſtruggle of departing life, ſhe cloſes her eyes for ever.

The unhappy man paſſes the remainder of the night amidſt the war of contending elements, mingles curſes and imprecations with the howlings of the wind, and peltings of the ſtorm; he impiouſly reproaches Providence, for not cruſhing him with a thunder-bolt at the moment of Manon's death.

As day light approaches, he digs a grave with his own hands, in the looſe and ſandy ſoil of that country, to protect the clay-cold lifeleſs form he ſtill adores, from wild beaſts; he depoſits his laſt, his only treaſure, in the earth, and has ſcarcely finiſhed the melancholy laſt labour of love, before exhauſted nature yields to fatigue, anguiſh and deſpair, he falls into a ſtupor, becomes ſpeechleſs and inſenſible, and is diſcovered in this helpleſs ſtate, by perſons ſent in purſuit of the fugitives; the peculiar circumſtances of his caſe, and the anxious enquiries of friends, at length reſtored him to his family, but never to perfect health and peace of mind.

Such is the rapid, incorrect outline of a romance, which once conſiderably agitated

itated my feelings; and tho' so many years have passed since its perusal, I am not able to contemplate the incidents it relates, without considerable emotion.

Yet, as a literary production, it has been pronounced by a cotemporary, a countryman and friend of the ingenious author, as contrary to, and violating probability, nature, and experience. The critic asserts, that how much soever any man might be fascinated by first love, by the mingled bliss of intellectual esteem, and sensual passion; he insists that it is impossible for an attachment to continue so unalterable and immovable as this novel describes, against the repeated attacks of unfaithfulness, profligacy, indiscriminate impurity, vicious propensity, and criminal indecorum; shocking circumstances, sufficient to clear the thickest mist from before the eyes of the most doating lover, and to wake the most carnal of voluptuaries, the rankest of epicures, from his luxurious dreams.

To many of the critical observations, and most of the moral deductions of this gentleman, I feel myself compelled to assent, but as to the utter impossibility of so infatuating an attachment, I differ from him widely in opinion; I was! and sad to say, I *still feel* myself a melancholy proof in favor of the possibility of such a character as the lover of Manon, existing, with all its miserable self delusions!!!

Seduced in the dawn of early manhood, by the fairest of forms, by accomplishment, and mental endowments, transcendant and incomparable in the glowing, creative imagination of a boy, in full health, strong spirits, and overflowing with classic imagery, pastoral and romance, and impatient for a nymph, at whose feet he might pour forth an inexhaustible store of tenderness and love.

Yielding to the most intoxicating of all deliriums, I was lost beyond redemption, in the tumultuous bliss of ungovernable passion, before I discovered the object of all my hopes and all my fears, worthless like Manon,

Manon, and even outstripping her in flagitious enormity.

With undeniable fact staring me in the face, and incontrovertible conviction planting daggers in my heart; guilty pleasure and busy fancy attempted to soften abominable delinquency and odious crime, by the inoffensive names of female frailty and venial error; what we wish, we are too ready to believe, and nothing but a violent, a sudden, a dreadful death, a death never absent from my thoughts, and brought on, as I have good reason to think, in contriving my own, no other possible event could have prevented me from pursuing the giddy, vain, the guilty, but enchanting creature, to present and everlasting destruction. Inscrutable are the ways of Providence! what I considered, and at the moment deplored, as the death wound to all my happiness, saved me from everlasting perdition!

It is difficult to argue on such instances of self deception, for what rule of right reason can be applied to that, which is confessedly a mere affair of the passions; perhaps it may be said, that our desires, like our faith, depend not on the will; that it is equally impossible for the firmest man of us all to say truly, and without mental reservation, I will, or I will not believe such and such propositions; I will, or will not dislike such or such persons; the business, in both of these cases, appears to be carried on, if not wholly, at least in a great measure, independent of volition; we may protest and swear to our belief in the one, we may resolve to detest, and fly from the other, yet in spite of ourselves, the independent principles of faith, determined by evidence, and of regard, arising frequently from causes, which it is not easy to explain or controul, will remain firm and unmoved.

Fancy in the golden morning of life, is a dangerous, an artful pleader, and if she once condescends to receive a retaining fee from inclination, her power becomes irresistible; she can bring forward, in splendid colors, the fair proportions and

and attractive features of any object; throw into the back ground, or cover with impenetrable shade, the distortions she wishes to conceal, while judgment and sober reason are paralysed by her magic wand.

If custom indeed could diminish indiscretion, and prevalent example deprive sin of her guilty blushes, I might have hesitated still less in making this uncreditable confession. Far other characters than myself, men of strong intellect and high attainment, have had their Manons, over whose follies, falshoods and crimes, fond incredulity, and unbounded indulgence have thrown a convenient veil: the records of our Courts of Justice, Doctors' Commons, and the pages of this collection, would produce numerous instances; these Circes, these Calypsoes of modern times, have equally and as easily converted the first of men, and the most contemptible of drivellers, into reptiles that creep, or brutes that wallow.

Proceeding on the *theory of agreeable sensations*, totally independent of moral beauty, or decorum, how often have we seen a foul adultress and unfeeling mother, the mercenary betrayer of her husband and benefactor, the deserter of her infant children, become a fashionable character, looked up to, and adored, idolized by the men, and envied by the women? How frequently has the palid, impure, unwholsome appendage of a house of infamy, devoted to any rogue or any ruffian, who can present a pistol, manœuvre a dice box, or dexterously *sport a volunteer*, at the decisive moment of a rubber; how often have we seen this white-washed, beplaistered, bescented SEPULCHRE OF PLEASURE, transformed into the goddess of the night; while fame, fortune, duty, friendship and affection, were sacrificed, trampled on, and forgotten?

Even friendship, to which we owe so much, that cordial drop, which induces us to swallow so many bitter draughts; friendship too often is the dupe of ill design, while our senses and understandings appear to acquiesce in the deception; let me ask the wisest and most

most cautious of all my readers, if some of the pleasantest and most intimate of their associates are not, to their own knowledge, unprincipled rascals, and designing, artful knaves; while the company of their real friends, of high intellect and attainment, who have given repeated proofs of good sense, and the most disinterested, unalterable affection, has been submitted to, with torpid indifference, or avoided with ungrateful industry?

If it should be asked, how is the rising generation to be preserved from the assaults of furious passion, the delusions of wayward imagination, and the snares of venal beauty, which have been so often declaimed against in various parts of this collection? I answer, indent early on their tender minds religious impression; as they advance in years, chuse pure society for them abroad, remove the contamination of bad example from them at home; to the force of early precept, add the efficacy of good example; BE YOURSELF WHAT YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN TO BE.

Having laid your foundation on the adamantine rocks of reason and religion, the next great business is OCCUPATION; let your young men have as little leisure as possible, not a second of time more than is necessary for exercise, and refreshment; let their mornings, that great, that sacred, that irrecoverable portion of a man's life, be regularly devoted to literary application, personal salutary accomplishment, or reputable pursuit. He who lounges the best half of his day at a subscription house, gallops it away in Rotten Row, or saunters it down St. James's - street, must inevitably sink into *Ennui*, without his bottle, his mistress, or Faro at night.

If you have any regard for the body, soul, or estate of your descendants, find them USEFUL, REPUTABLE OCCUPATION, or they will inevitably procure for themselves, that which is destructive; find for them, or qualify them to find for themselves, occupation; subject not your unhappy darling, whom you fondly look on, as the staff and comfort

comfort of your age, to that most abject and lowest state of vassalage and wretchedness, which exclaims with yawning mouth and out-stretched arms, "I know not what to do with myself," such a character must tread the paths of sin, and ultimately arrive at everlasting destruction.

If rank and fortune place your son above the salutary spur of ambition, in the professional roads of law, divinity, or physic; if parliamentary or diplomatic pursuits have no attractions in his eye, create for him artificial wants; let him travel, plant, water, build, marry, collect coins, paint, draw, collate, select or compile, do all things, or almost any thing, climb precipices, bury himself in mines, descend beneath the ocean, rather than beat the fashionable rounds, and join the *joyous, miserable train*, who perambulate our streets, crowd our coffee-houses, disturb our theatres, and infest our watering places; an idle, vicious, uninformed, restless, unhappy herd, the dupes of wretched females, or the plunder of caballing gamblers, the terror of decent women, the disgrace and torment of their friends, their families, and themselves.

But for impressing salutary admonition, and making useful deduction, it would seem unnecessary and harsh to disturb the halcyon days of domestic felicity, to depress the hopes of a rising family, and augment parental anxieties; but in so momentous a concern, "we must be cruel only to be kind," and there is not an axiom more probable in theory, more confirmed by practice, than the following: HE WHOSE ENTRANCE INTO LIFE, IS NOT DEVOTED TO TOIL, INURED TO LABOR, AND APPLICATION, WHO IS NOT FORMED TO HABITS OF RIGOROUS DISCIPLINE, AND SELF-DENIAL, DEPRIVES HIMSELF OF THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS FOR FUTURE HAPPINESS; THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMINATION OF AN OPPOSITE CONDUCT IS LANGUID AND DESPICABLE INSIPIDITY; BUT, IN MOST CASES, AS WE ARE ALL FORMED WITH ACTIVE TENDENCIES, A CAREER OF WICKEDNESS, ENDING

ENDING IN CALAMITY, FOR WHICH THERE IS NO REMEDY, AND IN WOES, WHICH WILL NOT TERMINATE WITH DEATH.

MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

It hath been often ſaid, that if a miniſter, or any other ſervant of the public, acts or adviſes to the beſt of his judgment, he can do no more, that he has a right to ſit down contented, under the benignant ſhelter of Royal Prerogative.

The obſervation is not without truth, yet this protecting doctrine may be carried to a dangerous extreme, ſo as to be productive of careleſſneſs, or corruption, in the conduct of public functionaries: if a Premier or a Privy Counſellor was occaſionally obliged to pay ſmart-money, and refund (themſelves or their favorites) ſome part of that wealth, which had been accumulated by the very war, they had raſhly produced, the effects it might produce would be ſalutary; and there are precedents upon record, in favor of that mode of proceeding.

In Sweden, after the unpopular and unſucceſsful war of 1680, a committee was choſen from the different legiſlative bodies, to enquire into the conduct of the miniſters and ſenators, who had voted for hoſtile meaſures. The Regiſters of the Council were examined, the damage ariſing from each reſolution computed, and a proportionate ſhare levied on the private fortune of each individual; the aggregate amount was applied to repair, in ſome degree, the pecuniary derangements, produced by the meaſures in queſtion.

I know not if this method of aſſeſſment has been yet communicated to Mr. Pitt, among the ways and means.

MISFORTUNES OF ROYALTY.

From the days of Saul, and a long liſt of idolatrous kings, whom he and his ſucceſſor deſtroyed, to Tarquin, Darius, the Stewarts, and the Dynaſty of the Bourbons cruſhed before our eyes, by the iron ſceptre of a Republic; hiſtory is little more than a delineation of the follies and crimes, the miſeries and oppreſſions of kings, of the abject ſubmiſſion, the ſanguinary,

guinary, but ineffectual violence of their subjects.

Such spectacles, it is honorable to our natures, as feeling men, and more particularly useful to us as Englishmen, to contemplate with sympathy and regret, but not to forget the great purposes of moral application, and useful deduction.

Let it not be forgotten, that, whilst once in a century, some unfortunate monarch and his family are exiled or extirpated, millions of subjects are daily and hourly suffering, from the evils and excesses of their governors; evils far worse than death, evils, which moistening their morning morsel and their evening cup, with the tears of anguish, escape general sympathy and observation, from the circumstance of their being exhibited on a less exalted stage.

It hath also been lamented by the statesman and philosopher, that the experience of others, which in many instances, affords a cheap, a second-hand wisdom, in the cases of which I am speaking, is found to produce no salutary effect; after such long and bloody catalogues of crimes and punishments, of cruelty and oppression, it is to be doubted, if a single sovereign has been taught moderation in the use of power, or one nation firmness, in a pacific resistance to it, or temperance in the trying moments of Revolutionary Retribution, when passion too generally triumphs over reason, and resentment makes us lose sight of justice and practical utility.

Wealth and power have in all ages corrupted the human heart, while the turbulent spirit of democracy, bursting forth occasionally, to havoc and destruction, has destroyed what it ought to have corrected; then retiring, like a tyger to his den, surfeited with carnage, again submits to imposition and tyranny, under a new form.

Those politicians, who are advocates for sternness and severity, on the part of kings and ministers, insist that there is no encouragement for inducing sovereigns to act with mildness towards their subjects; they produce Louis the last king of France, in support of their

their doctrine; in this case, says a writer, remarkable for a brilliant and artful arrangement of the found side of a cause, "In this case, the people of France rebelled against a good and beneficent monarch, with more fury, rage, and insult, than ever the most exasperated subjects demonstrated against the most sanguinary of tyrants; their resistance was made to concession, their revolt from protection; their blow was aimed at a hand, holding forth graces, favors, and immunities."

Yet it is impossible to defend the unhappy Capet, from the charges of duplicity and counter-action; open in most cases to conviction, and earnest in his researches for information, he was unfortunately, always of opinion with the last person he conversed with, provided his arguments were conducted with decent plausibility and common sense; on this principle, and under such discordant impressions, his orders in the same day, and often in the same hour, were contradictory, and gave those who had left him, perhaps only a few hours confirmed in their opinion, of his total want of sincerity.

Placed in a situation, which required the faculties, resolution and rapid perception of a Being superior to man, the poor king, with many estimable qualities, but a total absence of firmness and depth, was puzzled how to act; he was not qualified for the perilous precipice on which he stood.

Surrounded, I fear at times, by persons, neither able nor inclined to advise for the best, he had not strength of mind to adopt the open, straight-forward line of conduct, which would have led to glory and safety; distracted by hopes and fears, by paternal affection and conjugal love, his wavering, inconsistent conduct, deprived him of the confidence of his subjects, malignity rapidly succeeded to suspicion, and overwhelming ruin ensued. The king should have yielded implicitly, and unreservedly, to the spirit of the times, or he should have rouzed early from his uxorious and sensual propensities,

penſities, and have thus expreſſed himſelf: " I am ready to reſign my crown or my life, but while I am your king, I will not conſent to be ſtripped of every prerogative of a ſovereign."

On the contrary, ſeeming to yield to, but privately obſtructing the democratic progreſs, he offended, and was alternately deſerted by all.

Unhappy deſcendants from a hateful line! 'An Engliſh ſpirit wars not with the dead,' your misfortunes have thrown a veil over your faults, the ſternneſs of impartial juſtice yields to a more gentle influence.

With all my ſuppoſed democratic tendencies, could I have entered by ſupernatural helps, your priſon in the temple, I would have encircled you with an inviſible mantle, the little Capet ſhould not have been forgot; I would have conveyed you from your durance, to ſome ſequeſtered ſpot, equally diſtant from Paris or Vienna. Far from civil diſcord, contending factions, avowed enemies, and falſe friends; you ſhould have paſſed your lives in the lap of comfort and domeſtic peace, I would have dethroned you only to have made you happy.

It is a common reflection in certain circles, to lament that Louis the Sixteenth, his princes and nobleſſe, did not by an early and vigorous exertion, ſuppreſs the firſt tendency to popular tumult; the fact is, early attempts *were* made, but ſuch was the corrupted ſtate of things, ſo thorough a conviction of the neceſſity for *doing ſomething*, had pervaded all ranks, civil and military, nobleſſe and bourgeois, that the ſoldiers were found unwilling to point their bayonets againſt their fellow citizens; for this palpable reaſon, it was that the inſidious arts of corruption, intrigue, and counteraction, were ſo long preferred to actual hoſtility; for of what uſe was it to wage open war, when the neceſſary weapons, either dropped from their graſp, or recoiled againſt the hand which wielded them.

MITCHELL, ANDREW, an Engliſh reſident at the court of the heroic King of Pruſſia, to whom he was a perſonal favorite, though he oppoſed

ed many of the ſceptic, philoſophic, and political aſſertions of that monarch, with frank but decent firmneſs.

"By the help of God," ſaid Mitchell on a certain occaſion, "we have gained a victory over the French." "How is this, my friend," ſaid the king, "is God one of your allies?" "Yes," replied the Envoy, in a ſarcaſtic way, "and the only one who demands no Subſidies of us."

MODERN BIOGRAPHY. "A good life," ſays a pleaſant writer, who occaſionally tantalizes the public with a fragment or an extract, though few are better qualified to amuſe and inſtruct us, by literary and political communications, "a good life was formerly a phraſe confined to the Stock Exchange, but it is now extended to the bookſeller's ſhop; and it is become abſolutely neceſſary for a man to *live on*, in order to preſerve his character.

"The death of an eminent perſon is conſidered as the ſignal for attack; out comes his life, character, and behaviour; he is treated as a felon condemned, with this difference, that the criminal receives ſentence *after*, and the perſon exhibited, *before* conviction.

"The lives we frequently ſee, warrant ſome ſuch ſentence as this: Your memory ſhall be conſigned to Arthur Anecdote, Eſq. to be by him anatomized, cut, ſlaſhed, mangled, and ſerved up to the public, at the ſmall price of three ſhillings."

In anſwer to this humorous ſtricture, which in ſome reſpects is well founded, it may be ſaid, that while private anecdotes are ſo eagerly purchaſed, and with ſuch avidity peruſed, it is natural to expect, that in the literary, as in other *trades*, that commodity will be always ſent to market in the greateſt quantity, for which there is the moſt urgent demand.

The only effectual mode for ſuppreſſing this teazing propenſity, would be for the gentleman in queſtion, and no man is better able, to amend the public taſte, and turn general curioſity into more important channels,

channels, by his own literary exertions.

'Till so desirable an alteration takes place, we must not act like the luxurious epicure, who, after distending his stomach with *whipt-syllabubs*, *flummery*, and other flatulent unsubstantial viands, complained that he had no appetite for English roast beef; and instead of attributing his mistake to the vitiated caprice of his own appetite, stormed and swore at the purveyors, who furnished the various articles of his table. And after all that hath been said and sung on the subject, I have my doubts, whether the benefits produced by the fashionable custom of scrutinizing into personal history, do not over-ballance the inconveniencies with which *it is supposed* to be accompanied.

A smile, a blush, or a sigh, may be occasionally produced by the discovery of amorous intrigue, New-market adventure, parliamentary profligacy, political tergiversation, or party indiscretion; but it is an undeniable fact, that much of crime, much of malice, and much of meanness, is prevented by this literary tribunal, which thus obliges individuals, however exalted their rank, to pass in review before the public, and stigmatizes or praises their actions, according to their intrinsic merits, after the parties are out of the reach of the King's Bench, or the Old Bailey.

It is recorded, on indisputable evidence, that the odious Countess of Macclesfield, the unnatural mother of Savage, carried with her to the grave, the anguish of a wounded heart, inflicted by the arrows of the press; in this instance, it has been said, that the offender was punished, but not amended.

Yet a certain notorious scoundrel, equally famous for his criminal accumulation of wealth, and his guilty, his preposterous misapplication of it, and stained by crimes which, though enormous, the laws could not reach; it is a well known fact that he, reluctantly, agreed to see and be reconciled to his only, his much injured son; that he considerably relaxed the habitual rigor of

of his pecuniary character, *for fear*, (as he obferved to a friend, and in his own language) for fear of thofe *damned newfpapers.*

Let it not, however, be underftood, that I am the fee'd advocate for calumny, the defender of pofthumous abufe, or literary fcurrility, which hath been fo cruelly, and often fo unfoundedly poured forth on thofe *who cannot fpeak for themfelves.* I appeal, without fear and without referve, to every page of this collection, and to every reader of it; I call on them to execrate and damn my book, to future times, if I have, in any one inftance, AND GOD SO HELP ME AT MY GREATEST NEED, if I have, in any one inftance, difplayed a character, reprobated an action, or animadverted on any party or any body of men, from private rancour, or mercenary motives.

Error and mis-ftatement, whenever clearly proved, and *decently* communicated, I frequently have been, I truft I ever fhall be ready, to acknowledge and correct; but to the paramount merit of good defign, that only ray which fhoots acrofs my literary gloom, however ineffectual my efforts, I lay a ftrong, an unqualified claim, a claim which I fhall not eafily be prevailed on to relinquifh or refign.

For the virulent effufions of felfifhnefs and malevolence, in which the pen of the writer is converted into the bludgeon of a footpad, or the ftiletto of an affaffin; for mercenary invective, and bafe mifrepresentation, legal and adequate remedies are at hand; but in our efforts to eradicate difeafe, let us be cautious that we do not deftroy the conftitution; we fhould, on this occafion, call to our recollection, an axiom recorded in another part of this collection; BY THAT REPROOF WHICH TOUCHES NO MAN, NO MAN WAS EVER AMENDED.

MODERN Improvements in Art, Science, and perfonal Comfort, unknown to the Antients.

"I have often wifhed," fays a lively, but profound writer, "I have often wifhed, that I had it in my power to exhibit to the fages

ſages and heroes of ancient times, ſome of thoſe improvements which, though familiar to, and little thought of by *us*, could not fail ſurprizing and delighting great minds like theirs. I would give to Ariſtotle the electric ſhock; I would carry Alexander the Great to ſee the experiments at Woolwich Warren, and the evolutions of a modern battalion; I would ſhew to Julius Cæſar, the invader of the *barbarous* Britons, an Engliſh man of war; to Archimedes, a fire engine and a reflecting teleſcope."

Having occaſion to ſpeak of an Engliſh ſailor, who, impelled by curioſity, courage, or raſhneſs, deſcended into the crater of Mount Ætna and dipped his ſtick into the melted matter.—The ſame writer obſerves, "If a reaſoning being could be permitted to penetrate with ſafety into the bowels and loweſt receſſes which furniſh food to that burning volcano, how tremendous would be the ſcene; caverns, or rather cauldrons, of ſeveral miles extent, with firey maſſes larger than the human eye can take in, rolling furiouſly about, with vivid flaſhings of fire, brighter than the ſun; bellowings and roarings louder than thunder. The earth undermined by flames, and breaking in upon the fire with freſh ſtores of combuſtible matter; torrents or rivers of water, at the ſame time, pouring down on the burning maſs, the blaſt of which, repelled by ſuch an immenſe fire, driving before it vaſt rocks, ſtones, cinders, and aſhes, into the air."

A ſcene, indeed, awful and terribly ſublime, wanting only a Lucifer, a Belzebub, a Moloch, and their aſſociate ſpirits, to compleat the infernal vault, the fiery gulph, and ſulphureous Pandæmonium of Milton.

MYSTERY. On this ſubject a ſaying has been imputed to the candid and learned Dr. Foſter, 'that where myſtery begins, religion ends.'

Theſe words taken from his firſt volume of Sermons, p. 171, and ſeparated from the preceding ſentence, have been produced by an illiberal

illiberal writer, as a charge againſt the doctor's conſiſtency, and as if he meant to ſupport certain unwarrantable doctrines.

To do away, as far as lies in my power, any impreſſion injurious to the memory of a worthy character, and a man whoſe religious productions I highly value; I produce the whole of the paſſage, which is as follows: "If you ſay that you cannot account for the manner of God's creating the world, or for the manner in which he exiſts every where; for a general reſurrection, and the like; I anſwer, that it is no part of your religion to *account* for them; where the myſtery begins religion ends."

By producing mutilated extracts from the moſt excellent authors, or even from holy writ, they may be preſſed into any ſervice, and be made to ſupport any hypotheſis, however impious or abſurd. The King of Iſrael might be quoted by an atheiſt, as ſaying, "there is no God," if he were ſuffered to amputate the preceding words, "the fool hath ſaid in his heart."

NATIONAL RESOURCES. Amongſt the various plans for ſupplying the preſent urgency of public want, it has been propoſed to revive and extend the old doctrine of Eſcheats, to make it impoſſible for any man, unleſs he has natural heirs, that is heirs of his body, or collaterals *within the pale*, (collaterals who cannot marry) to bequeath more than half his property, the other half to come to the public.

The ingenious propoſer of this plan, to whom this collection hath been frequently obliged, puts it in the way of paradox—What is that mode of ſupply, of which the twentieth part is a tax, and that a heavy one, while the whole would be no tax, and would not be felt by any body? The anſwer is, an extenſion of the exiſting law of Eſcheats; a law coeval with the very firſt elements of the conſtitution. By theſe means, and a limitation of the power of bequeſt; the enormous ſum of two millions per annum would be paid into the exchequer, without the expence of ſixpence in collecting it.

The

The great objection to this proposal is, that it would swallow up all the property of the kingdom in a century; and, in the mean time, expose the ledger of the merchant, and the rent-roll and family secrets of the land holder, to the scrutiny of a tax-gatherer. But, if we are in the circumstances described by Mr. Pitt, and some of his friends, we had better incur this evil, than be devoured by Buonaparte, or be ravaged by *his* Army of England.

NEW CABINET, thus described in a passage borrowed from Mr. Burke: "An administration so checquered and speckled, a piece of joinery so crossly indented, and so whimsically dovetailed, and put together; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified Mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement; here a bit of white stone, and there a piece of black; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, whigs and tories, treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was, indeed, a very curious shew, but utterly unsafe to touch, or even to stand upon."

NUPTIAL INFIDELITY, addition to.

A melancholy instance of this worst species of illicit love, which attracted general notice at the time, and was productive of considerable distress in a noble family, occurred in the reign of Charles the Second.

Lord Grey, of Werk, afterwards a companion of the Duke of Monmouth, in his ill-concerted fatal descent, and an accomplice or director of the Rye-house plot, had married, with every appearance of mutual affection, Mary, the daughter of George, Earl of Berkeley; but, a few years after, taking advantage of the intercourse this connection afforded, he prevailed on Henrietta, the sister of his wife, a lively imprudent girl of eighteen, to elope from her father's house, and to live with him in a state of adultery, the remainder of her life. Thus was a lovely child, and an amiable woman, deserted by her guilty husband, a woman of irreproachable manners,

manners, and far ſuperior in diſpoſition, intellect, and accompliſhment, to the polluted object of his choice.

On this occaſion, it is not neceſſary to deſcribe the feelings of a father and mother, remarkable for ſtrict attention to the education of their children; impelled by duty, and ſtimulated by juſt reſentment, at ſo flagrant and indecorous an action, they ſought redreſs from law, againſt this rude invader of domeſtic peace.

During the trial, which took place in the King's Bench, at the time Sir Francis Pemberton preſided in that Court, it was neceſſary, for the purpoſes of legal inveſtigation, that the Counteſs of Berkeley ſhould appear: Her infatuated and ruined daughter familiarly leaning on the arm of her deſtroyer, naturally augmented the diſtreſs of this unhappy parent.

After ſuppreſſing, as far as ſhe was able, the agonies of a fond diſtracted mother, Lady Berkeley proceeded, in a faultering voice, to give her evidence; obſerving, that Lord and Lady Grey had lived ſeveral years in a ſtate of uninterrupted harmony, till the fatal partiality, which is the ſubject of our preſent page, was ſuſpected; juſtly alarmed for the fate of two of their children, they took an early opportunity of remonſtrating with his Lordſhip on the baſeneſs and barbarity of his conduct; he acknowledged that it could not be defended; that he was the moſt unfortunate of men, but (if all the circumſtances of his caſe were explained) *more to be pitied than blamed.*

Sir Thomas Raymond, one of the judges on the bench, deſiring to know if Lady Berkeley could explain the latter part of Lord Grey's anſwer, ſhe replied in the negative; and, on the queſtion being put to the Seducer, he claimed the indulgence of the Court, not to be obliged to anſwer it; but Henrietta voluntarily coming forward to explain, was prevented by Sir Francis, from a motive of tenderneſs for the feelings of her family.

It was afterwards underſtood, that Lord Grey reſted

ed his defence on a circumstance which, as a man of honor, if we may be allowed to prostitute the term, he did not chuse to publish in an open Court. Thinking himself at liberty, after Henrietta's death, to diminish his guilt in the eyes of her friends, he communicated to them his plea, thought by many unanswerable, *that the attachment commenced on the Lady's side*; that he should never have thought of attempting the chastity of a lovely young woman of noble blood, and the sister of his wife, had she not made the first advances; that the incident which originally raised his passions, was, her warmly and unexpectedly pressing his hand to her bosom, as he led her from a public place to her carriage.

I will not, I cannot say, whether I could have resisted so powerful a solicitation, so irritating an appeal to my nervous system; I earnestly pray, not to be put to the trial; but, as we are taught to believe, that IN OUR FATHER'S HOUSE THERE ARE MANY MANSIONS, how sumptuous must be his reception, how splendid and solacing *his* rewards, who could have passed through so fiery an ordeal, *uninflamed*.

"By the apparent candor, and solemn protestations of the ruiner of my family," continued Lady Berkeley, "and the seeming repentance of Henrietta, my fears were hushed, and my vigilance relaxed; Lord Grey promised to set out for France in a few days, accompanied by his wife, and said, 'that if I would send my daughter to Lady Dursley's, where he never visited, they would meet no more, and endeavour (he confessed it would be a hard task) endeavour to forget each other.' "But the first intelligence I received in the morning;" said the wretched Countess, interrupted by sighs and tears, "the first intelligence was, that my deluded girl had left her father's house in the dead of night."

A variety of evidence having been examined, by which it was endeavoured to fix the act of carrying off, upon Lord Grey, the Lady Henrietta insisted on being sworn, which, after some

ſome altercation between the counſel, was agreed to by the Court: ſhe then poſitively and ſolemnly declared, that her departure from her father's houſe, was her own ſolitary, unaſſiſted act; that ſo far from Lord Grey's being conſcious of, preſent at, or aiding in her eſcape, ſhe did not ſee him for many days after her arrival in London, nor was ſhe then able to get ſight of him, 'till after a long ſearch in a hackney coach, he was diſcovered, and ſent for out of a coffee houſe, under the Piazza, in Covent-garden. This hapleſs pupil of irreſiſtible impulſe concluded, by declaring, that ſhe was of an age, when the law allowed her to decide for herſelf, that ſhe was the beſt judge of what was moſt likely to conduce to her own happineſs, that the ſtep ſhe had taken, was not the effect of a haſty, ſudden thought, but grounded on mature conſideration, and that ſhe was prepared to meet the conſequences.

The Court was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at ſuch firmneſs and reſolution in ſo young a creature, and the Chief Juſtice, with a ſtern look, ſeverely reprimanded her, as well for her criminal conduct, and cruelty towards her ſiſter, as her preſent unbecoming language, and audacious deportment. He thanked God, he was not the man who had ſeduced her from the path of duty, as well as natural affection, for what would be his anguiſh in the hour of compunction, (and come it muſt) he hoped that their ſufferings in this world would diminiſh their puniſhment in the next.

Sir Francis then proceeded to ſum up the evidence, and the Jury, actuated rather by the laudable feelings of nature, and ſtrong conviction, than by any poſitive evidence of my Lord's actually enticing and carrying her off, (for the oppoſite counſel alledged, that the adulterous intercourſe afterwards, ſuppoſing it to be *proved*, had nothing to do with the preſent indictment, but was another offence, and might, if the parties choſe it, be the ſubject of another ſpecies of proſecution) the Jury pronounced a verdict of

of guilty, on Lord Grey and his accomplices.

The Earl of Berkeley now desired that his daughter might be delivered to him, to this the Court agreed; but the lady, to the surprize of every one present, declared herself a *married woman*, and Mr. Turner, a friend of Lord Grey's, coming forward with satisfactory proofs of the marriage, claimed his wife. Lord Berkeley still persevered in demanding his daughter, but Henrietta insisting that she would accompany her husband; her father, with a party of friends, previously assembled for the purpose, proceeded to seize her person by violence, the opposite party resisted, a tumult ensued, swords were drawn, and the Court thrown into confusion.

The Chief Justice in vain enjoined all parties to keep the peace, but the disturbance increasing, he ordered his tipstaff to secure the lady, and convey her to the King's Bench prison; on Mr. Turner's asking if he might not accompany his wife, Sir Francis Pemberton observed, that it was a strange business, but that he had no authority to separate man and wife. She continued in custody, *accompanied* by Mr. Turner, 'till the last day of term, and, notwithstanding the verdict of the Jury, the seducer and his myrmidons escaped unpunished. Mr. Turner, I cannot help considering as a convenient friend, a man of straw, set up by Lord Grey, who foresaw, that if some superior claim was not established, Henrietta would be restored to her family.

To those readers, who may wish to trace the serpentine course of Lord Grey, it will be sufficient to say, that on the discovery of the Rye-house plot, he was taken into custody, but contriving to intoxicate the messengers, escaped into Holland. Accompanying the Duke of Monmouth, in his expedition to the west, his courage is said to have failed at the battle of Sedgemoor: after the defeat, he obtained a pardon at the expence of his estate, which it was supposed saved his life, for being entailed, had he been executed, it would have descended to his heirs; he

was

was accuſed, but without ſufficient proof, of a treacherous intercourſe during the action.

Poſſeſſing a conſiderable ſhare of verſatility, convinced that the headſtrong infatuations of James, muſt end in ruin, and perhaps uniting policy with revenge, he joined early with the party who introduced King William, was created by him Earl of Tankerville, and ſucceſſively appointed firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, a Lord Juſtice, in the king's abſence, and Privy Seal.

Blaſted in character, but profeſſing to the laſt, that ſhe did not repent the ſacrifice ſhe had made, Henrietta, loſt to her family, the world, and herſelf, lived and died in retirement and obſcurity; the particulars of her ſtory were caught up, and embelliſhed by Mrs. Manly, the author of Atlantis, and the ſlimſey and licentious novel manufacturer of her day, but patronized by Swift, with little credit to his taſte as a correct writer, or his character as a clergyman. This literary adventurer, who appears to have laboured induſtriouſly in her calling, publiſhed a collection of letters, *ſuppoſed to have paſſed* between the lovers, in the courſe of their criminal amours.

Whilſt I haſtily ſketched the preceding narrative, it frequently brought to my mind, a notorious *Embarras*, ſimilar in *ſome* of its circumſtances, which in the memory of many of my readers, diſturbed the peace of an antient and reſpectable family, and raiſed a general outcry, in a diſtant county, againſt what was conſidered, a groſs violation of friendſhip and hoſpitality.

An intercourſe, which had ſubſiſted between two houſes for ſeveral generations, was ſuddenly interrupted, viſits almoſt wholly diſcontinued, and in a few fatal months, an innocent, but unwelcome ſtranger was introduced to the world.

Appearances, as well as general prejudice, it muſt be confeſſed were ſtrong againſt the gentleman, and he ſubmitted, for years, with a mixture of gallantry and philoſophy, to univerſal reproach, and in one in-

instance, to something which nearly approached to personal insult; while a circle of friends, attached by his many estimable qualities, felt strongly inclined, from the general tenor of his life, to defend his conduct, even under circumstances, where there was such damning proof.

Every preacher and every rhymer, every maid, every widow, and every wife, joined in chorus against him; the Editor of this collection, was doomed to listen to many a stale story, and many an unmeaning jest on the subject. To compleat the melody, a certain sentimental whiner raved in heroics, the newspapers teemed with invective, and magazines moaned in romance; all insisted that the gentleman had not the shadow of an excuse; for if he was fond of the lady, What father would have refused Hilario for a son? What woman (I repeat the words of every female who knows him) What woman could have refused an honorable offer from a man, in every respect so unexceptionable.

The circumstance was trying, and the situation, to a man of strong feelings, and a nice sense of honor, (I repeat the words without fear of contradiction) and of a nice sense of honor, highly unpleasant; at length wine, which is said to work miracles, to bend the most uncomplying, and soften even adamant, wine threw a ray of light over the clouds, which had long enveloped the mysterious business.

During one of those election bustles, which it has been so peculiarly the fate of this gentleman and his family, to be perpetually engaged in, during one of those tremendous dinners, where the dangers of contending mobs, broken windows, and broken heads, are less to be dreaded than the libations after dinner; it was after the triumph of an important, long-delayed decision, and when the healing of *old* animosities, and confirming *new* friendships, was thought to be best cemented by wine, that the bottle circulated with a rapidity, fatal to the senses of every man in the room. The triumph of Bacchus was compleat; noise, nonsense

ſenſe and ribaldry, drove prudence and propriety from the board, the multitude huzza'd from without, and the gueſts ſhouted within; the ſaſhes, by a unanimous vote, were demoliſhed, the tables puſhed to the windows; thoſe without and thoſe within became on terms of abſolute equality; toaſts were given, ſongs ſung, and ſpeeches attempted to be made, which it would be as difficult to repeat, as it was for the orators to finiſh.

Not far from Hilario, the hero of the night, a giant among the pigmies, ſat a well known fox-hunter, more remarkable for the ſtrength of his beer, than the depth of his underſtanding. Stimulated by that which makes cowards fancy themſelves courageous, and renders fools eloquent; the brute in buckſkin, from the inſanity of intoxication, the latent ſeeds of ſome unextinguiſhed grudge, or that natural propenſity, which little, deſpicable, mean-ſpirited raſcals, always feel, to degrade or vilify men of intellect and worth; this animal, with the ſenſual appetites of a goat, the filthy obſcenity of the filthieſt of quadrupeds, and the grimace of an Ourang Outang, virulently attacked the accompliſhed and highly-endowed Hilario; he reviled him in the groſſeſt terms, and in the moſt unqualified manner, as a ſeducer of innocence, the debaucher of the child of his friend.

The man thus rudely aſſailed, *a gentleman even in his cups*, for a ſhort time bore with his illiberal brutality in ſilence, but there is a point, at which forbearance ought to ceaſe, and when patient endurance becomes a crime; Hilario riſing as well as he was able, from his ſeat, thunder-ſtruck, and half ſobered by the virulence of the reptile, who had been dawbing him with nauſeating flattery, in the early part of the day, Hilario moved towards the door, which he opened, and left the room with the following emphatic words: "The company muſt decide in what manner the wret.h, who has been ſpeaking, deſerves to be treated; I will not inſult them, by comparing characters with one, whoſe vicious

cious propensities, every hedge, every ditch, every dunghill, and every dirty drab in his parish, can witness. If I followed the impulse of my own feelings, which as I am a party concerned, and cannot fairly be a judge in my own cause, I will not do, I should certainly drop him from the window; but while he sits at table, I must beg leave to be absent.

"Before I go, perhaps I may be indulged with a few words—they shall be but few, for the subject he has chosen to handle so abominably and so unfeelingly, I can hardly trust myself, especially in my present situation, to speak of. *(Here was a pause, occasioned by a sort of struggle, between the effects of wine, resentment, and a native sense of decorum in his breast, an honest one, which even intoxication could not wholly suppress.)*

"But, Gentlemen, this I must say, I will permit no man to decide on my conduct, in the point to which, uninvited and uncalled, he has chose to allude; I will allow no man to decide on my conduct, 'till he can prove he has waked at midnight, from provoking dreams, and found at his bed-side, the fairest of forms, with no other accompaniments than soft sighs, her chemise, and a wax taper."

He who had actually experienced, but proved himself unable to resist *such* a temptation; a temptation which would have melted the wax, and have snapped the cords of Ulysses, instantly retired. The mystery which had so long attracted general attention, directly vanished; all who heard, felt for a man placed in such a trying situation. The fox-hunter, by a general vote of the company, was kicked down stairs, tossed in a blanket, and cooled under a pump.

The tide of public censure, subject to such wonderful refluxes, soon after ebbed in an opposite direction; the obliquity of the daughter was universally imputed to paternal neglect, and a very faulty maternal example: the frail fair one, who in one unguarded moment of guilty indiscretion, had sacrificed the peace of her life, had been driven

from her father's doors the moment her ſituation was ſuſpected.

As the price of reconciliation to her family and the world, and tempted by a ſplendid ſettlement, ſhe was prevailed on, in an ill-ſtarred moment, to accept the hand of one, who tho' acquainted with what had happened, avowed himſelf her ardent admirer. But what language is ſtrong enough to uſe againſt a man, or rather a monſter, to whom every circumſtance had been unreſervedly explained; he married only to torment her. Though her conduct, ever ſince the fatal moment, had been correct and reſerved, and ſtill continued ſo, her tyrant choſe to repay the confidence ſhe had placed in him, with ſullen, groundleſs ſuſpicion, violence and perſonal outrage.

If death has not yet put a period to her ſorrows, he ſeems deſtined by fate, to vex and harraſs, to be the avenging fiend of her future life. Their not interfering in her caſe, nor reſenting ſuch deteſtable conduct, is a reproach on the courage, the feelings, and the honor of her family, and in my opinion, of the man, ſhe originally loved.

This appears to me one of thoſe rare inſtances, in which *delivering* a wife from her huſband, is not only a juſtifiable ſtep, but a duty; I can conceive, and *almoſt* approve Hilario's objections to marrying her in the firſt inſtance; but the unhappy woman, who ſacrificed her *all* to him, but nothing he for her, ſeems to have a ſtrong claim on him, (a claim, which I own I could not reſiſt) to reſcue her from harſhneſs and oppreſſion.

I have mentioned the Gentleman's objections, in this caſe, to matrimony, and I recall the words, for the purpoſe of enforcing a uſeful, a never to be forgotten precept to women, who are ſo apt to be faſcinated by men of intriguing renown, gallantry, and gay manners. With this important precaution I ſhall conclude an article, already too long for the deſultory reſtleſſneſs of the Editor, or the patience of a modern reader. Let no female, who hath notoriouſly tripped,

ped, pretend to marry, at leaſt let her not expect to be happy in that ſtate, even with her ſeducer; for thoſe who have been general lovers, are when married, for the moſt part, the moſt ſcrupulouſly exact and obſervant, with regard to the conduct of their wives; SHE WHO VENTURES TO ACCOMPANY A RAKE TO THE ALTAR, SHOULD, IN INTERNAL PURITY, AND EXTERNAL DEMEANOR, BE A VESTAL, OR A CLARISSA.

ŒCONOMY, a virtue which miniſters, like private men, ſeldom practiſe, 'till it is too late, tho' it is clearly the ſource from which alone charity, benevolence, and even rational indulgence, can be ſafely or regularly ſupplied; the inexhauſtible bank, which flouriſhing, when all others decay, is the only one able to bear up, againſt the exhauſting profuſion of war, and the drainings of public calamity.

Yet, this great reſtorative, of kingdoms as well as private individuals, this cheap defence of nations, hath of late been ridiculed and deſpiſed, by thoſe very men, whoſe harangues, in favor of it, were once the principal means of elevating them to power and preferment.

During a very recent debate, I could not liſten to certain ſpeeches, without pity and indignation, at their equal want of ſound argument, and patriotic feeling.

The retrenchments moved for, *were not a trifle*, they were not (to uſe an *elegant* and favorite expreſſion of an honorable Gentleman) the end of a candle, or the paring of a cheeſe.

An accurate eſtimate has been made, by perſons properly qualified, of the amount of one third deducted from every ſinecure place, penſion, and eccleſiaſtic dignity and plurality, amounting to five hundred pounds a year, and none under four hundred a year, ſhould be touched; of one half of all ſalaries of a thouſand a year; and of two thirds of all above fifteen hundred pounds a year, increaſing and applying it on the ſame ratio as the amount augmented, and applying it rigidly, indiſcriminately, and without

one

one exception, to *every* person who receives public money, king, prince, peer and commoner; and this *trifling* retrenchment would amount to considerably more than a million of money per annum.

In reply to what has been so frequently said, but so completely refuted, that the public service would be injured, that without an adequate compensation, men of abilities will not serve the state, that the produce of a man's place is as much his freehold, as the income of a landed estate; I answer, that the exigencies of a country, and the woeful situation to which it has been, by fate or by obstinacy reduced, form a claim, paramount to all others of every kind; that Great Britain is at present, exactly in the state of a Nobleman, who like his ancestors, has been in the long habit of living on a large establishment of servants, in dignified splendor, and rural hospitality; but suddenly deprived, by his own imprudence, the frauds of his steward, or some awful visitation of Providence, of two-thirds of his annual income.

Under the pressure of such circumstances, which peremptorily demand a proportionate reduction of expenditure, do not expediency, necessity, common sense, and even common honesty, point out the propriety of calling together, his domestics, his tradesmen, friends and neighbours, and addressing them in the following words:

"I will not sport with your feelings, or wound my own, by entering minutely into the causes which have obliged me to call you together on this melancholy occasion; it is sufficient for my purpose to say, that I have lost two thirds of my estate, and that this deficiency must be supplied by prudence and retrenchment.

"I have known the majority of you for the greatest part of my life, and I flatter myself, attached as we are by habit, friendship, and mutual interest, we should be equally unwilling to separate; but to be able to keep together, we must make many important sacrifices;

sacrifices; French wines, made dishes, cards, contested elections, race horses, must be expunged from my yearly expenditure. I must give up my annual visit to the metropolis, *and your young squire, my eldest son, must curtail his present extravagance.*

"Your wages must be diminished one half; the embroidered liveries and gold-laced beavers must be exchanged for plain fustian frocks and round hats; the butler must resign the key of the wine cellar, the splendid contents of his pantry must be disposed of. Yet I trust, that while we shut out superfluous and unnecessary expence, we shall not deprive ourselves of the pleasures of rational indulgence; we will not with-hold from the poor, the sick, and the old, the customary distribution of food, fuel, and raiment; old English hospitality shall not be banished from my threshold; my tenants, my neighbours, and the houseless stranger, shall partake of Christmas fare; the Sirloin shall smoke on my table, and we will drink King George's health in home-brewed ale, the natural and most wholesome beverage for the constitution of an Englishman."

The friend, the servant, or the relation, who would not listen to such an address, with silent admiration, prompt obedience, and instant co operation, would well deserve to be horse-whipped and driven from the good old hall of his master, as a mean time-serving parasite, a selfish rascal, who, adhering to the mansion house only in its days of prosperity, and helping to dissipate its support, shrunk from the calls of duty and gratitude in the trying moments of adversity.

Mr. Pitt may declaim, and he declaims more skilfully than any man I ever heard, Mr. Windham may fret, and Mr. Wilberforce may pray, but nothing they can say or swear, shall prevent my thinking, and boldly avowing what I think; that while men of landed property, merchants, traders, and all other classes, are severe sufferers by the war, and their incomes are considerably diminished; it is but fair and reasonable that

that the pensioner, the placeman, the holder of sinecures, the king and the prince, should, in the proportions I have before specified, lower their demands on the public.

If, as hath been observed in reply, if a reduction of the salaries of ministers, and their adherents, would deprive them of their present indulgences and establishments, LET THEM REDUCE THEIR SUPERFLUITIES WITHOUT DELAY. We are on the brink of an awful and momentous crisis; in such circumstances, is a villa at Bromley, or Wimbledon, to be put in competition with the salvation of a country? Would the counsels of Mr. Pitt be less respected, if he walked from Downing Street to St. James's? Would the official details of Mr. Windham be less correct, if he rode his war horse to the House of Commons? Is the happiness of millions to be risqued for the sake of a splendid equipage or a birth-day suit? Public functionaries should, and must conform to the necessities of the country, whose government they administer; they ought to feel *their* share of the difficulties and distresses of the community; more especially, if, as is the opinion of some, but which I will by no means take upon me to assert, if they have been actively instrumental, in bringing us to that fatal dilemma in which we are placed.

I exult that the sentiments and advice laid down and inculcated in the present article, exactly coincide with the opinion and expressed wish of our gracious sovereign; though he is unfortunately tied down by the hoary decrees of inveterate custom, and antient prescription, to an apparently opposite conduct, through fear of interfering with a certain odious contaminating influence, "an influence which takes away vigor from our arms, wisdom from our councils, and credit from our constitution." I must not offend by calling this imp, the offspring of fraud and corruption, parliamentary influence.

"We have places piled on places," says the author of certain Disquisitions on the Civil List, a work highly

ly worthy of public attention, at a moment when bankruptcy and ruin are ſtaring us in the face, and nothing but rigid œconomy, and ſevere retrenchment, can ſave us from the abyſs into which fiſcal difficulties have precipitated *other* countries, "we have places piled on places, to the heighth of the Tower of Babel. A maſter of the houſehold, treaſurer of the houſehold, comptroller of the houſehold, cofferer of the houſehold, deputy cofferer of the houſehold, clerks of the houſehold, deputy clerks of the houſehold, clerks comptrollers of the houſehold, office keepers, chamber keepers, neceſſary-houſe keepers, purveyors of bread, purveyors of wine, purveyors of fiſh, purveyors of butter and eggs, purveyors of confectionary, deliverers of greens, coffee women, ſpicery men, ſpicery-mens' aſſiſtant clerks, ewry men, ewry mens' aſſiſtant clerks, kitchen clerks, comptrollers, kitchen clerks' comptrollers' firſt clerks, kitchen clerks' comptrollers' junior clerks, yeoman of the mouth, under yeoman of the mouth, grooms, grooms' children, paſtry yeomen, harbingers, harbingers' yeomen, keepers of ice houſes, cart takers, cart takers' grooms, bell-ringers, cock and cryer, table deckers, water engine turners, ciſtern cleaners, keeper of fire buckets, and a thouſand or two more of the ſame kind, which, if I were to ſet down, I know not who would take the trouble of reading them over.

"Will any man ſay, and keep his countenance, that one in a hundred of theſe hangers on is of any real uſe. Cannot the king have a poached egg for his ſupper, without a purveyor of eggs, his clerks, and deputy clerks, at an expence of five hundred pounds a year, whilſt the nation is ſinking in a bottomleſs ocean of debt. Who are theſe yeomen and under yeomen of the mouth? What is their buſineſs? what is it to be yeomen of the king's mouth?

"What is the neceſſity of a cofferer, where there is a treaſurer? And where there is a cofferer, what occaſion for a deputy cofferer? Why a neceſſary-houſe

houſe keeper? Cannot the king have a water-cloſet, and keep the key in his pocket? Does the maintaining ſuch a multitude of idle people ſuit the preſent ſtate of our finances?"

A ſhort anſwer might be given to theſe queſtions; but, as the profeſſed purpoſe of this work, is to lead to uſeful inveſtigation, and promote ſalutary meaſures, to prevent rather than inflame hoſtility, I conclude with an expreſſive ſilence. I hope, that on this occaſion, miniſters will not miſtake prudent reſerve for general approbation; the preſent profuſe ſyſtem, if continued, *muſt* lead to thoſe evils it is their avowed purpoſe to avoid.

PEREGRINUS, a native of Parium, a city on the Helleſpont or Dardanelles, during the ſecond century of the chriſtian æra; a cotemporary and aſſociate of Aulus Gellius, and of Lucian.

Having ſtained his early manhood by flagitious conduct, and ſuffered from an injured huſband, a puniſhment which adds the ſting of ridicule to the ſmart of retributive juſtice; having hurried, by violence and vexation, an aged father to the grave; from the pangs of ſelf-accuſation, and the reſentment of his fellow-citizens, he fled into Paleſtine.

In this country, which at different periods, has proved a ſcourge and given a Saviour to the world, he adopted a wandering unſettled mode of life, and degenerated into a character not uncommon in modern times, a violent declaimer againſt thoſe pleaſures which he wanted inclination or ability to taſte himſelf.

Stimulated by compunction, novelty, or poverty, he ſought repoſe, for mental inquietude, in the boſom of chriſtianity, which firſt ſprung up in a diſtrict of the Roman Province of Judæa, where Peregrinus, for a ſhort time, reſided.— Apparently ſincere in his profeſſions, and anxious for the ineſtimable comforts of hope and forgiveneſs, which revelation holds forth to repentant ſinners; the new convert received conſiderable relief from the devout

devout zeal of his patrons, who eſtimating the value of their acquiſition, by the enormity of his tranſgreſſions, ſympathized with the ſorrows of ſo great an offender, and were edified by his diſcourſes, in which he adorned the doctrines of the goſpel, by figures, alluſions, and expreſſions, borrowed from the various dialects and elegant mythology of the Greeks.

But neither the habits or diſpoſitions of the proſelyte, were calculated for fulfilling the conditions of a diſpenſation, which enjoins purity of life, and affords no gratification to ſenſuality, ſelfiſhneſs, or vanity; his converſion expoſed him to the irreligious banter of Lucian, who, however well-founded his ſuſpicions might be of the mercenary motives of Peregrinus, evidently miſtakes, in his attacks on the chriſtian religion, the Moſaic ritual, for the milder and far more cheering doctrines of Chriſt.

The ſarcaſms of the ſatiriſt, or his own imprudence, gradually opened the eyes of the chriſtians; his moderation and abſtemiouſneſs, were found to be only aſſumed for the purpoſe of impreſſing on the world an opinion of his ſuperior ſanctity, while his non-compliance with the innocent cuſtoms of the world, was diſcovered to be a moſt arrogant and aſſuming ſpecies of pride, which, under the maſk of philoſophy, rudely ſets at defiance the eſtabliſhed opinions and general ſenſe of mankind.

To attract notice at all riſques, and to become the ſubject of general converſation by any means, was the ruling paſſion of his ſoul; whilſt, with all his boaſts of ſuperior wiſdom and firmneſs, he poured forth, on every trifling occaſion of envy, contradiction, or irritation, a torrent of foul invective; and always, in a greater proportion, if the perſon he attacked, appeared to excel him in perſon, fortune, morals, or underſtanding.

Having proved himſelf groſsly deficient in every chriſtian requiſite, and diſguiſing, under the philoſophic garb, an overbearing ſpirit, as well as a depraved heart, after repeated, but

ineffectual admonitions to amend, he was expelled from the christian church.

Again thrown loose on society, he travelled on foot into Egypt; and having, by vicious or preposterous conduct, closed every avenue to fair fame, he assumed the character of a Cynic, affected the dress and manners of Diogenes, inflicted on himself corporal chastisement; and insisting, that to a philosopher, all words and all actions, as long as they did not violate moral justice, or diminish the great mass of public happiness were equally indifferent; he neglected or despised the decencies of dress, language, and gesture; performing publickly, without shame and without scruple, functions and actions, which wholesome prejudice and propriety, in all civilized societies, have covered with a thick veil.

Such conduct was neither imitated or approved, in a country which has been called the Mother of Superstition, and warmly attached to ritual observance. The disappointed Cynic was driven, with ignominy, from the banks of the Nile, and repairing to Rome, he soothed his chagrin, and gratified his pride, that pride which, in the human heart, puts on such a variety of forms, by loading with virulent abuse, the customs, institutions, and government of the country, which tolerated his insolence.

He rudely attacked that excellent Emperor, and good man, Titus Antoninus, who practically proved, that HE WAS THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER, by listening, with patience, to his impudent harangues; and if any of the charges, produced against him, were true, by amending his erroneous conduct. A prefect of the city, extremely irritable in his temper, or whose conduct, as less correct, was more vulnerable, drove our unfortunate declaimer from the capital; and after passing through several cities of Greece, unnoticed or despised, he fixed his abode at Athens, where he attracted the notice of Aulus Gellius, who has recorded the substance of several of their conversations.

A favorite

A favorite topic with Peregrinus, was to inveigh againſt the folly, as he called it, of wrapping up the names of things, the terms affixed to vicious indulgence, or the harmleſs propenſities of nature, in refined phraſe and delicate expreſſion; he probably would have agreed, with a certain enthuſiaſtic writer, "that there was evidently an increaſe of ſin, ſince bad women were called women of pleaſure, and the crime of adultery, ſoftened into the modiſh denomination of crim. con."

More vain and oſtentatious in *his* particular way, than any man alive, he groſsly attacked the liberality and public ſpirit of Herodes Atticus, a rich citizen, who diffuſing his wealth in laudable exertion, and ornamenting his country by magnificent ſtructures, reflected credit on the taſte and munificence of a private citizen, who benevolently placed many of the comforts, and ſome of the luxuries of life, within the reach of the pooreſt individual of the ſtate.

The territory on which the Olympic Games were exhibited, had been for ages a burning ſand, the death of many a candidate from duſt and ſultry heat; a reproach to the avarice, the poverty, or the taſte of the Greeks; a ſpot ſo frequently celebrated, rendered claſſical by poets, and affording a permanent landmark to the chronologiſt and historian, was ſcantily ſupplied with water for the neceſſary purpoſes of refreſhment, ornament, and food.

The quick-ſighted zeal of Herodes, ſaw and provided for the defect; he conducted, at a vaſt expence of labour, money, and ingenuity, a copious ſtream, ſupplied from diſtant ſprings, by an aqueduct, which uniting magnificence with utility, was the wonder and ornament of his country.

A work which it was difficult to ſpeak, or even think of, without praiſe, which excited and deſerved general approbation, was conſidered by Peregrinus, as an excellent opportunity for exerciſing his talent

talent at ſatire and invective.

He abuſed Herodes, as vain-glorious and oſtentatious, in thus laviſhing his wealth on an undertaking, which only ſerved to render the Olympic combatants effeminate, and unwarlike; he aſſerted, that it was more uſeful to the ſtate, though a few lives were ſacrificed, to habituate and harden them, by expoſure to heat and thirſt, than to ſuffer the defenders of their country to enjoy the unmanly indulgences of coolneſs and ſhade.

After much declamation in favor of ſelf-denial, it was obſerved, that on the next public celebration of the Games, the Cynic was the foremoſt of the crowd which preſſed forward, to enjoy the luxury of a limpid ſtream.

The office of a public cenſurer of mankind, whatever may be his motives, is not of a kind to conciliate affection, but the inconſiſtencies of Peregrinus rendered him contemptible, a circumſtance which muſt have proved highly mortifying to a man, inceſſantly hunting after popularity, and enthuſiaſtically ambitious of poſthumous fame.

Rendered deſperate by diſappointment, he reſolved in the fervor of falſe philoſophy, which ſo often loſes ſight of truth, utility, and common ſenſe, he reſolved to aſtoniſh the world, and build his reputation on what he judged an imperiſhable baſis, by putting an end to his exiſtence on a funeral pile.

Being queſtioned as to the end and deſign he had in view, he ſaid, that he meant to hold forth to the world an impreſſive example; to teach men to deſpiſe death, to bear pain with firmneſs and compoſure. It was in vain he was told, that a fear of death was ſtrongly implanted in our boſoms for the wiſeſt purpoſes, and that it was the firſt duty of every citizen, and ought to be paramount to every other, to perform the offices of ſociety, in that poſt, in which Providence had placed him.

" If he imagines," ſaid Lucian, on hearing of his deſign, " if he imagines there is any thing ſo wonderfully pre-eminent and heroic, in committing himſelf

ſelf to the flames; I can furniſh him with a long liſt of fools and madmen, who at different times have excelled him in this his favorite method of making his exit.

"In the blaze of a fierce fire, as ſuffocation is inſtantaneous, ſenſation ceaſes in a moment; but on any occaſion which rouzes their zeal, or animates their devotion, the Indian Brahmins literally roaſt themſelves by ſlow fires, voluntarily expoſing themſelves to the agonies of death for ſeveral hours. If the paſſion of Peregrinus ariſes merely from being tired of life, he need only return to his own country, whoſe laws, as a parricide and an adulterer, he has notoriouſly violated, and he will inſtantly receive the juſt reward of his crimes."

With all his pretended firmneſs, all his vanity, and all his boaſting, the Cynic appears inwardly to have dreaded the fate to which he had devoted himſelf; he was not without hopes, that by the interference of his aſſociates, or the compaſſion of the people, his propoſed death would be prevented. But general expectation being rouzed, his abſolute and poſitive refuſal to undergo that, which he had voluntarily offered, beſides lowering him in the eſteem of his followers, (for even Peregrinus was not without admirers and diſciples) his failure would have expoſed him to the riſque of being torn to pieces by the populace, who on ſuch occaſions, are not diſpoſed to ſubmit quietly to an impoſture, which ſports with their feelings, and inſults their credulity.

He therefore had recourſe to prevarication and ſubterfuge, ſpoke of cœleſtial communications, dreams, and omens, which forbade the execution of his purpoſe; but he had gone too far to retreat, and finding that he had no alternative, but the death he had choſen, or a more ſhocking and ignominious end, he prepared the funeral pile, with his own hands.

On the day appointed, and during the vaſt concourſe of the Olympic Games, he appeared with a train of attendants; addreſſed the people in a ſtudied

ſtudied ſpeech, in which he aſſerted, "that the evils he had ſuffered, and the pains he had endured, were ſufficient teſtimonies of his attachment to philoſophy, without the preſent proof."

He then expatiated on the vanity of life, and the glory of devoting ourſelves to death, for the benefit of others, but was interrupted by the ſhouts of his friends, (in all probability previouſly inſtructed) who exclaimed, "That ſuch a man ought to live for the ſake of his country, for the inſtruction and edification of mankind."

Theſe words ſo highly grateful to Peregrinus, which would have ſecured him the credit, without ſubjecting him to the penalties of martyrdom, were calculated at once to gratify his vanity, and his love of life, which in ſpite of his declarations, ſtill preponderated; theſe ſoothing words were inſtantly overpowered, by the tumultuous voices of a very conſiderable majority, who loudly inſiſted, that a non-performance of that which he had promiſed, was unworthy the character he aſſumed, that he ought to ſet an example of conſiſtency and ſcrupulous faith. "Conduct him to the pile, conduct him to the pile," re-echoing from ten thouſand voices, filled *our philoſopher* with terror and diſmay; convinced that nothing but his death, in the manner and form he had himſelf preſcribed, would ſatisfy the mercileſs and irritated multitude; in a tremor, produced by violent agitation of body and mind, he ſunk on the ground; repeated fainting fits, ſucceeded by a violent fever, made it neceſſary to poſtpone the buſineſs.

A phyſician who was ſent for, to adminiſter relief, informed him that if he was ſo anxiouſly bent on death, he might ſave himſelf the trouble and ceremony of publickly inflicting it on himſelf, for that the fever, if unſubdued, would ſoon releaſe him from his cares.

Peregrinus not reliſhing the propoſal, told his medical friend, that merely to die in his bed, was not the thing he wanted, that ſo common a mode of going out of the world unnoticed and

and unapplauded, had neither the charm of novelty, nor the attractions of popular admiration. After a struggle of several weeks, between his fears, his disease, and his pride, the fever left him, and he fixed the time and place, at which he would execute his purpose without fail. On the 16th day of July, in the one hundred and sixty-fifth year of the Christian æra, and in the two hundred and thirty-sixth Olympiad, such was the formal stile in which it was announced, he ascended for the last time, a funeral pile, which he had constructed with his own hands. The spot he chose for displaying his contempt of life, was about three miles from Olympia, where he had first proposed to finish, or pretend to finish this singular transaction.

On the evening of a serene day, and the moon shining with a silver light, Peregrinus presented himself to the public eye, with a long train of disciples, followers, and many others, whom curiosity or admiration had attracted.

Laying aside his mantle, his wallet and his staff, he, with a flambeau set fire to the fabric he had reared, and formed of fir and other inflammatory materials; then scattering incense around him, and turning his face to the south, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "Genii of my ancestors, open your arms to receive me;" and leaping into the flames, was soon reduced to ashes.

Thus terminated the career of a man, who may be said to have rendered himself extraordinary by his crimes, his opinions, and his death, who having, by the flagitious obliquities of his early life, barred against himself the creditable path to honest fame, which is, or ought to be within the reach of virtuous conduct and beneficial exertion alone; attempted a bye-road to repute, by singularity, eccentric conduct, and what *he* called philosophy, a name which for the worst purposes, and with the most deplorable effects, has been so often conferred on systems, neither directly or remotely tending to meliorate ourselves, or increase the knowledge and happiness of others.

Lucian, who was preſent at, and deſcribes the death of the Cynic, endeavored in the ſpirit of ironical raillery, which on no one occaſion ever departed from him, he endeavored to perſuade the ſpectators, that he felt the motion of an earthquake, at the moment Peregrinus expired, that a vulture was ſeen to aſcend from the funeral pile, and a voice heard, uttering the following words: "I quit the earth, and take my flight to heaven."

As a proof of the diſpoſition in mankind to propagate, as well as receive falſhood, the ſatiriſt relates, that a few months after, he was in company with an old man, of venerable appearance and fair character, who poſitively affirmed, that he not only ſaw the vulture aſcend, and heard the words diſtinctly pronounced, but that he beheld the ſhade of Peregrinus, cloathed in a white tranſparent robe, and with a crown of olive on his head, in the portico of a temple, at Elis.

For theſe, and other reaſons, ſtatues and divine honors were decreed to his memory; his ſtaff was conſidered as ſo precious a relic, that a few years after his deceaſe, it ſold for an Attic talent, which may be computed in Engliſh currency, at ſomething more than one hundred and eighty pounds.

Thus the peculiar turn of mens minds of that age, to admire ſuicide, and applaud thoſe who inſulted them, conſecrated and diffuſed a degree of ſplendor over the memory of an individual, who but for a lucky eſcape, would a few years before, have periſhed on a croſs, as a profligate, a parricide, and an adulterer.

In the preſent day, a candidate for fame or profit, though he will not exactly tread in the footſteps of Peregrinus, *ſome* of the means he may employ, will perhaps be equally contradictory to utility and ſound ſenſe.

Illiterate and ſtupid himſelf, he may perſuade the world, that he has by a fortuitous glance, made himſelf acquainted with the ſtructure and laws of the animal œconomy, that he has in a few months rendered

dered himself a complete master of the mysteries of a science, to which the great benefactors of mankind, have devoted the studies of a long life; yielding implicit credit to his assertions, the infatuated multitude will incontinently lavish their wealth on the minion of lucky incident, whom, but for the delusive mist he has spread before their eyes, they would not have trusted in their scullery or their dog-kennel.

Another may publish, as the production of first-rate genius, the elaborate nonsense of his own brain, artfully cloathed in the dust, the cobwebs and antiquated phrase of remote times; he may produce his old chests and his new manuscripts, and converting his rolls of musty parchment into the pistol of a highwayman, raise contributions on the ignorant, the credulous and unwary.

A third adventurer, but of a different description, may listen to the harangues, and peruse the nonsense of enthusiasts, mystics, and madmen, 'till he catches the infection, and considers every prating driveller as inspired; and how much soever the earlier part of his life may have been remarked for literary acuteness and sound judgment, he may obtrude his absurd speculations into national debates, and imitating the Saracens of old, pay divine honors to those, whom Providence has deprived of its choicest gifts; to ideots and maniacs, whose arguments are best answered by a straight waistcoat, and who ought never to have been suffered to re-pass the threshold of a mad-house.

PLUTARCH; the following sentiment of this author, versified by Pope:

"I had rather" says the biographer, "that there never had been such a man as Plutarch, than that he should be recorded in history, as capricious, unsteady, irritable, and malicious." "Grant me an honest fame or grant me none" says the English poet, who in this instance, united the beauties of compression, harmony and rhyme.

POLITICAL PARADOX. In what writer have I met with the following words: "The utmost pinnacle

pinnacle of political perfection, is that of being very powerful and happy amidſt the moſt enormous abuſes."

To this, another modern enigma may be added, which I underſtand, a certain gentleman conſiders it as the glory of his life to have produced; the zeal with which he has enforced and explained it, have alſo been happily received in a certain quarter, as an ample atonement for his *former errors*.

The famous riddle is as follows, or to the following effect: "The more theoretically true any political maxim appears, in the ſame proportion it will be found practically falſe, unſafe, and inadmiſſible."

POLITICAL COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, thus lately deſcribed by a writer in Ireland. I ſhould hope the portrait is drawn from fancy, rather than life.

"God forgive me if I am miſtaken, but I do not believe there is a race of animals, more noxious to the peace and good nature of Ireland, than our political Country Gentlemen; remember I ſpeak of the caſt in general; I acknowledge, and am acquainted with, a few valuable exceptions.

"Awkward, arrogant, contumelious, full of conſequence and claret; the traces of education, for the moſt part, forgotten, and the little which remains, remembered only to be deſpiſed. They live at their country ſeats, the haughty arbiters of their wretched vaſſals, who cringing in the kitchen and hall, imitate the conduct of their landlords at the caſtle.

"Taking their annual flight to town, they exhibit a ludicrous mixture of ſtiffneſs and obſequiousneſs; the open air, the ruddy cheeks, and clowniſh bluſtering of a Dromore bully, with the cunning of a pettifogger, and the bending back of a place hunter; hoping to patch a ragged rent-roll, and ſupply the beggary produced by lawleſs prodigality, at the expence of their country.

"Such are the characters ſent up by the proprietors of hereditary boroughs, who libel the country which ſupports them, and are heard

heard asking each other; "'Is all quiet with you;" *hoping to convert a boxing match into a battle, and a riot of drunken taylors, or the murmurs of starving manufacturers, into rebellion.* Such are the men who advertize their country as they would a bad servant; and endeavour, by every means in their power, to expose it to the ridicule and abhorrence of Europe."

At the moment this article, in the above form, was preparing for the press, dreadful accounts arrived of the state of Ireland; and I cannot resist the impulse I feel to say a few words on a subject, for many reasons, highly interesting to me.

It is indeed impossible to contemplate the situation and circumstances of our sister kingdom, without sympathy and emotion: the evils which our fellow subjects suffer in that distracted country, whether originating from the disappointment of expectations, *wantonly and unnecessarily excited;* produced by the artful and seditious fomentations of treacherous men; or arising from rights with-held, and atrocious injuries inflicted; they loudly call, and in a voice, which soon or late, *must* be heard, they loudly and imperiously call for the interceding hand of the English government; they require all the political sagacity, all the coolness and all the firmness of Mr. Pitt, and his associates.

Whatever the provocations, and that many there have been, I cannot, I will not deny, let justice be tempered with mercy, at least, it is of importance, that the experiment *again* be tried. I have great faith in the remedy, I have strong reasons for relying on the generosity of the Irish nation; we have known what it is to rouze their resentments, let us endeavour to excite their gratitude. At a moment like the present, when an insolent enemy is at our gates, every probable cause of difference should be removed; let the great question of political rights be deferred, a general unconditional amnesty be offered, and the edict for martial law be revoked; I have every thing to hope from the good disposition, honest nature,

nature, and loyalty of Iriſhmen, WHEN COOL, UNPROVOKED, AND UNIRRITATED.

It is no play-thing we are about; our exiſtence, as an independent country, and the lives of thouſands are at ſtake.

I earneſtly intreat his majeſty's miniſters to recollect, that a kingdom divided againſt itſelf, cannot ſtand; that a ſyſtem of coercion, critically ſituated as we are, cannot poſſibly be ſupported; and, however, for a ſhort period, it may anſwer the purpoſe of temporary ſuppreſſion, it muſt fall, and threatens to bury with it our religion, conſtitution, and all we hold dear, in promiſcuous confuſion, and convulſive ruin.

It is my ſincere, and, I truſt, my laudable wiſh, to give uſeful precaution, and raiſe a ſalutary alarm, on a ſubject which certain frothy ſuperficial dabblers, affect to treat with levity and contempt. I aſſert, and have good reaſon for aſſerting, that the diſſentions in Ireland are of more political conſequence to this country, at the preſent moment, than any circumſtance that can poſſibly happen. Buonaparte, and his Army of England, encamped on Blackheath, would not excite ſo great alarm in my breaſt, as a continuance or augmentation of the preſent calamitous ſtate of that kingdom.

I would wiſh to aſk thoſe vociferous declaimers, for ſtrong meaſures and club law in Ireland, if they are aware of the vaſt numbers of ſailors and ſoldiers in our fleets and armies, who are natives of that kingdom; I wiſh them to recollect, that every one of theſe has a father, a mother, a ſiſter, a brother, or ſome relative near and dear to them, with many of whom they correſpond, and for all of whom, a nation remarkable for family attachments, have the yearnings of blood and affection. I will not enlarge on a ſubject which would lead to TERRIBLE TRUTHS; * the effects of the preſent ſyſtem have *already* been felt, by our military and naval officers.

I con-

I conclude this hasty and inaccurate article, which I write on the spur of the moment, and stimulated by strong conviction, I conclude with relating a circumstance which formerly occurred in Portugal.

On some great national emergency, it was thought advisable to raise a regiment of Jews. Many opposed the measure, but the majority of the council were of opinion, that those who enjoyed the protection, should assist in defending the country. The regiment, after many difficulties and various obstacles, was raised and disciplined; but on the day they were ordered to march, an express from the commander in chief arrived, requiring of the minister a regiment of dragoons, and a detachment of artillery, to prevent the new corps from fighting with the army they were to join, and to put a stop to desertion.

They were immediately disarmed and disbanded.—The Israelites being reproached, and threatened with corporal punishment, one of them had the courage to make the following reply, as he threw down his firelock: "Can you be surprized at what has happened; after having burnt alive so many thousands of my countrymen, after having plundered and oppressed them for so many centuries; and, for their religious opinions, reproached, vilified, and abused a people, from whom your own Saviour, as you call him, derived his origin; Is it not folly and madness to expect assistance or attachment?"

POOR RATE, a heavy and increasing tax, introduced in this place for the sake of mentioning one of the probable causes, to which this redundancy of expenditure may be attributed; THE PREVAILING CUSTOM OF APPOINTING ATTORNIES, VESTRY-CLERKS.

These professional gentlemen, to whom I wish not to attribute obliquity, foul play, or ill design, naturally carry with them into office, what may be termed, *L'esprit du corps.* To fill this office it used, *in better times*, to be the custom to chuse some reputable decayed tradesman, who

who on any occaſion of difference on pariſh buſineſs, appointed a friendly meeting of the parties, and without further expence, adjuſted the diſpute.

But ſince *ſpecial attornies* have interfered, it has been accurately determined, that thirty thouſand pounds a year is expended merely in appeals to Quarter Seſſions, that vexatious removals, litigious conteſts, journies over half the kingdom, and parochial conteſts, with their harraſſing conſequences, amount to full one third of the whole expenditure.

Human nature is not formed of materials, ſufficiently ſtrong to perſiſt in an undeviating line of duty, which would defeat the purpoſe and proſpects of a profeſſion, which is to ſupport a man and his family, and which places competency or independence within his reach.

POPE, ALEXANDER, addition to his article, in my ſecond volume.

The following character of Boileau, by Voltaire, has been applied by a modern writer, to our Engliſh bard: "Not having abilities equal to the ſublime, and the pathetic, but poſſeſſing, in a conſiderable degree, acute perception, and good common ſenſe; ſevere, exact, pure and harmonious, he became at length the Poet of Reaſon."

Yet ſurely the praiſe of enraptured ſublimity cannot with truth, be denied to Pope's Meſſiah; his verſes on an unfortunate lady, exhibit the moſt pathetic touches our language affords; and it is not poſſible for a candid critic to peruſe his epiſtle to Abelard, his Rape of the Lock, and his Dunciad, without perceiving repeated and ſtrong proofs of his talents for incident, and the happieſt invention.

His undertaking a long and laborious tranſlation, appears to have diminiſhed the real poetic merits he poſſeſſed, in the opinion of common obſervers; but he was ſeduced into the toils, and where is the man who could have reſiſted the temptation? he was ſeduced into the toils by the ſplendors of independence. Let it however be remembered that it was a high-blooded, ſpirited courſer, voluntarily

rily submitting to the collar, the load, and the lash, for the sake of provender, and that after quitting the trammels, he was equally able "to skim o'er th' unbending corn, and sweep along the plain."

In all future editions of the translation of Homer, intellectual equity, and literary justice demand, that the names of Broom and Fenton should be printed jointly with Pope's, in the title page, and to each part they individually executed, whether in the text or notes. To announce a large work, a work which could be only produced by considerable toil and application, as the sole work of one man, when it was avowedly, and a large portion of it, the united produce of several, is calling in a direct falsehood, to aid the fame of a man, who wanted not such helps.

It hath been somewhat invidiously remarked, as a singular circumstance, that the library of the most classical of our bards should be destined to fall into the possession of a treasury clerk, Mr. George Rose.

Of that gentleman's ability to use, or qualifications to enjoy the treasure he possesses, I am not prepared to speak; but if, with possession of the books, the moral equity of their former proprietor shall be transmitted, if the friend of Mr. Pitt should happily be stimulated by the vigorous sentiment, and didactic energy of Pope, to devote a third of that income he receives from the public, (£13800. per annum) being his proportion of a triple assessment, towards our present public emergencies and fiscal embarrassments; we shall in that case have no reason to regret the quarter, to which the Twickenham library has wandered.

Such a proceeding on the part of Mr. Rose, and his political associates, would be an unanswerable refutation of the charges of malignancy and misrepresentation; would establish, on a permanent basis, the popularity of his Majesty's ministers, and compleat the character Mr. Rose has so deservedly attained, of official diligence, and indefatigable application.

It has been ſaid of Pope, as of other ſatiriſts, that the characters he delineates are all hero, or all ſcoundrel; and that when party prejudice, and perſonal reſentment are forgotten, poſterity will hear with ſurprize, that Dennis, with eccentricities bordering on madneſs, was a ſound critic; Welſtead a reſpectable writer, and that his "Bug with gilded wings" was a young nobleman, of elegant manners and amiable life, the patron of arts and learning, the friend and aſſociate of Dr. Middleton.

We have been inundated, and I underſtand, are ſtill threatened with more inundations of POPE, WITH NOTES; Is there no public ſpirited bookſeller to reſcue us? Will no kind hand, in pity to this excellent writer, and ſucceeding generations, ſave us from the teazing expence and trouble of perplexing comment, puerile bagatelle, and explanation, wholly unneceſſary?

It was the pride and aim of Pope, to write clearly, plainly, and intelligibly, *that he who runs might read*; and I cannot help exclaiming to paſt, as well as preſent annotators, as well to the virulent dogmatiſm and inſolent egotiſm of Warburton, as the indiſcriminate voraciouſneſs, and in his late edition, the indelicate pruriency of Dr. Warton, "CLAUDITE JAM RIVOS PUERI."

An edition of Pope, without a ſingle note, well printed, on good paper, and delivered to the public at a reaſonable price, is much wanted, and I think would ſell well. It ſhould be ſubjected to the management of judgment, taſte, and literary diſintereſtedneſs, which would admit only what Pope actually wrote himſelf, or what is worthy of him.

Compilations from every author extant, who mentions him, and pieces highly exceptionable, on the ſcore of decency and morality, and which it is very doubtful whether he wrote, ought to be reſolutely rejected; they are equally uncreditable to the memory of the Bard, and the book-making ſpirit of his Editor.

The following cenſure of Pope's favorite doctrine, that

that whatever is, is right, has been thus noticed by a modern writer, who *in this inſtance*, ſeems to have exchanged for a moment, his flowery, his fatiguing declamatory mania, for ſound argument.

"If Pope means, that whatever *Heaven appoints*, is right, his axiom is an undeniable and glorious truth, but if he includes in it, whatever comes to paſs through the wild and extravagant paſſions of man, his doctrine is neither conſiſtent with reaſon or revelation. The decrees of the Almighty are founded on wiſdom, his diſpenſations on unbounded benevolence; but man is hurried away by his luſts, into a thouſand irregularities, deplorably evil themſelves, and in their conſequences, manifeſtly pernicious to ſociety."

The ſame writer thus cenſures Mr. Pope's attack on the vanity of man, for ſuppoſing the preſent ſyſtem produ ed for him alone.

"It is my firm opinion, that the world was meant by the Almighty, to be *appropriated* to man, that it was created, with all it contains, purely *for* him, as every thing in it, animate or inanimate, bears ſome relation to *his* ſervice, or in ſome way or other, contributes to *his* good.

"Is there any abſurdity in maintaining, that God gave us a world for our poſſeſſion, when it is our duty to believe, that he gave his only Son to be ſacrificed, as a propitiation for us?

"I cannot but conſider the attempt of Mr. Pope, as unkind to his fellow-creatures, and ungrateful to the Almighty. It is depriving us of one of the moſt delightful ſources of contemplation. To conſider the Creator of the univerſe as having *me* in his eye in the great work, is an idea, which muſt be productive of moral utility as well as mental pleaſure. A contrary opinion has a direct tendency to diminiſh our ſenſe of God's goodneſs, to damp our gratitude, and of courſe diminiſh one of the ſalutary ſpurs to virtuous energy. It would teach us to look upon ourſelves as loſt among a crowd of other beings, or regarded only with occaſional and inci-

incidental beneficence, not the objects of constant care and kindness.

"Against the truth of the Poet's system, without citing the express words of scriptural evidence, one argument appears decisive. The world began with, and ceases with man; consequently the grand use, the principal end of the world is to be subservient to *his* interest and pleasure. So that I shall continue to think myself authorized to apply the beautiful lines of this excellent Poet, to myself and the human race.

"For *me* kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
Annual for *me*, the grape and rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For *me* the mine ten thousand treasures brings,
For *me* health gushes from a thousand springs."

PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

During the late violent and unwarrantable attack of an Irish mob, on this worthy Prelate, and the Chancellor of that kingdom, a bye-stander observed, that popular fury was more particularly directed against the Law Officer, and that the assailants, for want of other missile weapons, tore up the large pavement stones, many of them as heavy as two or three men could raise, and actually hurled them at his coach; the pannels were not formed to resist such tremendous attacks, and his Lordship was indebted for the preservation of life, to the intrepidity of his driver, and the swiftness of his cattle.

The carriage of the Ecclesiastic being in the rear, could not be extricated from the hands of the insurgents, they seized the horses bridles, opened the door, and were proceeding to acts of violence on the person of the Prelate; "What have you to say to me, my friends," said the good Bishop, cool and undismayed, "I am the Primate, and to the best of my knowledge, never did you an injury in my life."

When the multitude had positively ascertained, by evidence *among themselves*, that

that it was not the Archbishop of Tuam, whose coach they had been told it was, they begged pardon of the Primate, "swore that a hair of his head should not be hurt," and dismissed him with loud huzzas, and other marks of approbation; adding at the same time, in the rage of disappointed vengeance, "that they took him for one of the *damned Beresfords, a family to which they were indebted for all their calamities, and that it certainly was their intention to have given his Grace a dip in the Liffey.*"

PRUSSIA, the last King of, a prince whom it is not easy for an Englishman to mention without indignation and contempt.

The son of the unhappy General Custine, being sent as ambassador to him during the sitting of the Constituent Assembly in France, returned with glowing descriptions of the warlike preparations for blotting France out of the map of Europe. Austrians, Prussians and Hungarians, Hussars, Chasseurs, Hulans, Croats, and Pandours, backed by thirty thousand Emigrants, breathing fire and vengeance, were to sweep the *poor national guards*, like dust before the wind.

"According to my instructions," said Custine, "I remonstrated with his Prussian Majesty, on these hostile appearances; I notified to him that the king, obliged by his oath to defend the constitution, had assembled an army to defend our frontiers. "Your armies," replied this breaker of treaties, with a contemptuous sneer, "What are they?"

The answer of the Envoy is not recorded; but he might have told this mercenary monarch, that they were Frenchmen, converted by liberty, from machines into men, and resolved to live free, or perish in the attempt; that they were men who would make surrounding nations submit to their yoke, and the proudest of monarchs, as well as the most insignificant of kings, tremble on their thrones.

I believe that most readers will agree, that I have spoken of the deceased, in a manner which the flagrant direliction of his allies

lies certainly merited; yet I am of opinion, that no subjects were ever under greater obligations to a sovereign, than the people of Prussia. He had entered into a war of his own provoking, uncalled and uninvited; he had engaged in an alliance of his own forming, and had received immense subsidies. But after his inglorious retreat before the *poor national guards*, and after the repeated victories of the Republican troops, his country must have been inevitably ruined, by persisting any longer in the contest. He withdrew from the royal coalition; and to preserve his people from subjugation and plunder, sacrified his word, his honor, his consistency, his inclinations, and, as I understand, his peace of mind. He degraded himself in the eyes of Europe, became a by-word of mockery and scorn, the ridicule of those with whom he had made his peace; it cannot be denied, that these were considerable sacrifices for the welfare of his people.

Of our gifts to this *worthy* monarch, and our loans to the Emperor, it was not unaptly said; "that if we go on as we have began, giving and lending will amount to the same thing;" a suggestion not yet contradicted by any remittance from Vienna.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE. The insipid and unanimated mode of delivery, too generally adopted by English preachers, has been often censured, and with *some* reason; yet I cannot, by any means, agree with those who would wish to introduce the gestures of theatric exhibition into the house of God.

To awaken mankind from the dreams of sensuality, and the magic charm of worldly interest; to increase the influence of virtue by additional motives, and to deter the wicked by new terrors; to enforce morality by divine revelation; to convince our reason and affect our hearts, are the great objects of every honest preacher of the gospel; objects equally defeated by extravagant action, violent vociferation, or by his assuming the appearance of a statue, with head, hands, and eyes, immoveably

ably rivetted to his text book.

Though the toil of art ſhould be diſcovered as little as poſſible, he who would *do good* as a divine, muſt not let a wiſh to *ſhine* be his paramount motive; he muſt adopt a grave ſimplicity, a well regulated earneſtneſs of delivery, a deliberate pronunciation, a mild devout unaffected ſolemnity of manner, ariſing from a conviction of the important truths he inculcates. Nothing is more awfully impreſſive than well timed pauſes, after any ſtrong ſentiment, or emphatic quotation from the word of God.

There ſhould be no ſmirking, no ſelf-approving half-ſuppreſſed ſmiles, no ſtudied graceful attitude, no curvetting of the head and neck, no toſſing forward of the ſhoulders, no prettineſs of gait, no regular intervals for adjuſting band, dreſs, book, handkerchief, gloves, and cuſhion.

I know two well meaning, and in other reſpects, pleaſant men, who loſing ſight of propriety, common ſenſe, and the ſacred nature of the office in which they are engaged, conſtantly exhibit, in the pulpit and reading deſk, the prepoſterous habits, affected niceties, and prim prettineſſes of coxcombs and *petit maitres*. As I am ſometimes (I thank God not often) obliged to ſubmit to the miſery of liſtening to them, they never fail, on theſe occaſions, exciting reſentment and diſguſt.

The deſirable happy medium between a Ranter and a Drone, it is eaſier to wiſh for, than deſcribe or to attain; it muſt be the effect of good ſenſe and correct taſte, on a temperate frame of body and mind, on a well modulated voice, a critical ear, an intereſting countenance, and a chaſte uniformity of expreſſion and geſture.

Many of theſe requiſites, it is true, muſt be born with a man, and cannot be acquired. Numbers of meritorious young clergymen, after long and conſiderable pains, have groſsly failed; while others, commencing their clerical functions, unprepared, and almoſt unpremeditated,

premeditated, have secured silent attention, and universal approbation.

He who could secure the occasional attendance of two or three judicious, candid, but *severe* friends, to hear him officiate during the first month of his entrance on the ministerial office, would reap considerable advantage from their observations.

Bishop Burnet is said to have indulged, in an undue degree of pulpit action, and to have been highly gratified with an indecorous mode of approbation, a sort of humming noise from the congregation, which was a prevalent fashion at that time. This custom, highly indecent in a place of worship, provoked the censure of Bishop Spratt, the sensible rival of the prelate of Salisbury; Spratt checked it frequently whilst he was preaching himself, and somewhat raising his voice, exclaimed, on more than one occasion; "Peace, peace, I pray you peace!" The whig divine, less delicate in his taste, and highly gratified by the noisy and indecent applause he had occasioned, is said to have some times sat down to enjoy it.

The cushion-thumping propensity of Burnet, often excited the profane merriment of Charles the Second; he told him, on one occasion, as he descended from preaching at the Royal Chapel; "If my doubts were not removed by the force of your arguments, my Lord, I should be instantly silenced by the weight of your fist."

The king was probably irritated by the honest censures of Burnet, who thought it his duty, as a Christian Bishop, to expostulate with Charles on his abandoned conduct; "The only means of extricating yourself from the troubles which surround you," said Burnet on a certain occasion, "is to remove the croud of giddy and guilty creatures that flutter about your court, for nothing hath so much tended to alienate the affections of your subjects, after the great loyalty and deliverances you have experienced, as the scandalous reports of your life and conversation, which, if you persist in, divine vengeance will pursue you

in

in this life, and render you for ever miserable in that which is to come."

In plainness of expression, and unadorned diction, Dr. Pocock, the well informed traveller, and afterwards a Bishop in Ireland, is said to have admirably adapted his discourses to the capacities of his congregation; a proceeding which does not appear to have satisfied all his hearers. A farmer, who resided near a living of the doctor's, being asked how he liked the Rector's preaching, replied, "He is not larned enough." His Curate wishing to excite wonder rather than diffuse instruction, improved from the hint in his next Sunday's sermon; the text was, "Repent, O house of Israel." It is very expressive in the original, said he, "*Poluphloisboio Thalasses.*" I doubt the authenticity of this anecdote; for, it is not probable, that a clergyman would violate decorum so grossly, as to introduce in his discourse, and more immediately in the presence of God Almighty, a pleasantry founded on falsehood.

PRATT, Mr. a modern poet, and an agreeable writer of novels, if he could repress the luxuriant diffuseness of his pen, and his tiresome tendency to voluminous expansion;—these, if indulged as of late, will inevitably lead him to the dry, flat, unvaried road of dullness and insipidity.

This short addition to his article in my second volume, is introduced for the purpose of replying to *certain remonstrances*, which accidentally caught the eye of the Editor; he begs leave to assure Mr. Pratt, that the little he said of him on a former occasion, was selected from a mass of materials sent, *unasked*, by the mail coach, from a *certain quarter*, evidently inimical to Courtney Melmoth; and that his selection was made with a partiality which has been blamed.

Indeed such is the general propensity of this collection, in favor of Mr. Pratt, that the compiler hath been frequently censured as an associate, in some way or other, selfishly

ly interested in promoting his fame; and, in one instance, he was *accused* by a critic, I believe in the English Review, of being Mr. Pratt, and, in that case, guilty of the unbecoming absurdity of praising himself.

After this preliminary statement, the Editor could not see, without surprize and regret, the word *malice* mentioned with relation to an article, which, in Mr. Pratt's case, has deviated into a fault of a very opposite tendency. Indeed, it is utterly impossible, that either malevolence or ignorance could have misled one, who hailed the gentle Courtney at his first appearance in the literary horizon, and has never since lost sight of him in his variegated literary career.

Should this ingenious writer still feel dissatisfied, the Editor can only lament, how very ill his success has kept pace with his design; and, in a future volume, he will endeavour to produce a more minute and correct statement, supported by affidavits, and illustrated by NOTES, which the possessors may probably be prevailed on to part with, for a trifling compensation!!

PROFLIGATE SERVANT, a singular but hazardous mode of reforming one.

During the year 1788, there appeared in one of the Irish Journals, an advertisement from a servant who wanted a valet's place, stating that he was *without a character*, and had many faults, but hoped to mend. A confession so frank, and indeed so uncommon in that class of people, caught the eye of a gentleman in the environs of Dublin, well known for his eccentric humour and generous hospitality.

He sent for the man, and on his entering the room, thus addressed him; "You graceless dog, that seem bent on starving, pray where and with whom did you live last?" "With Squire ———, of St. Stephen's Green," replied the valet, "and an ill-natured unreasonable man he was, an't please your honor, though 'tis true I gave him some *small cause*; would you believe it, sir, for no other reason

reaſon in the world, than becauſe I kept genteel hours, kiſſed the wenches, loved whiſky, and becauſe he miſſed a pair of ſilver mounted piſtols, and *another thing or two*, he ſent me packing, and ſtopped my wages."

"You are the lad for *my* money," ſaid the gentleman, "you have owned your faults, which I never was able before to prevail on a ſervant to do; I now know your failing; but remember, if I ever catch you at any of your light-fingered tricks, you ſhall certainly die in your ſhoes.—Be with me to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, you idle dog; in the mean-time, take theſe ten guineas and pay your old maſter for his piſtols."

The graceleſs rogue entered on his place the next day, and faithfully ſerved for the reſt of his life, his new maſter, who left him, at his deceaſe, a handſome annuity. He embarked in trade, was ſucceſsful, and, at the moment I write, is a wealthy and reſpectable merchant in Dublin.

By a ſevere diſciplinarian, he would have been doomed to confinement in a jail, that nurſery for violence and plunder, from which, after ſome ſlight puniſhment for his firſt offence, he would have iſſued a qualified deſperado; and, after a life of blood and plunder, in all human probability, would have expiated his crimes on a gibbet.

PULTENEY, Mr. afterwards Lord Bath, a crude reflection of his on the death of an amiable and worthy man.

"Arbuthnot," ſays Pultney, in a letter to Swift, "is dead. He lived the laſt ſix months of his life, in a very bad ſtate of health, hoping every night would be his laſt. He was weary of the world, not ſo much from diſeaſe, as that he was *tired of ſo much bad company*."

"This obſervation," ſays a commentator, "ſuppoſing it to be fact, is remarkable in a man of Arbuthnot's humour, whoſe mind ſeemed always pregnant with comic ideas; who had a remarkable, I had almoſt ſaid an inimitable manner, of ſeizing and diſplaying the ridiculous, in the moſt

vicious characters, an art in which, I think, he excelled his great cotemporaries, Swift and Pope.

"*Circum præcordia ludit*, was singularly applicable to Dr. Arbuthnot's writings, when he seems to laugh the most, he bites; that such a man, to whom almost every character was a source of amusement, that to such a man death should be welcome, because life was insipid, is a melancholy proof, that even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; that those best qualified to make others merry, are often least so themselves; that mirth and hilarity are often the effect of painful efforts, to shake off, for a time, the cares of life, and shut the eyes, for a few moments, from vexation."

Yet, in point of fact, I cannot help thinking Lord Bath was not correct; for, in a letter written by the physician, in October 1734, a few months before his death, he describes himself so reduced by dropsy and asthma, that he can neither sleep, breathe, eat, nor move, and earnestly intreats the Almighty to shorten his days; not (he adds afterwards) that I have any particular disgust against the world.

I believe my readers would think it time and pains ill bestowed, to enquire why a man, in such a situation, should pray for death. The observation of Lord Bath, I rather attribute to his courting the Dean, whom he dreaded, to his chiming in with the misanthrophic querulousness of the churchman; a common effect of old age, which strongly predominated, in the declining days of Swift; and, exasperated by political malignity, and disappointed ambition, embittered the last twenty years of his life.

If the good, the excellent Arbuthnot; born and bred in the lap of science; visited and caressed by wit, beauty, learning, and accomplishment; if a man so favored, sighed for death, because he was *tired of bad company*; God help the man who is obliged to draw all his amusement, and all his instruction, from gross ignorance, frivolous folly, and conceited absurdity.

Yet it hath been obſerved by a French writer "that the evils of this life, and the terrors of futurity would prove an inſupportable burthen, if the Almighty, in pity to man, had not infuſed into his nature, a tendency to vanity and frivolous purſuits, *il le crea frivole et vain*, this ſalutary ſpirit of nonſenſe enables him now and then to dance and ſing under his misfortunes."

RAVAGES, BURNINGS, AND MURDERS, practiſed by the ſupporters of the French Revolution, ſo eloquently deſcribed, ſo pathetically dwelt on, by Mr. Burke and his followers.

The evils produced on ſuch occaſions, it is eaſier to weep over, than prevent; yet the ſpirit which led to theſe exceſſes and enormities, was not confined to one party or one ſex: the following is part of an intercepted letter from a *ci-devant* Dutcheſs to Comartin.

"The ſword is all we have to truſt to, for *rooting out* theſe filthy Republicans, and more odious Conſtitutionaliſts; *vengeance* and *fire*, *maſſacre, force, and fraud*, every thing is to be employed in defence of ſo glorious a cauſe. I ſend you to decorate your colours, a piece of linen, dyed with the precious blood of the dear martyr Antoinette."

REFORMER of Meſſina; a ſingular character, delineated by the induſtrious compilation, or the offspring of the lively imagination of a reſpectable miſcellaneous writer, who *flouriſhed* about twenty years ſince, without mentioning his authority, or referring to any authentic hiſtorical evidence; he introduces the character, as an inſtance of the *heroic lunacy of public ſpirit*, produced by flagrant depravity, and univerſal corruption.

The ſubject of our preſent page is deſcribed as a poor, but honeſt and induſtrious mechanic, whoſe daily occupation did not prevent his noticing the ſcenes which paſſed before him.

He ſaw with indignation, a general abſence of public virtue, and private principle; honeſty oppreſſed, and vice rewarded; the ſword of

of juſtice evaded by corruption; a univerſal degeneracy of manners, and a want of power or inclination in government, to chaſtiſe offenders.

Under the impulſe of ſuch convictions, and ſtimulated by a zeal, which individuals cannot be too cautious how they indulge; he boldly reſolved to take on himſelf the arduous taſk of a Reformer; having previouſly determined in his own mind, that the diſeaſe was ſpread too widely, and too deeply rooted, to admit of palliative or trifling remedies; he was conſcious that the *verbal* remonſtrances and interference of a man in his obſcure rank, would be ridiculed, diſregarded, and finally draw down deſtruction on his own head, without rendering any ſervice to mankind.

With a mixture of courage and caution, he reſolved to work at once upon the fears of the wicked; and thoſe who proved themſelves equally inattentive to the voice of conſcience, and a dread of *future* puniſhment, to terrify by *inſtant viſitation*, and diſmay, by ſignal deſtruction, from a quarter unknown and unſeen, and which it would be wholly out of their power to guard againſt or avoid.

Providing himſelf with a ſhort gun, which he loaded and concealed under his cloak, he ſallied forth in dark evenings, and as ſafe opportunities offered, diſpatched incorrigible offenders, of various ranks, whoſe notorious enormities had long condemned them in the public opinion.

In different parts of Meſſina, and in the courſe of a few months, many individuals were found ſhot, but their property untouched; uſurers who had ruined thouſands by extortion; unjuſt, oppreſſive magiſtrates, who converted the laws of their country into inſtruments for gratifying their avarice or revenge; bad miniſters, who had involved their countrymen in bloody, ruinous, and unneceſſary war; pretended patriots, who indiſcriminately oppoſed and cenſured every meaſure of government, for the corrupt purpoſe of forwarding the intereſt of themſelves and partizans, and ultimately ſuc-

succeeding to the places of those they abused; adulterers and debauchees; husbands who blushed not to live on the price of nuptial prostitution; and wives who considered beauty as a fair resource, for repairing the fortunes they had dissipated at the gaming table.

The general astonishment was considerable, no consummate villain of consequence, dared to walk the streets; it was in vain that guards and spies were employed to discover the murderer; his systematic caution eluded all the arts of the police; perhaps the great mass of people were not wholly displeased at the judicial and exemplary dispatch he made.

After more than fifty of the worst men of the city had been put to death, without a single circumstance arising, which could enable any one to guess by whom they were assassinated; the Viceroy thinking it necessary to exert himself in every possible way, to discover the author, published a proclamation, in which after enlarging on the general terror, and the melancholy catastrophes which had taken place, he offered a reward of ten thousand crowns, to any man who should apprehend, or be instrumental in apprehending the offender or offenders; the same sum, and a free pardon were also offered to the person who actually committed the murders in question, if he would confess them, and the motives by which he was actuated.

To render his sincerity unquestionable, the Viceroy went publickly, in procession, and with great pomp and splendor, to the cathedral; received the holy sacrament, solemnly repeated his promise at the altar, and that he would strictly, and without mental reservation, perform his vow in every particular.

The assassin having satisfied his zeal for justice, or being willing to secure his own safety, as well as that independence, which he thought he deserved, immediately repaired to the Viceregal palace; demanded an audience, and after many strong assurances from the Prince, that he would religiously observe his oath, confessed himself guilty of

having

having killed the perſons, at different times, found in the ſtreets.

The Viceroy pauſed for a few moments; and after ſuppreſſing as far as he was able, the ſtrong emotions of horror and ſurprize, which ſtruggled in his breaſt, proceeded to argue with him on the unjuſtifiable cruelty and irregularity of his proceeding; the intrepid mechanic defended his conduct on the plea of juſtice, and the intereſts of morality and virtue, and concluded a ſenſible reply, in which he ſeverely reflected on the chief magiſtrate, for ſuffering ſo many bad men to live.

The Royal Repreſentative, whatever might be his reſentment or his inclination, religiouſly kept his word, paid this ſevere Reformer the ſtipulated ſum; and as it was judged that Meſſina might not in every reſpect, be a proper reſidence, after what had happened, he ſoon after embarked, with his family and effects, in a merchant ſhip, bound to Genoa, and paſſed the remainder of his life in the territory of that Republic. However dangerous and unwarrantable it may be to encourage ſuch a ſpecies of active zeal, his fellow citizens confeſſed, that for many years they felt the advantage of his ſeverity and impartial juſtice.

It is well for the governors of the world, and for the peace of mankind, that this Minos of Meſſina is not more frequently imitated; for, if every man were to conſider himſelf as authorized to wield the ſword of juſtice, it would be a productive ſource of public anarchy and private diſtreſs. How very few of us are qualified for the important office *he* undertook? He poſſeſſed, it is true, ſeveral eſſential and indiſpenſible requiſites for a Reformer; integrity, diſintereſtedneſs, and perſonal intrepidity; but he was deficient in omniſcience, to render his deciſions unerring; he was not able to dive, like him, to whom all hearts are open, into the deep ſeated motives of human action; he probably, like his fellow men, could not entirely diveſt himſelf of the baſer paſſions, which are ſometimes concealed

under the maſk of public ſpirit, paſſions, which with all our beſt efforts, we cannot ſhake off, whilſt we continue in our tenements of clay.

In an hour of ſplenetic deſpondency, or of daring and unjuſtifiable irritation, I have ſometimes wiſhed that ſome cœleſtial, unerring, but invisible ſpirit, at different ages, and in different parts of the world, had been commiſſioned by the Almighty, to interfere *more immediately* in the puniſhing, or rather the checking and preventing atrocious offenders, and yet not to *apparently* interrupt the free agency of man.

Without being aware that my reverie was incompatible with the ſyſtem of a *general* Providence, and without conſidering its impiety, I have ſometimes thus given way to the impulſe of predominating imagination.

" What reaſonable man could have repined, had Eve ſunk to the ground, never to riſe again, as ſhe was conveying the fatal apple to her lips? Who would not have exulted, in reading that Cain's arm had dropped palſied to his ſide, while he was raiſing it, in order to murder his brother? What miſchief would have been prevented, had blindneſs ſeized on David, while he was caſting adulterous looks at the wife of Uriah? How many dangers, and how many difficulties would the Egyptians have eſcaped, had Pharaoh been removed from the book of life? —The flagrant enormities of a long and diſgraceful liſt of Roman Emperors, under whoſe vices, the world, deluged with blood, groaned for ſo many ages, might have been put an end to, by a ſlight twiſt, or the gentle preſſure of a nervous fibre.

" The hand which ſigned the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and gave the fiat to the bloody St. Bartholomew Tragedy, by one of theſe inviſible agents, might have been rendered harmleſs and inert. Thirteen colonies would ſtill have remained in the poſſeſſion of Great Britain, had the rude flippant tongue of the man, who ſhut the door of the Council Chamber in Dr. Franklin's face, been im-

immovably fixed to the roof of his mouth; and lastly, Louis XVI, and Antoinette might still have sat on the throne of France, had his Counsellor dropped in an apoplexy, at the moment he advised his sovereign, contrary to his own inclinations, to become *their great and good ally*, and send his troops to learn new lessons, on shores beyond the Atlantic.

REASON, its use and abuse.

The following words of a late writer, would make no bad addition to the Athanasian Article in my first volume.

" To magnify the powers of reason beyond their extent, or to depreciate them below their real use, are extremes injurious to the cause of truth, and great impediments to our forming a correct judgment on subjects of the first importance to our happiness.

" He who should assert, that human intellect is fully adequate to the discussion and comprehension of the various and wonderful operations of Nature, which every where surround him, or the unfathomable mysteries of Divine Revelation, would *feel* himself contradicted by the experience of every moment of his life.

" It is therefore of the first consequence, to determine the extent of our faculties, to decide how far, and on what subjects they may safely be trusted.

" To form a judgment of men and things, from comparing the past with the present, and to deduce useful rules for our conduct in life; to draw from a study of human nature, the laws of our frame, and the constitution of society, apt arts for increasing or establishing the advantages we enjoy from it; to examine the proofs on which the validity of holy writ depends, and to be able to guard ourselves against the delusions of enthusiasts, are a few of the great purposes, for which the human understanding may be safely relied on."

Satisfied with that portion of knowledge, which it has pleased the Almighty to impart, and not complaining of that which he hath thought proper to withhold, let us

Hope

Hope humbly then, with
trembling pinions ſoar,
Wait the great teacher,
death, and God adore.

A miſapplied or miſquoted paſſage of Dr. Foſter, which may be found in the article, Myſtery, of the preſent volume, will ſerve to elucidate and eſtabliſh the theory I wiſh to ſupport.

RESOURCES OF ORGANIC DEPRIVATION. On this ſubject it hath been frequently remarked, that the deaf, the dumb, the lame, and the blind, are generally, and for the moſt part amply compenſated for the loſs they labour under, by a proportionate augmentation of ingenuity or ſtrength, in ſome other way; the following is a remarkable and well authenticated inſtance.

Joſeph Strong, of the city of Carliſle, had been blind from his infancy, but found means to acquire, and now does, or very lately did, actually practice the buſineſs of a diaper-weaver in that city; and is conſidered not only as a good, but a very expeditious workman. *By way of amuſement* for his intervals of leiſure, he is his own carpenter, joiner, and cabinet-maker; and moſt of the pieces of machinery uſed in his trade, as well as the furniture and domeſtic utenſils of his own houſe, are of his conſtruction, as alſo the model of a loom, and the figure of a man working at it.

At the age of fifteen, impelled by curioſity, or the ſpur of productive genius, he concealed himſelf in the cathedral, after divine ſervice in the evening, and when the doors were ſhut, groped his way to the organ gallery; he proceeded minutely to examine every part of the inſtrument, but accidentally or deſignedly touching the keys, by means of ſome remaining unexhauſted wind from the bellows, the noiſe at that hour, for it was now almoſt midnight, naturally alarmed the inhabitants of the neighbouring houſes, more particularly as their organiſt had lately died, and no ſucceſſor was yet appointed. After ſome delay on the ſcore of terror, the door was opened, and the parties directing their ſearch

to the organ gallery, found Joſeph, to whom night was as noon day, buſily engaged. He was reprimanded by the Dean, for his ill-choſen hour, but permitted to *feel* the organ at all ſeaſonable times.

In conſequence of this permiſſion, he began making a chamber organ, which he finiſhed without aſſiſtance, and inſtructed himſelf ſufficiently in muſic, to uſe the inſtrument for the purpoſes of devotion, and temporary relaxation from buſineſs; on theſe occaſions, generally making uſe of chaunts of his own compoſition, which though wildly irregular, are ſaid by thoſe who have heard them played, to be remarkably conſonant with the impreſſions and ſentiments of the words which accompany them.

Having heard much of Mr. Stanley, the organiſt and compoſer, Mr. Strong *walked* from Carliſle to London, for the purpoſe of converſing with that gentleman, and on this occaſion, made, for the firſt time, a pair of travelling ſhoes, which to uſe his own words, he made ſtout, in the hope they would laſt his journey, which he accompliſhed; was ſeen and heard to play, by ſeveral diſtinguiſhed characters, returned to his own houſe in health and ſpirits, having experienced the generoſity of ſeveral well-diſpoſed perſons.

He afterwards built for himſelf a ſecond organ, and diſpoſed of the firſt to a Manks gentleman, who afterwards removed to Ireland; and this wonderful production of a blind, uneducated man, is now in Dublin, and conſidered as a great curioſity.

After relating ſuch circumſtances, we may perhaps liſten with leſs difficulty, to a certain modern writer, who obſerves, that if the human intellect continues to make a progreſs in improvement, proportionate to the ſtrides it has made during the laſt fifty years, he ſhall not be ſurprized to be told of an apparatus, by which a farmer will be enabled to put a plough, *properly inſtructed*, into a field, in the morning, and to find his ground ploughed,

ghed, dreſſed, and ſown, on his return in the evening.

RICHARD EMPSON, alias Sir Richard Empſon, omitted in the hurry of publication, in his proper place in the alphabet; a lawyer, in the reign of King Henry the Seventh, and the ſon of a ſieve-maker at Towceſter, in Northamptonſhire, who, to uſe the words of an old provincial biographer, *ſiſted the eſtates* of the wealthieſt men in England.

This money-loving king, ſays the ſame quaint writer, repenting when it was too late, that he had rejected the offers of Columbus, to ſail in the Engliſh ſervice, on a voyage of diſcovery, *reſolved to find the Indies at home.* Looking about him, he at laſt caſt his eyes on the ſubject of this article, whom he made Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaſter; nor could he have fixed on a perſon more admirably qualified for his purpoſe. Empſon, a man of ſtrong intellect, and undaunted countenance, had diligently ſtudied, and was eminently learned in the law, but wanted that, without which, a good lawyer makes a bad man; a feeling and honeſt heart. With Edmund Dudley, an apt aſſociate, of good family, but devoted to the court, he converted the penal code, and obſolete or forgotten ſtatutes, into inſtruments, for levying heavy fines on his fellow ſubjects, and filling the coffers of his ſovereign; not forgetting at the ſame time, to repleniſh his own.

It was their cuſtom to indict ſuch as were reputed rich, of ſundry crimes, and when the bills were found by a pliant Grand Jury, aſſiſted by a train of witneſſes, who were not ſcrupulous in taking an oath, they adviſed the parties to compound the matter with the king, and generally terrified them into compliance.

Men's eſtates were confiſcated on vain and frivolous pretences, and reſpectable families reduced to beggary and ruin; pardons, relief from offices unjuſtly laid on perſons, tenures in capite, and reverſals of outlawries, were copious ſources of wealth; the indignation againſt the king and

and his tools became general, but Henry was called to anſwer for his conduct, at a tribunal, where kings who have done wrong, *will* be puniſhed.

Empſon, whoſe day of retribution alſo approach'd, was called before the Council, by Henry VIIIth, in the hope of appeaſing popular diſcontent; but the lawyers had acted with ſo much legal cunning, prudence, and precautionary formality, producing for every thing they did, poſitive orders, ſigned by the late king, that Henry, in effecting his ends, as little ſcrupulous with regard to means, as any monarch in Chriſtendom, even Henry found it impoſſible to convict them, without paſſing a ſentence of condemnation on the memory of his father, or what to him would have been more irkſome, refunding the ill-gotten wealth, to his injured ſubjects.

Retaining the money, and at the ſame time keeping up an apparent attention to juſtice, he committed the offenders to the tower, and early in the ſixteenth century they were executed, on ſome fabricated charge of treaſon, of which they were innocent; after having eſcaped puniſhment for a long train of enormities, of which, though protected by prerogative, they were actually guilty: Empſon defended himſelf with conſiderable profeſſional dexterity; the following were ſome of his words.

"The accuſation brought againſt me is new, and without precedent; moſt proſecutions have been carried on againſt thoſe who have acted againſt law, or diſobeyed the commands of their ſovereign. In the preſent caſe, I am called to account for obeying the expreſs orders of his Majeſty's father, and acting preciſely according to the law of the land; if my conduct is to be conſidered as a puniſhable offence, and it be divulged to foreign nations, they will infer, that the diſſolution of the Engliſh government is approaching."

The Preſident of the Council told him, "that he ſpoke with unwarrantable freedom, but that his eloquence was fruitleſs and unſeaſonable;

ble; that he was not accused of executing the laws, but of stretching them beyond due bounds, and rendering them instruments of injustice; that he was not brought in question for obeying his royal master, but for exceeding his commission, and for not submitting to the king's consideration, as was his bounden duty, any proceeding which bore hard on the rights of the subject."

The prodigious wealth of Empson, more than his guilt, probably accelerated his ruin. His treasures were soon dissipated by the voluptuous extravagance, and indiscriminate sensuality of Henry. His house and gardens, which are described as the most sumptuous, magnificent, and extensive, of any private man's of his day, were given to Wolsey; these, almost the first harbingers of royal favor, are said to have occupied the whole space, at the back of Fleet Street, from the present foot of Black Friars-bridge, to the Temple Gardens.

An historian of that period declares, that he saw an account book of Empson's, with much of the king's writing, in various parts, by way of note; and that the following entry caught his eye: Received of **** (an offender under sentence) five marks, for a pardon to be procured for him; *the money to be returned, if the pardon do not pass, except the party be other ways satisfied.* Opposite to this memorandum, on the margin of the book was written, in the king's own hand, OTHER WAYS SATISFIED.

It is not easy, in this and other traits of the Seventh Henry, to recognize or reconcile them to, the mild virtues, and magnanimous conduct of the pious Richmond, (as delineated by Shakespeare) the subduer of tyranny, and the rescuer of beauty. Our child of nature was clearly warped by court influence; his business, at all events, was to paint Devil Richard, *as black as possible*, and to flatter, by every means in his power, the immediate ancestor of Elizabeth, the sovereign at that time on the throne. —— Without yielding implicitly to the pleasant chimæras of Horace

race Walpole, all muſt agree, that the man who could thus proſtitute his honor and dignity, did not deſerve to triumph in Boſworth Field; he did not deſerve to reign. Richard, with all his ferocity, would have deſpiſed ſo diſgraceful a proceeding.

Nothing could eſcape the rapacious induſtry of the Seventh Henry, and his myrmidons; his quick ſighted avarice appeared in an inſtance, uncreditable to his political gratitude as a king, and his manners as a gentleman. There were ſeveral acts of parliament paſſed, for obvious and wiſe reaſons, againſt giving liveries to any but menial ſervants. The Earl of Oxford, to whom the king was more obliged than to any man in the realm, incautiouſly ſubjected himſelf to the penalties of theſe ſtatutes, and on an occaſion, when moſt princes would have overlooked it.

The king, on a certain occaſion, viſiting the Earl at Caſtle Henningham, was entertained with magnificent and expenſive hoſpitality; ſeeing, as he departed, a number of perſons, dreſſed in rich liveries, arranged on each ſide of the apartments and gallery through which the royal viſitor paſſed. "My Lord," ſaid the crafty monarch, turning to the Earl, "I had heard much of your hoſpitality, but it exceeds all report; theſe handſome gentlemen, and luſty yeomen, I ſee on both ſides, are ſurely your menial ſervants." — The Earl, not perceiving his inſidious aim, anſwered, "I do not, my Liege, keep ſo many domeſticks, they are only tenants, neighbours, and humble retainers, whom I ordered to attend; conſidering it my duty to pay your majeſty every homage and reſpect in my power."— Henry ſtarting a little, replied; "By my faith, my Lord, I thank you for your good cheer; but I muſt not ſuffer the laws to be thus broken before my face; MY ATTORNEY MUST TALK WITH YOU." This buſineſs, imputable to the ſuſpicious timidity of the king, as well as his love of money, coſt the generous Earl fifteen thouſand marks.

ROACH,

ROACH, Sir BOYLE, a gentleman who has often been the butt of ridicule for Irish bulls he never uttered, and blunders he never made; but if he had been the author of all imputed to him, the following reply would excuse them:

"I am the guardian of my own honor," said a gentleman, who has often been censured in this collection, in reply to a personal allusion; "I am glad to hear it," said Sir Boyle, "you have been long looking for a place, and at last have hit upon a sinecure."

ROUSSEAU, a man of genius, with all its headstrong absurdities, a mixture of milk and vinegar, of honey, and of gall, 'every thing by turns, and nothing long.'—He has been called a philosopher run mad, an inspired ideot; dull, trifling, impertinent, and disgusting, such was Rousseau. Yet, it is impossible to deny, that the author of Emilius, was a man of genius; now good, solid, generous, sublime; the next moment vile, contemptible, vain, supercilious, and affected.

"Assemble around me, brother mortals," says Jean Jaques, in that curious, but reprehensible work, his Confessions, "assemble around me, lament my misery, blush at my imperfections; but, at the same time, and with the same sincerity, lay open your own hearts, and say, if you dare, *I was better than Rousseau.*"

But it is not to discriminate, or enter on an enquiry into the character of the *inspired madman of Geneva*, that he is mentioned in this place, but to notice a glaring inconsistency in his system of toleration.

Persecuted and harrassed, as well by the exasperated bigots of his day, as his own imprudent unaccommodating spirit, it was more in *his* power than that of most men, to judge, experimentally, of that inquisitorial popish spirit, which we naturally expect in a pupil of Ignatius or Dominick, but are surprized to meet with in an enlightened, philosophic protestant.

Towards hereticks, Rousseau appears to be pacific and mild; but, against fanaticks, he boldly recommends

mends corporal punifhment, and the rigor of the magiftrate. It feems as if the fpirit of Calvin, with a new name, and in another garb, had ftill hovered round the Lake of Geneva, in the hope that he might difmifs another victim to the fhades below, who, meeting the unhappy Servetus, might tell him, that like him he too was doomed to the flames by bigotry. "By bigotry," would the furprized Servetus have exclaimed, "by bigotry, in the eighteenth century." "Yes," might the ftranger have replied, "the unrelenting bigotry of fcepticifm." The victim of Calvin would have lamented, with a figh, that mankind, in every age, is to be the dupe of, and the facrifices to their own infatuations.

But I muft not forget the want of toleration in Rouffeau: "Fanaticifm," fays the inconfiftent philofopher, "is not a corrigible error, but a blind and fenfelefs fury, which reafon can never keep within bounds. The only way to hinder it from fpreading, is to reftrain the difciples of it.

"It is in vain to demonftrate to madmen, that they are deceived by their leaders; they will ftill be as eager as ever to follow them. Wherever fanaticifm has been introduced, I fee but one way to ftop its progrefs, and that is, to combat it with its own weapons. Little does it avail to reafon with thofe whom it is impoffible to convince; YOU MUST LAY ASIDE PHILOSOPHY, SHUT YOUR BOOKS, TAKE UP THE SWORD, AND PUNISH THE KNAVES."

"This fentiment," fays a pupil of Mr. Burke's at my elbow, "is the foundation ftone, the leading principle of the French Revolution; it is thus the fceptre of the monarch has been broken by the fword of philofophy."

The following fpeech, written originally for a prieft, may hereafter be equally fuitable for a fceptic:—

Oh were I feated high as my ambition,
I'd place this naked foot on neck of monarchs,
And make them bow to creeds myfelf wou'd laugh at.

The

The ſucceeding lines, though written nearly half a century ago, might alſo be applied to a triumphant Republic, originally founded for the expreſs purpoſes of vindicating oppreſſed liberty; ſhould it ever ſo far forget itſelf, as to aſſume the worſt features of deſpotiſm, fetter the preſs, and violate the freedom of opinion, and the ſecurity of perſon and property, under the impoſing magic of ſome deluſive word.

E'en ſtern philoſophy, if once triumphant,
Shall frame ſome jargon, and exact obedience,
To metaphyſic nonſenſe worſe than ours:
'Tis not at Rome, but IN THE HUMAN HEART,
WE PLANT OUR BANNERS.

ROYAL CANDOUR. A writer, cotemporary with Charles the Second, records the following trait in that ſovereign's character.

Being aſked why he always read his ſpeeches to the parliament, the king replied; "I have aſked my ſubjects ſo often for money, that I am really aſhamed to look them any longer in the face."

Theſe, and other ſallies of frankneſs and gaiety in Charles, will, in ſome degree, excuſe the wonderful attachment of a certain portion of his ſubjects, under the trying circumſtances of difficulty and diſtreſs in which they were placed. Had he not, from mercenary or ſenſual motives, ſacrificed, in every inſtance, the intereſts of England to the inſidious policy, and lawleſs ambition of France; his people, taſting the ſweets of repoſe, might have looked up to him with gratitude, as a reſtorer of their conſtitution, as a king who had reſcued them from the iron ſceptre of a protector, from the enthuſiaſm and cant of republican deſpots.

Acting, as he did, he was a flagrant inſtance of odious depravity, and baſe ingratitude; to the Almighty, who had preſerved him amidſt ſo many perils, and to the people, who had ſo recently reſtored him to the throne of his anceſtors.

SABBATH DAY, the religious obſervance of, a practice in which modern chriſtians are conſiderably relaxed, in ſpite of new penalties, and additional legiſlative reſtraints; a portion of our ſtatute book, conſidered by many as impolitic, partial, and oppreſſive, and bearing particularly hard on the lower claſſes of mechanics and artizans.

They complain, and complain with reaſon, that the legiſlature has impoſed a galling yoke on *their* ſhoulders, which they avowedly and notoriouſly have ſlipped from their own; that they are deprived of the liberty of being ſhaved and combed on the only morning of the week they have half an hour to ſpare for the humble luxury of cleanlineſs and comfort; while perſons of rank and fortune, enjoy it without diſturbance or controul, at any day, or at any hour they pleaſe, under their own roofs.

It hath alſo been obſerved, that at a period when the language of complaint is generally prevalent, and, in ſome inſtances, well founded and juſt, it hath been obſerved, that when it was difficult, if not impoſſible, for thouſands to procure meat, or fuel to dreſs it with, it was peculiarly cruel, *at ſuch a ſeaſon*, to tie up the hands of the baker from heating his oven, at any hour, or on any day of the week; that, in every point of view, moral, humane, or religious, the regulation was equally unfavorable; for that, if a baker was permitted to follow his occupation, fifty people might go to church, whilſt the buſineſs of preparing their dinners, was the occupation of a ſingle man.

But however oppreſſive or injudicious theſe additions to our penal code, they would have been ſubmitted to with leſs reluctance, had not too many of thoſe, who ought to be an example, and ſhining light to their inferiors, had they not regularly ſelected the Sabbath, as the grand day of exhibition, as an appointed time for collecting together the gay, the giddy, the guilty, and the unthinking, the old and the young, in a promiſcuous crowd,

crowd, for the purpoſes of fraudulent paſt-time, bacchanalian riots, and unchriſtian profanation:

Quis tulerit Gracchos de ſeditione querentes?

To the remonſtrances of a magiſtrate, before whom a hair-dreſſer and baker had been accuſed of breaking the Sabbath, they made the following unanſwerable reply: "It is our duty to ſubmit to your determination; but we cannot help conſidering the law which devotes us to fine or impriſonment, as intolerably harſh, partial, and ſevere; becauſe it would be difficult, in the whole range of this great metropolis, to produce an inſtance of one nobleman, biſhop, or man of fortune, who exhibits an undreſſed head, or eats a cold dinner on a Sunday."

As health is indiſputably one of our firſt bleſſings, it hath been thought unwiſe, as well as unmerciful, to check men from breathing the freſh breeze on a Sunday, who have been confined at the ſhuttle and the loom, and other ſedentary unwholeſome occupations, in cloſe rooms for ſix preceding days.—And, after a due performance of religious duties, there ſeems nothing contradictory to reaſon or revelation, in the ſalutary indulgence of a country walk, or the frugal pleaſure of ſocial intercourſe.

In this, as in other inſtances, human wants, and human feelings, ſtep in to correct the errors of unaccommodating zeal, and the deciſions of legiſlators, who are ſaid, in this inſtance, to have been ſtimulated to ſo unreaſonable and inexpedient a proceeding, by outrageous ſectaries, and rigid, unfeeling diſciplinarians. Nor is the reſtriction found to anſwer the purpoſe propoſed by its ſanguine, perhaps, its well-meaning advocates; it only drives the multitude from harmleſs recreation, the natural and ſimple pleaſures of cheerful converſe, and pure air, to the beaſtly ſottiſhneſs of an alehouſe, or the more rank concealment of a ſtew.

These teazing meaſures, enforced too at a time when ſo many cauſes for diſſatisfaction

diſſatisfaction are ſuppoſed to exiſt, have been compared to the conduct of an unfeeling nurſe, who having occaſioned a child to cry by rough uſage, a pin miſplaced, or a cruſhing ſhoe, afterwards inflicts a ſevere whipping on the unhappy infant, with the following rational apoſtrophe: "You ſhall have ſomething to cry for *now*, you little brat."

With reſpect to ſabbatical obſervance, good ſenſe, and peculiarity of circumſtance and ſituation, muſt determine the ſafe line of practical utility; while it is difficult, if not impoſſible, to depart ſafely from a poſitive religious inſtitution, with whoſe obſervance the great intereſts of chriſtianity, and public welfare, are ſo intimately blended; we ought to be cautious how we diminiſh the few pleaſures of the poor, or attempt to increaſe their burthens. We muſt endeavour, as far as lies in our power, to make their pleaſures and their comforts keep pace with their duties; but, above all, let us not be making laws, and enforcing ſyſtems on others, which we are ourſelves, every moment of our lives deviating from, or flying in the face of.

SAVAGE, RICHARD, ſon of the unnatural Counteſs of Macclesfield, the fruit and the victim of her illicit intrigue (though ſhe was a married woman and a peereſs) with the Earl of Rivers.

The crimes, the follies, and misfortunes of this unhappy man, have been delineated by the ſtrong hand, and palliated by the venial partiality of Dr. Johnſon, the ſympathizer with his woes, the ſharer of his depreſſion, and his companion during many a midnight excurſion, in which they attempted to ſoothe each other's ſorrows.

It is worthy of remark, that, for a long courſe of years, while folly and vice were repoſing on beds of down, rioting on dainties, or diſſipating their wealth in vicious ſuperfluity; theſe individuals, one of whom, had not his father been wicked, and his mother cruel, would have been nurſed in the lap of fortune; and the other, a literary character, who reflected

flected honor on his country; were often wandering through the nocturnal gloom of the metropolis, almost bedless and supperless, with heaven their canopy, and the wide world to range in.

This article is not introduced, in the vain, and presumptuous hope, of improving on the author of the Rambler; it is for the purpose of recalling the attention of *certain of my readers*, who think the incompatibility of their circumstances for marriage, a full and sufficient excuse for unhallowed pleasure; it is to call their attention, to *one* of the numerous evils of indiscriminate amorous indulgence. The circumstance I would wish to press on their consideration, is the fate of their offspring.

Those, as I have observed in another part of this collection, who possess the fortune, as well as the love of variety of a Beckford, though their moral turpitude is the same, may guard against *some* of the consequences, which greatly aggravate the crime, by bestowing on their natural children, a decent maintenance, christian education, and competent instruction in the means of future support. But the million who yield to every impulse, and indulge every desire; to whom a cap and a petticoat are always sufficient incitements; and who, if they can pay their surgeon, and compound with the churchwarden, think, that no further duty remains; I would wish to ask them, what will be their feelings in the decline of life, when they are, or ought to be preparing to give an account of their thoughts, words, and works?

How acute will *then* be their regrets, to fear, if not certainly to know that they have given existence to many wretched infants, and instead of bestowing on them the tender attentions and affectionate solicitude of a parent, have resigned them into the hands of hard-hearted mercenaries, the filthy negligence of a poor-house, and the obduracy of official selfishness.

Savage, whose life was a continual struggle with misfortune, and clouded with real or imputed crimes, who

who was a burthen to society, and narrowly escaped the penalties of offended justice; the unhappy Savage, had he not been deserted by the abominable Countess, and had he been religiously and properly educated, might, and probably would have been a useful and accomplished member of the community, the delight of his family and friends.

SAVAGES. What author or what traveller is it, who exclaims, on seeing certain inhabitants of an unknown coast, on which he landed; "We have nothing to fear from these people, they have not 'till now, seen a European."

I have heard this florid invective against civilized society much commended, yet I doubt if the deductions which have been drawn from it, are well founded; like other strong assertions, the offspring of a warm imagination, it must be taken with considerable allowance.

If it were possible that navigators could have their choice, whether, in case of being wrecked, they would prefer a civilized or a savage coast, it is not clear that all would pronounce in favor of the latter.

That in too many European countries, a certain unhappy portion of society, unprepared by education, uninfluenced by religion, and stimulated by poverty, still continue to practise a merciless system of plunder and violence, I confess, with regret; but it is not customary to pronounce on the excellence of a vintage, by a sample, drawn from the fœculencies and dregs of the wine vat.

The savage, it hath been said, may, and in many instances will offer personal outrage; after depriving the boat of its nails, and the carpenter of his tools; as hunger, or a love of variety may tempt, he will devour his unfortunate guest. Against such attacks the traveller, aware of his danger, must guard; but in his intercourse with polished society, he has evils to combat, which prudence cannot provide against, nor circumspection avoid.

He will probably be received and treated with kindness, his wants will be liberally

berally supplied; but these attentions will afford a very slender compensation, for a wife seduced, a daughter debauched, and a son corrupted; for a heart pierced by the envenomed arrows of hypocrisy and fraud, concealed under the specious exterior of hospitality and friendship.

SAVILLE, Sir GEORGE, Knight of the Shire, during a long period, for the county of York, a disinterested real patriot, a man of honor, and a gentleman, who fulfilling the various, and in turbulent times, the important duties of a Country Magistrate, and a Member of Parliament, with integrity, vigor, and public spirit, has left behind him a character, which, at a season when it is so difficult to distinguish between patriotism and party spirit, I cannot contemplate or record, without the strongest emotions of love, veneration, and regret.

Although his form was slender, and his constitution delicate, he was indefatigable in the performance of duty, early and late; *esse quam videri*, to *be* useful, rather than appear to be so, was the leading maxim of his life; temperate, chearful, unassuming, he was beloved by all who knew him, and although title and elevated situations were repeatedly within his reach, he never *stooped* to accept them.

Defending with his pen, as well as his voice, the great principles of the English Constitution, he of course opposed those illegal and flagrant proceedings of the minister of that day, general warrants, and seizure of papers.

The American war, in its commencement, progress, and termination, he vigorously opposed, not only as unjust in principle, but from its political inexpediency, and the utter impossibility of success.

The title, ridiculously assumed by the Gallico-Prussian Anacharsis Cloots, might have been applied to this excellent man, with the strictest truth; he was in theory and in practice, THE ORATOR OF HUMAN NATURE; there was no useful project, or humane undertaking, he did not patronize, nor any oppressive one, he did not endeavor to

to counteract. Such a man, who knew no medium between duty and inclination, or promise and performance, was naturally defamed by the ministerial hirelings of the day; his frank avowal, without reserve, of universal unfettered toleration, exposed him to the merciless and destructive outrages of certain Protestant bigots; at the moment his house was blazing, in consequence of their infuriated zeal, he spoke of them with pity and forbearance.

I GRACE MY PAGE WITH THE NAME OF SIR GEORGE SAVILLE, IN THE HOPE OF INFLUENCING THE CONDUCT, OR DYING THE CHEEKS OF SOME OF HIS DEGENERATE ASSOCIATES, WHO APPARENTLY ASSUMING HIS PUBLIC PRINCIPLES, FORGET TO IMITATE HIS PRIVATE VIRTUES.

SCAURUS, MARCUS EMILIUS, addition to.

Scaurus lapsed into the common, but vexatious error of old age, he married in the decline of life, a woman who was considerably younger than himself, and survived him.

Her name was Emilia, the daughter of Metellus, the Pontiff, and niece to the Conqueror of Numidia. She had a son and a daughter by Scaurus, and afterwards became the wife of Sylla, before he possessed the dictatorial power, but is said not to have considered fidelity as an indispensible nuptial obligation.

It has been observed by a learned lady, I believe Madam Dacier, that any woman, of a tolerable person, and common understanding, can very easily retain the affections of her husband, if she will only condescend a little to humour his infirmities, and observe a decent degree of prudence and external propriety in her gallantries, particularly if he is a few years older than herself; she further adds, that a wife of the above description, may not only pass through life unsuspected, but may, without difficulty, make her husband believe he possesses her affections inviolate.

Without pretending to determine a subject, which must wholly depend on the share of intellect, confidence, and *cullibility* of each of the parties, it appears that

that Sylla, though a cruel dictator, was a *good* husband, he either did not know, or would not see the frailties of Emilia, 'till he besieged Athens.

On this occasion the satirical Greeks, whose wit was probably sharpened by malignity, on this occasion they reviled the Roman General, from their battlements, with many coarse jokes on the infidelity of his wife; called him an impotent old cuckold, and told him, instead of molesting and laying waste the territories of his neighbours, he would act much wiser, to stay at home and look after his wife.

This provoking insult, is said not to have at all diminished the kindness of Sylla, as a husband, but naturally exasperated the resentments of the conqueror, who soon after took Athens by storm, and covering the disgrace of his brows with laurel, revenged the indecorous insolence of the Athenians, by fire and sword.

The son of Scaurus, by Emilia, inherited his vast wealth, but not his accumulating spirit; and in the hope of effacing the character of pecuniary rapacity, attached to the memory of his father, he spent large sums in public festivals and magnificent spectacles, during his edileship, of which a pompous description is given by Pliny; possessing neither his abilities, or political consequence, he exhibited no small portion of his arrogance and ungovernable spirit.

As Prætor of Sardinia, he gave frequent proofs of disinterestedness and public spirit, but was accused by a deputation sent from that island, of intolerable harshness, and inexorable severity in his administration. The Sardinians also complained that he had banished a native of the island, in order to facilitate an illicit intercourse with the wife of the unhappy exile; on this occasion, the Prætor was defended by Cicero, but with the issue of the business, or the orators defence, we are not acquainted.

The daughter of Scaurus was married to Pompey, but died in childbirth, and the last descen-

dant of this illuſtrious family, I believe in the third generation from the ſubject of our preſent article, incurred the ſuſpicions of the gloomy Tiberius; that ſtupid and unrelenting tyrant, deteſting ſuperior merit, or irritated by an indiſcreet ſatirical production, reſolved finally to extinguiſh the race, under a pretence that he was too intimate with Livia, and was devoted to the ſuperſtitious ceremonies of the Magi: but he anticipated the purpoſe of Tiberius, by voluntary death.

SCHISMATICS, Methodiſts, and Sectaries, a mode of oppoſing them with ſucceſs, ſuperior to one recommended by Mr. Roe, to whom an article is aſſigned in my ſecond volume, and found effectual by every clergyman of the church of England, who has thought proper to adopt it; and I eagerly avow my acquaintance with ſeveral worthy individuals, who have tried the experiment with ſucceſs.

The advice here inculcated is, I believe, in the very words of a preacher, whoſe name I forget.

" You wiſh to ſuppreſs Sectaries; the only method a Chriſtian can employ, yet I believe a ſafe and certain one is—OUTLIVE---OUTLABOUR--OUTPREACH THEM!!

SELF-DENIAL and Chriſtian Fortitude, a ſtriking inſtance of, exemplified, on good authority, in the conduct of Mr. Addiſon. This pleaſing writer, and excellent man, having received certain hints, which it was impoſſible to miſunderſtand, from a married lady, the wife of his moſt intimate friend. He ſent her the following letter, thus nobly triumphing over the faſcinations of beauty and paſſion. If, as I have good reaſon to think this account is correct, I ſhould have thought higher of the gentleman, had he wholly ſuppreſſed the correſpondence; perhaps it was one of thoſe numerous inſtances, in which *poor human virtue* required the ſupport of external applauſe, in addition to the ſolace of ſelf-approbation; ſo eminent a character might think, and with reaſon, that *his* example would give efficacy to the leſſons he had ſo long

long been teaching; and, there is good reason for supposing, that the letter in question was not published 'till after the death of all the parties concerned. But whatever the impulse under which he acted, let it be remembered, that however vanity, pride, or a love of the world's applause may diminish, they cannot, they ought not to prevent our acknowledgement, and admiration of so extraordinary an instance of self-denial: But we must not forget the letter:

Madam,

It would be ridiculous in me, after the late intimation you were pleased to favor me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, however opposite an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. This expression, madam, I am sensible may appear inconsistent in the mouth of a *polite* man, but I hope it is no disgrace to a *sincere* one.

In matters of importance, delicacy ought to give way to truth, and ceremony must be sacrificed to candour: An honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind, which is above the practice of deceit, can never stoop to the guilt of flattery on such a point.

Give me leave, madam, to remark, that the connection subsisting between your husband and myself, is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of *his* goodness, or *my* obligations; and suffer me to observe, that were I capable of such an action, how much so ever my behaviour might be rewarded by your passion, I must be despised by your reason; and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I should be hated as a man.

Highly sensible, madam, of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my peace and honor may be for ever lost. You have passions you say, madam; but give me leave to answer, that you have understanding also: you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest

tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would chuse to awake it, above an unwarrantable indulgence of them; and let me intreat you, for your own sake, to resist any giddy impulse, or ill-placed inclination, which shall induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your honor, and repugnant to your virtue.

I, madam, am far from being insensible, I too have passions; and could my situation, a few years ago, have allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should have legally solicited that happiness which you are now too ready to bestow. I had the honor, madam, of supping at Mr. D——s, where I first saw you, and shall make no scruple in declaring, that I never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, or a manner so excessively engaging, but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side; and, though I burnt with a flame as strong as ever filled the human breast, I laboured to suppress, or at least studied to conceal it.

Time and absence at length abated a hopeless passion, and your marriage, with my patron, effectually cured it. Do not now, I beseech you, madam, endeavour to re-kindle that fire which I must never think to fan; do not now, I beseech you, destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste, or blast your own honor, which has been hitherto spotless and unsullied. My best esteem is ever yours; but should I promise more? Consider, I conjure you, the fatal necessity I should be under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous. In any other commands, dispose of your most humble and devoted,

J. A.

SERJEANT of the Guards, extract of a letter from one, during a late campaign in Flanders, to his wife in London.

"Pray send me a few newspapers, as I want sadly to know how we go on, and what we are doing."

SERMON, extract from a curious one, preached on the 30th of January.

The preacher apparently puzzled for a text, or resolved to make up in singularity, for what he wanted

wanted in depth, chofe the following words :

"But the children of Belial faid, How fhall this man fave us? And they defpifed him, and brought him no prefents; but he held his peace."

In elucidating this paffage, the prieft confiders the words "brought him no prefents, as meaning that they paid him no taxes; and that the king held his peace, becaufe he knew words would not have half fo good an effect as putting thefe contumacious and wicked fons of Belial into the Star Chamber, which authorized by the powers he received from on high, he accordingly did."

ST. ANDRE, NATHANIEL, a native of Switzerland, from which country he emigrated early in life, and fecured the friendfhip of a wealthy patron, who furnifhed him with the means of procuring a medical education; our fortunate adventurer afterwards became a public lecturer on anatomy, and a furgeon of eminence in London, a favorite of King George the Firft, the confidential friend of Lord Peterborough, employed by Bolingbroke and Pope.

But the fairnefs of fuch profeffional profpects, were fuddenly clouded, and he ftamped an indelible impreffion of ridicule or guilt on his character, by liftening to, and encouraging the impudent impofture of Mary Tofts, a woman of Godalming, who declared, and endeavoured to make the public believe, fhe had been actually delivered of rabbits; a delufion in which Whifton, probably feduced by the credit of St. Andrè, was alfo involved.

This eccentric divine, on *other occafions* fufficiently fcrupulous, wrote a pamphlet, to prove that this monftrous conception literally fulfilled what had been foretold by the Prophet Efdras.

To laugh were want of
 fentiment or grace,
But to be grave exceeds all
 power of face.

At the moment I write, if it were not for hurting the feelings of one to whom literature is confiderably indebted, I could point out an

an individual far ſuperior to the clergyman or the anatomiſt, in critical acumen, intellectual vigor, and ornamental acquirement, generally reſpected and approved, 'till hood-winked and led aſtray by chimæras and abſurdities, equally repugnant to probability, chronologic coincidence, or common ſenſe.

In the Surry impoſition, it is not eaſy to account for the conduct of St. Andrè, a man confeſſedly of ſtrong ſenſe and quick diſcernment, thus ſtrangely deſcending from honeſt fame and honorable emolument, into the byroads of folly or of fraud.

Of three opinions which prevailed at the time;—that he was diſpoſed to try an experiment on national credulity; that he was corrupted by money; or that his incitements were ſenſual; I ſtrongly incline to the latter. For his amorous propenſities commencing at ſixteen, and ſtrongly preponderating at ſeventy, led him, in the courſe of a long life, (protracted I believe to ninety-ſix) into many ridiculous ſituations and uncreditable embarraſſments; conſiderably lowered him in the opinion of the few friends his obliquities had left him, and expoſed him, in the decline of life, to the ignominious thraldom of vicious vulgarity.

His tendency to obſceneneſs was uncontroulable; he was not able, like his *oriental* neighbour, to confine the ſallies of a lewd imagination, to his cloſet, his green-houſe, and his bed-chamber; it was, on every occaſion, burſting forth in double entendre, in geſture and alluſion, inconſiſtent with decency and good manners, and criminally ridiculous in an old man.

"I ſhall, for the future, make it a rule, when I viſit in Southampton, or the neighbourhood," ſaid a well-bred and elegant woman, to whom the writer of this article is indebted for ſome of the pleaſanteſt hours of his life, "I ſhall make it a rule to aſk if St. Andrè, the rude old man, is in the houſe; and, be aſſured, I will never give you a ſecond opportunity, ſir, to drive me out of the room." Before he felt himſelf

ſelf independent, the ſurgeon was probably more reſerved and more prudent.

Profeſſional dexterity, or his ſkill as a performer on the viol de gamba, introduced him to Lady Betty Molyneux; he attended her huſband in his laſt illneſs, and a marriage indecorously haſty between the widow and the ſurgeon, with other circumſtances, never ſatisfactorily explained, involved them both in the odium of being inſtrumental in haſtening the death of Mr. Molyneux, from whom the Swiſs (a baſe villain, if the charge was true) had received many favors. (*Fertur, maritum miſerrime, O pudor et corrupta fides! manibus uxoris et amici periiſſe, enemate calidiſſime injecto.*)—Their guilt or their innocence, which at a certain period ſtrongly agitated the public mind, muſt *now* be determined by a more awful and unerring tribunal; combined with other unpropitious circumſtances; this ſhocking imputation drove St. Andrè into obſcurity; Lady Betty was diſmiſſed from Court, by Queen Caroline, and an action brought for defamation, in which a verdict and damages were given in favor of the new married couple, was not ſufficient to reſtore their reputation.

Chance, inclination, perverſeneſs, neceſſity or guilt conſpired to keep St. Andrè in hot water for a good part of his life. In the year 1725, before he had been debaſed by credulity, or ſhunned, as being ſuſpected of flagrant crime, and in the routine of a lucrative practice, he was rouzed from his bed at midnight, by a ſtranger thundering at his door, who urgently deſired him to viſit, without delay, a perſon, whom the appellant deſcribed as deſperately wounded.

In the heat of zeal, or the perturbation of broken ſleep, St. Andrè neglected that neceſſary precaution for every medical practitioner, on ſuch occaſions, the taking, on all midnight calls, from perſons he does not know, his own ſervant with him.

After following his unknown guide in the nocturnal gloom, through many an unfrequented court, remote

remote ſtreet, obſcure alley, and obſcene receſs; after being conducted and reconducted through paſſages, galleries and ſtaircaſes, heated, hurried and confuſed, he at laſt found himſelf in a retired chamber, the door of which being inſtantly bolted, the affrighted ſurgeon was threatened with immediate death if he did not directly ſwallow the contents of a bowl, (of courſe poiſonous) preſented to him by two ruffians, with inſtruments of death in their hands.

Having pauſed for a ſhort time on the horrible alternative, he drank the terrible doſe, and with conſiderable precautions to prevent diſcovery, was replaced blindfolded at his own door.

The condition of a man who had been compelled to take what he conſidered as poiſon, need not be deſcribed; without ſuppoſing that the drench contained one deleterious particle, the mere idea was ſufficient to communicate arſenic, hellebore, and ſublimate, to his diſturbed imagination.

Of this extraordinary tranſaction, an account, ſufficiently expreſſive of the terror of St. Andrè, was publiſhed in the London Gazette, and a reward of two hundred pounds, offered by government, to any perſon who would communicate information, that might lead to diſcovery and conviction; but no diſcovery was made.

I have ſometimes been tempted to conſider this ſingular narrative, as the fabrication of a reſtleſs mind, fertile in invention, the fable of a man, determined at every riſque, to preſent himſelf as frequently as poſſible to the public eye, and become the ſubject of general notice, and common converſation; ſuch characters occur in every age.

I once heard a man, (who in the hope of a legacy, which never was bequeathed) endured much of the ſarcaſtic brunt and ſatirical ſallies of St. Andrè, I heard him declare, that he had good reaſon for believing, that the circumſtances related by his friend, were correct. He added, as indeed the event proved, that there was clearly no poiſon in the mixture, tho'

made

made ſufficiently nauſeous; that the whole was a cruel, but harmleſs effort of ingenious revenge, and meant to torment the ſurgeon, who in the indiſcriminate irritation of libidinous propenſity, had ſupplanted a friend, in the affections of a favorite miſtreſs.

It is not my buſineſs to determine, if the offence and puniſhment were exactly proportioned; I can however eaſily believe that the agonies of a man, under ſuch a perſuaſion, muſt have been pretty nearly equal to the pains produced by actual poiſon, as the drugs were probably of an active, ſearching nature.

Whatever were the contents of the bowl, he ſurvived its effects, as well as the exhauſting conſequences of the anxiety he ſuffered, and the antidotes he ſwallowed. Finding the metropolis, on many accounts unpleaſant, he retired from public obloquy or private contempt, to a provincial town, where he occupied his leiſure hours, and diſſipated his ſuperfluous caſh, in building and planting; but diſcovered more of whim and caprice, than goodneſs of taſte, or correctneſs of deſign.

The occaſional viſitor of Southampton, as he enters that place, ſo very pleaſant, when the muddy ſhores are covered by the tide, if he gives the poſt boys and horſes a moment's breath, he will ſee Belle Vue, preſenting its front, as he deſcends from Wincheſter, through the avenue between the town and a houſe, once the reſidence of Pope's Lord Peterboro', and occaſionally of the poet himſelf.

In erecting this toy of St. Andrè's dotage, which is, or was lately, the reſidence of a lovely dutcheſs; in its external decorations, and internal alterations, in its pleaſure grounds and conſervatories, this peculiar character, alternately a prey to inordinate paſſion and diſgrace, but with ſpirits unbroken, (for the principles he avowed, rejected, ridiculed or *dreaded*, one of the grand ſources of rational and ſalutary compunction) this very culpable character paſſed the laſt thirty years of his life; while the majority of thoſe

who smiled at his eccentricities, could not help censuring his conduct, and pitying his fate.

SHAFTESBURY LORD, Chancellor to Charles the Second; the most impudent and unprincipled of statesmen, but an able and elegant writer.

Will any good-natured reader inform me, who he alludes to in his Letter on Enthusiasm, in words to the following effect, which, not having his book at hand, I quote from memory. Indeed a few months only are elapsed, when I durst not have exhibited him on my shelf, or have ventured his name in my book; such was the ready obedience, the veneration and respect I paid, even to the prejudices of a friend, who is now no more. But to return to Shaftesbury; Who does his lordship allude to, in the following paragraph?

" A gentleman, who has lately written in defence of revived prophecy, and who *has since fallen himself into prophetic ecstacies*, tells us, that the ancient prophets were under like ecstacies, with divers strange gestures of body, glowing eyes, disordered countenance, heaving bosom, and loud respiration; he further asserts, that such was the practice of the apostolic times.

" The symptoms he describes, and which (poor gentleman) he himself labours under, are heathenish; and when I lately saw him under an agitation, uttering prophecies in Latin, of which, in his sober senses, it seems he is wholly ignorant; the poet's description of the agonies of the Sybil, were forcibly brought to my mind."

— — — — — —

——— Non vultus non
 color unus,
Non comptæ mansere co-
 mæ, sed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument;
 majorque videri
Nec mortale sonans: affla-
 ta est numine:

— — — — — —

——— Immanis in antro
Bacchatur vates, magnum
 si pectore possit
Excussisse deum: tanto ma-
 gis ille fatigat
Os rabidum, fera corda do-
 mans, fingitque premen-
 do.

The

The iniquitous ſyſtem of ſtopping payment at the Exchequer, adopted by Charles the Second, is ſaid, on good authority, to have originated with Lord Shafteſbury.

The king, urged by want, and hating all conſtitutional forms, had promiſed he would give the Treaſurer's Staff, to any man who could point out a method of raiſing fifteen hundred thouſand pounds, *without applying to parliament.*

Shafteſbury, in the jollity of a ſecond bottle, had declared, at Sir Thomas Clifford's, where he dined, that an infallible method might be ſuggeſted, if the king did not ſcruple doing an unjuſt act, and was not afraid of riſquing a rebellion. Clifford caught at the words, but did not ſeem to notice them; he however detained Shafteſbury in converſation, 'till the reſt of the company departed, and then plying him with wine and flattery, two magic ingredients, which the noble author could never reſiſt, at length drew the important ſecret from him. Then leading the unguarded ſtateſman to his coach, he hurried to the king; and the firſt intelligence Lord Shafteſbury heard in the morning was, that Clifford was appointed Lord Treaſurer.

Vexed at being duped, he drove in a rage to Clifford's, curſed him for an artful dog, and ſaid, "Clifford, *you have been ploughing with my heifer*, but by ——, if I do not ſhare in the reward, I will *enlighten* the people a little on the ſubject, and make the kingdom too hot for you and your maſter."

A peerage, a penſion, and the ſeals, were ſoon beſtowed, as a ſop on this political maſtiff, who, as intereſt or reſentment laid the ſcent, was alternately a bull-dog, a ſpaniel, and a turnſpit, ſervilely obedient to, or rudely aſſailing Royal Authority.

Yet under the banners of men like theſe, the ***** and the ******** of our day, ideots as we are, do we fooliſhly enroll ourſelves; ſtrut in the degrading livery of party, adopt their cant, their watchwords and their fury; ſacrifice our intereſt, our honor

nor and happineſs, to men, who, with public intereſt wholly out of the queſtion, conſider *us* only as cats paws, to ſcratch their political antagoniſts, to fight *their* battles, and procure for *them* the loaves and fiſhes of the treaſury.

SHEPPEY, an iſland at the mouth of the Medway.

The clergyman's ſalary of a chapel at this place being ſmall, and the ſervice performed only once a month. Some of the pariſhioners, deſirous of more frequent opportunities for public worſhip, not long ſince converſed on the ſubject with their miniſter, who offered, and I think not unreaſonably, that if the pariſh would add ten pounds a year to his income, he would preach and pray once a fortnight.

A meeting was held to diſcuſs the buſineſs; but the propoſal of the clergyman was not acceded to.—A profane rogue, whoſe wit ſometimes runs away with his diſcretion, deſired the clerk to tell the divine, "that if he would abate ten pounds a year in their tythes, they would excuſe his coming at all."

SILIUS ITALICUS, a Roman writer, during the reign of Nero, and ſuſpected of acting as a ſtate ſpy to that abominable Emperor.

After having ſecured a ſplendid independence, he is deſcribed by Pliny, as enjoying, notwithſtanding the ſuppoſed obliquity of his conduct, the friendſhip of many eminent characters. Attracted by his talents or his wealth, they made him daily viſits in his bed chamber, to which he was many years confined, by a painful and incurable diſeaſe, from which he at length delivered himſelf, according to the miſtaken maxims of the age, by voluntary death.

Deriving his origin from Patrician blood, he reſided in the villa of Cicero, at Tuſculum, with elegant hoſpitality; and is praiſed by Martial, who frequently ſhared the luxuries of his table.

His friends, particularly Pliny, were inclined to forget, in the charms of his converſation, the diſgraceful

ful ſource from which his wealth is ſaid to have flowed. But, in the eye of ſober reaſon, and impartial juſtice, nothing can wipe off the odium of thoſe crimes which have been imputed to the poet, of which, as we do not poſſeſs the whole of the evidence, it is not eaſy, after a revolution of ſeventeen centuries, to determine his innocence or guilt.

I will not pretend, exactly to define, how far generoſity and charitable contribution can diminiſh the infamy of diſhonorable conduct, and contraband accumulation. "Were I a public defaulter, or a notorious ſtate offender," ſays a modern writer, "after having amaſſed by public plunder, a miniſterial eſtate, I would, before my country was irretrievably impoveriſhed, and the principles of a free conſtitution wholly frittered away; I would ſuddenly affect qualms of compunction, deſert my knaviſh aſſociates, and, for the remainder of my life, endeavour, by public ſpirit, benevolence, and diſintereſted exertion, to compenſate for the miſchief I had done."

Various have been the opinions of critics on the merits of Silius Italicus, as a writer. Scaliger is unwilling to allow him even the name of a poet; and defies a learned correſpondent, to produce a ſingle paſſage from his works, remarkable either for ſtrength of ſentiment, or metrical harmony.

This is not the firſt inſtance of Scaliger's differing from a general opinion; perhaps we ought not to pay the moſt ſubmiſſive obedience to the judgment or the taſte of a man, who preferred Martial to Catallus, and pronounces Fracaſtorius, the beſt Latin poet after Virgil.

Yet Muretus fully equal in erudition and diſcernment to Scaliger, calls the ſubject of this article, an excellent poet; a deciſion to which I am ſtrongly tempted to aſſent. I never read, without emotion and delight, his charming lines on the Power of Muſic, in the eleventh book; his Encomium on Ennius, in the twelfth, and on Homer,

mer, in the thirteenth; but more particularly, the addresses of Pleasure and Virtue to Scipio, at the beginning of the fifteenth book.

The cloud of doubt and suspicion which invelopes the political character of Silius, has, I fear, induced many critics to deny his poetical merits; but they are perfectly distinct, and totally independent of each other. And however ready we may, and ought to be, to render justice to moral purity and uncorrupted integrity; every age of the world has afforded flagrant proofs, that it is not only possible, but frequent, for the best of writers to be the worst of men.

It would be unjust, whenever Silius Italicus is spoken of, not to mention Monsieur de Villebrun's excellent edition, printed in 1782, improved from the scarce impression of Pomponius, published in 1471, and enriched with a long fragment, discovered in the library of the King of France.

SHERIDAN, Mr. a curious bet, concerning him.

While the public mind was considerably agitated by the introduction of the bills for repealing part of the *habeas corpus* act, and preventing seditious meetings, and the House of Commons was warmly engaged in debates on the subject; the Lord Mayor of London, I believe Sir James Saunderson, offered a singular bet, (120 guineas to six) that if the bills in question passed, Mr. Sheridan would be in the Tower within two months.

The acts passed, but the member for Stafford never paid his expected visit to the lions. I wish it was in my power to add, that *some* portion of his time had been usefully, or profitably occupied in gratifying the town with a comedy, or his *long-delayed* opera; such a step would contribute more powerfully to fill the deserted benches of Drury Lane Theatre, and towards improving its present unfinished, unsightly, and uncreditable appearance, than a thousand Philippics against the high priest of St. Stephen's Chapel, who listeneth not to the voice of

of the charmer, charm he ever ſo ſweetly.

"On him the comic Muſe
wou'd quickly pour,
In unexhauſted ſtreams her
genial ſhow'r;
But he, like favor'd lovers,
ceas'd to prize
Thoſe gifts ſo much eſtee-
m'd in others eyes;
The Stateſman's ſlipp'ry
path he lov'd to tread,
Still proud to follow where
his Fox wou'd lead."

SHIP-BUILDING. It reflects no great credit on our royal dock yards, or thoſe who preſide over them, that, on almoſt every occaſion, the French ſhips of war are found to out-ſail the Engliſh. The ſame difference is not obſerved between their merchantmen or privateers, and ours.

It hath been ſuggeſted, that with private builders, there is encouragement and ſcope for ingenuity; but that this is not the caſe in the public dock yards. I am not qualified to diſcuſs the ſubject; but while millions are voting for the naval ſervice, and the exiſtence of our empire, in a great meaſure, depends on defeating the naval attacks of our enemies; it ſurely is of the firſt importance to enable our gallant tars to keep pace with, and, if poſſible, overtake the fugitives; as they have given repeated proofs, that neither ſuperiority in numbers or in force, can protect them from a Rodney, a St. Vincent, or a Duncan.

SIMILE, a figure of ſpeech familiar to man, and probably co-evil with the uſe of the human tongue; made uſe of by writers of the higheſt endowments, and the moſt illiterate of clowns.

This auxiliary of converſation is ſo natural, that perſons unable to make ſimiles, with any attention to analogy or actual coincidence, often blunder them out, as it were, in ſpite of themſelves.

Moſt of my readers have laughed at Swift's ſong of ſimiles; perhaps the following attempt at one may excite a ſmile.

A gentleman, whom he had never ſeen before, was pointed out to a ruſtic, as the ſon of a perſon he well knew, with the following queſtion:

question: "Don't you think he is very much like his father?" "Like him," replied the fellow eagerly, "aye, he is as much like him, as if he had run his head againſt a poſt." "There is a reſemblance," replied the firſt ſpeaker dryly, "but I don't think them ſo *much* alike as that."

SOMERSET, CHARLES, the haughty old Duke of; an inſtance in which he was treated in his own way.

Having occaſion to employ Seymour the painter, at Petworth, his Grace was violently offended at the artiſt, for hinting, in a modeſt way, that he conſidered himſelf as diſtantly related to the duke, who quitted him abruptly; the ſteward was ſent to pay for what he had done, and inantly to diſmiſs him.

His Grace, after trying in vain to get the pictures finiſhed, which his couſin (for ſuch he actually was) had begun, condeſcended to invite the man he had inſulted, to return; "I will now prove that I *am* of your family," ſaid Seymour, "I will not come."

SPAIN, addition to the article under this title, in my ſecond volume.

The following is almoſt a literal tranſlation of an epigram circulated at Madrid, at a moment when the Prince of Peace and his Sovereign were ſinking under the terrors of a republican invaſion. It was tranſmitted to me by a native of that city, accompanied by a mild remonſtrance againſt my general and indiſcriminate cenſure of his countrymen: it is not without point, but proves, more I believe than my friend who ſent it meant to prove; that there were Spaniſh ſubjects who did not *dread* the approach of the French army.

Not long ago our ſov'reign, ever kind,
Sagely determin'd in his royal mind,
To place his couſin on the Gallic throne;
But now, alas, he trembles for his own!

"The fate of Spain," ſays an acute political writer, "preſents an inſtructive leſſon; the great outline followed by their admi-

administration, the leading principle of that government, has been, for several centuries, to repress public spirit, and subdue the energy of the people, in order to preserve the privileged orders. And it must be confessed that the means employed, proved fully effectual as to their object; but the same stupidity which unfitted them for asserting their own individual rights, disqualified them for resisting an attack on their national independence; thus the crown had well nigh fallen a sacrifice to the effects of its own precautionary despotism."

Soon after the peace with France, a religious solemn thanksgiving was proclaimed at Madrid, and the following is part of the sermon, or rather panegyric, on the King of Spain, actually delivered on that occasion, in the presence of his Catholic Majesty.

"*Our* king was given us by the Almighty; a king of a most comprehensive understanding, a vessel chosen by the immediate hand of the Deity; a catholic king, in whom no vice is found, who never sleeps without confession, nor passes a day without absolution; a king, who forgives all his enemies, and however cruel or atrocious the injuries he may have suffered, only says, raising his *lovely* eyes to heaven; 'Thou O Lord, art the King of kings, in thee do I put my trust, guard thou my people, O Lord.'

It is not easy to account for a man of sense suffering this, and other passages, equally puerile and fulsome, to be pronounced in his presence. I relate, with concern, that a discourse which merited a bastinado, and if I had been his master, should certainly have been rewarded with it, is likely to raise the preacher to an archbishop's throne.

SPIES AND INFORMERS. In the early days of the French Revolution, it was the effectual, but fatal policy of the court, to employ emissaries, for the purpose of oversetting the popular societies, by violent outrageous patriotism; to infuse suspicions into the minds of the people, which ultimately irritated and spurred

red them on in the political race, much farther than they ever had designed to go.

The court succeeded, it is true, in demolishing the constitutionalists, but they were themselves involved in the ruin. "They had bent the bow-string so far," says a popular writer, "that in its recoil, it broke the arm which had strained it."

STATE-COACH, the new one, made use of by his majesty, since the unjustifiable, daring, and treasonable attack on his person; and thus described by a writer, whom I have often had occasion to praise for vigorous intellect, general well applied knowledge, accuracy of detail, and political sagacity.

"The new carriage is a sort of moveable fortress, so strongly built, as to be proof against almost any species of attack, and so closely blocked up, as to render our sovereign almost invisible to the eyes of his faithful subjects.—We shall always regret, when the weakness of false alarmists, or the malignity of bad counsellors, induces his majesty to have recourse to other means of security, than the fidelity and affection of his people, which we must ever consider as the best protection of his person, and the firmest support of his power."

I appeal to the sensible author of the above stricture, whether it is not, from beginning to end, a piece of ingenious sophistry? I appeal to the candour of his heart, for which I once valued him, more than for his eminent abilities, I ask him, whether he will declare, *laying his hand on the right place*, that he thought it himself fair reasoning, at the moment he indited it, and whether it was not written in compliance, in culpable compliance, with certain of his friends and supporters, inflamed by prejudice, and irritated by passion.

I agree, without hesitation, to his *self-evident proposition*, that a sovereign's best security is the love of his people; but was it not time to have recourse to *other* reliances and securities, when a frantic multitude, a lawless hired band of blood-thirsty desperadoes,

does, by voice, by look, by gesture and missile weapons, threatened his majesty with personal destruction. Was it not time (and would not delay have been criminal) to take some precautionary measures for the defence of the executive branch of our government, actually engaged in performing one of his most important public duties.

SURRENDER at Saratoga. It is a well authenticated fact, that if General Burgoyne had persisted *one day* longer in offensive measures, or had carried his threat of giving no quarter, only to the threshold of execution, he might have made his own terms; as it was with the greatest difficulty General Gates could keep his men together, from the general spirit of dissatisfaction which pervaded his army, and the hourly desertions which took place.

These circumstances, which the British General was not acquainted with, and which are not mentioned to throw any obloquy on his character, would probably have ensured him a supply of provisions, and a safe march to the place from whence he came. In that case a transaction, humiliating to every Englishman, would not have taken place, nor would the Congress have incurred the odium of a solemn treaty, which they are said to have notoriously and dishonorably violated.

Yet the praise of confining such dangerous intelligence within his own lines, and conducting to victory, forces so circumstanced, cannot be denied to the American General.

SUTHERLAND. Addition to.

On this subject, a noble Lord observed, with a sort of penitent regret; "A tenth part of the money and attention we have paid to the family *after* his death, would have saved the unhappy Sutherland from the agonies he previously suffered, and the horrors of suicide."

I hope and trust that the impressive, but melancholy lesson, will not, in future instances, be forgotten by the Peer, his associates, or THEIR MASTER."

SWINISH

SWINISH MULTITUDE.

This term, applied by a late eminent character to the common people, has been formerly made use of by a writer, similar in principles, to this inveterate enemy of the French Revolution.

In a letter, addressed to Oceana Harrington, which the author of this singular production, calls "A Slap on the Snout of the Republican Swine who would root up Monarchy," he thus exclaims: "It much grieveth me to see the wickedness of man, in overturning the works of the Lord, to see *vile dust* confound the stately pillars of heaven, kings despised, and the gates of government shouldered by democratic Sampsons.

"I cannot but grieve to see the rulers of the land, the anointed of the most high, annoyed by the pens of the seditious, who disturb the peace of the realm, and fill the people with notions of kings doing wrong, which all earthly wisdom, and divine information, prove they cannot; for whatever is of God, is perfect."

A more flagrant instance of *begging the question*, or a more preposterous misapplication of *optimism*, it is not easy to concieve.

TAYLOR, the art of becoming one, a work lately advertised, and announced as the joint production of a society of *adepts in the profession!*

"The object of our book," says this ingenious fraternity, "is, to furnish the world with a complete guide to ornamental covering, a comprehensive analysis of beauty and elegance in dress; in which infinite pains have been taken, and various talents united to form rules, applicable, in all cases, for cutting out garments; a work which will, on the first view, convince the *uninformed mind*, that, with a little application, he may become a compleat taylor!

A satirist once wondered any man could be so foolish as to think of dying in a country like England, where infallible remedies were offered for every disease to which human nature

ture is subject; and, surely, hereafter, no person whatever can be so deficient in taste, so insensible to grace and fashion, as to wear an ill-made coat; when broad cloth, stay-tape, and buckram, are the subject of literary discussion, and scientific disquisition; and where the shears, admeasurements, and proportions of a habit-maker, are guided by anatomical precision, and mathematical demonstration.

In the moment of preparing my present volume for the press, a spirited, a *kindred artist*, though not a taylor, incited by patriotism, or provoked by great example, has published, what he calls, an Address to the most noble and generous Ladies of Great Britain. In this elaborate production, he ventures to assert, that altho' Frenchmen, and other foreigners, have, for a long time, insolently pretended they were the only *connoisseurs in the art of making shoes, for the fairest part of the creation, an art co-eval with the human species*; he does not doubt convincing any lady, who will favor him with *a visit*, that it is equally in the power of an Englishman to hit off exactly, *and to the fraction of a hair's breadth*, the length of her foot.

He does not doubt convincing *any woman of fashion*, who honors him with a morning call, of the total ignorance of these outlandish pretenders to the *mysteries of a science*, they unworthily profess, and which, though utterly unqualified, they will persist in preaching, *in spite of nature and their stars*; without credit to themselves, or comfort to the *kingdom at large*.

THEMISTOCLES.

To whom was it, when demanding a levy of money, and not meeting with ready acquiescence, that this commander made use of these memorable words? "I bring with me two powerful deities, PERSUASION AND FORCE." "And we," replied the exhausted tributaries, "possess two, stronger;—WANT AND IMPOSSIBILITY."

TOWNSHEND, MARQUIS OF.

This Nobleman, when Viceroy of Ireland, had, as may naturally be supposed, many unsuccessful candidates for Court favors, but

but all who recollect the noble Lord, in that exalted situation, cannot but remember his unwillingness to let any man leave the castle dissatisfied.

Those persons who had been making requests, which it was out of his power to grant, he generally conducted to a certain room, where he shewed them a caricature of himself, as Lord Lieutenant, *with his hands tied behind him*, and said to be sketched by his own hand. Though disappointed in the object of their pursuit, the parties generally went away in good humour, and often with a hearty laugh.

It cannot be denied, that to be thus *transported to Ireland handcuffed*, must be humiliating to a man of sense, and independent spirit; yet even that state of abject vassalage, disguised in the silken drapery of court finesse and soft words, is far preferable to the personal and pointed indignity of being sent over the water, a representative of Royalty, with soothing language and fair promises; and to be ordered by the next messenger, to act entirely contradictory to, or wholly disavow them.

TRAJAN, a Roman Emperor, described by a modern historian, as ambitious of fame, with the following additional reflection; "And as long as mankind shall continue to bestow a more liberal applause upon their destroyers, than upon their benefactors, a thirst for military glory, will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters."

The political justice or moral truth of this reflection, has been the subject of many an amicable debate, with an indulgent friend, to whom this collection has been frequently and largely indebted; yet, after a cool consideration, and with all my propensities, in favor of a pacific system, I cannot but think the quotation I have made, though from a respectable author, I cannot but think it founded on mistaken prejudice, and common-place declamation.

I cannot consider as *vicious*, a thirst for any species of glory, which enables us to expel foreign invaders from our country, or which puts

puts it in our power to rescue ourselves from domestic tyranny. Nor indeed is it easy to conceive, in what way an individual, can render more beneficial services to his fellow citizens, or lay a better founded claim to immortality and renown.

In a word, the military spirit, like *other* spirits, may be, and often is lamentably misdirected; but a people wholly devoid of it, or like the Dutch, neglecting it for other pursuits, will, like them, be an easy prey to the first unprincipled freebooter. Without it, no one blessing we enjoy, is safe, or permanent; and notwithstanding all our christianity, all our laws, all our institutions, and all our refinements in art and in science, the sword, the musket, and the cannon, however terrible the truth, the sword, the musket, and the cannon, (to use the words of the historian, those *destroyers* of mankind) are the great collateral bulwarks of civilized society, against our irretrievably lapsing into anarchy and barbarism. That the remedy, in some instances, is productive of the diseases it professes to guard against, I will not deny; but while we confess and feel some of its mischievous effects, we must not be tardy in acknowledging the great benefits we receive.

Modern, as well as antient times, help to corroborate my assertion;—during our present contest, with *nearly all the world*, in what state should we have been, without the splendid successes of a Howe, a Jervis, an Elphinstone, or a Duncan? When we consider the execrable state of depravity, to which the Roman world was reduced, what more desirable circumstance could take place, than their domination by the Cæsars.

And although, as an Englishman, I have suffered from, and as a Patriot ought to lament the victorious march of Republican France; yet as a philosopher, (at least as one emulous to deserve the title) and as a citizen of the world, I cannot refuse the meed of heroism to Buonaparte, when I regard him as a curtailer, if not a subverter of Popish superstition, and a

a meliorator of the iron aristocracy of Venice.

TOAST, a strong one given at a corporation dinner, in the west of England, after many loyal and constitutional sentiments had burst forth.

"*May the Tree of Liberty be transplanted from France into Hell, and eternally bear, as fruit, the souls of all Republicans.*"

A wag in company, from whom I relate the unpropitious circumstance, observed the temper, and was shocked at the virulence of his associates; but estimating by their conversation, the talents of the party, was soon after called upon for a sentiment.

At the moment the chairman addressed him, a recent creation of peers, was a fertile topic of panegyric, and he ventured on the following ambiguous repique; in which he concealed the sentiment of a Jacobin, under the semblance of an Aristocratic toast;

"May all men be made peers:" it was drank with *three times three.*

TRERET, a learned Frenchman, under the regal government, who on some unfounded pretence, was taken out of his bed, at two o'clock in the morning, and carried to the Bastile.

After a confinement of several weeks, and in perfect ignorance of the cause of his imprisonment, the Lieutenant of Police at last called to take his examination: "Will you have the goodness," said Treret, as that officer entered his room, "will you have the goodness to tell me, for what crime I am shut up in this place?" The Lieutenant replied with great coolness, "I think you have a great deal of curiosity."

TRIPLE ASSESSMENT, a subject, which at the moment of my going to the press, strongly agitates the public mind, but more particularly interests the British metropolis, whose contribution towards this impost, if actually carried into execution, will be enormous, and as many think, partially and disproportionately heavy, on the inhabitants of London, Westminster, and Southwark.

Yet when the urgency of the times is confidered, and how extremely difficult it is for a national financier, precifely to afcertain, and equitably to tax real property, it cannot be denied by any reafonable or difinterefted man, that the Affeffed Taxes feem to offer a fair and probable criterion. This opinion I fhall not eafily be prevailed on to relinquifh, although an able political writer has reprobated the calling a criterion, comparatively good, or comparatively bad, in fo decided and magifterial a manner. The objections urged againft the Triple Affeffment, tho' diminifhed by modifications, fince this was written, are ferious: that clafs of tradefmen, the middle clafs, of which the greateft number will be affected by the meafure in queftion, are not able, in unpropitious times like the prefent, to bear any additional burthen; in fact, the majority of them are fpeculators, with the borrowed property of others; and we all know, that to deprive a fpeculator of his tools, is clipping the wings of an eagle, and then wondering he cannot fly. Another objection to the propofed method, an objection diminifhed, but by no means removed, is, that as it afcends to the more elevated and wealthy ranks of fociety, it is not, on any fair calculation, augmented in a ratio proportionate to their increafed abilities to pay.

If a tradefman, fcarcely raifed above mediocrity, in confequence of the Triple Affeffment, is to be taxed an additional ten pounds per annum; the Marlboroughs, the Bedfords, the Devonfhires, the Whitbreads, the Goldfmids, the *****, the ******; in a word, all the wealthy tribe of accumulators, whether in cottages, inns of court, counting houfes, or palaces; whether in alleys or in fquares, in drawing rooms or in garrets; and up to their ears in rouleaus, India bonds, and bank notes, fhould pay at leaft their fives, their tens, and twenty thoufand pounds a year. Without an afcending fcale of this kind, calculated to meet in a proportionate increafe, *every*

 amount,

amount, it is a farce for Mr. Pitt to talk of equity or impartiality in his fyftem; without this indifpenfible requifite, he may depend on it, his unpalatable dofe will fit extremely uneafy on the ftomachs of his patients.

With thefe and other alterations, many of which have been adopted, I cannot think it either expedient or right, notwithftanding fo much has been faid, and well faid on the fubject, I cannot think it right to abandon fo copious and certain a fource of revenue, in our prefent fituation. If however, as I have before obferved, it is of any importance to procure general confidence, and national content, not a living creature, whether in ermine, lawn fleeves, or buff jerkin, not a living creature, not a king, a prince, a peer, or any of their appendages fhould be exempted. So impartial a proceeding, would convince the country, that while they are piling new loads on *our* backs, they are not meanly fhrinking from the burthen themfelves. Nor ought they, on any principle, either of reafon or juftice, to complain. Are thofe, whofe battles we are fighting, or contributing towards the fighting; are they to be repofing and battening at their eafe on beds of down, whilft thorns and briars are every moment fhooting up under *our* pillows; and fharp flints on every fide, wounding the foles of *our* feet? If they will not themfelves ply the oar, or handle the mufquet, let them not grudge a fhare of public contribution, proportionate to the immenfe mafs of property they have at ftake, to thofe who do.

In a late debate on the fubject of this article, I cannot refufe to Mr. Pitt, the tribute of praife and ftrong impreffion, towards the conclufion of his animated addrefs.

"I hope and truft," faid the Chancellor of the Exchequer, fpeaking of Mr. Fox and his friends, who had obferved, that peace would render fuch an odious meafure unneceffary, "I hope and truft we are not lefs anxious for peace, than thefe honourable gentlemen; but however defi-

rable

rable it may be, we will not proſtrate the preſent intereſts, the future ſafety, the honor and independence of Great Britain, at the feet of an inſolent and inſidious foe. Can thoſe who would adviſe ſo execrable a meaſure, be true friends to their country? Beſides, he muſt be a very ſhallow politician, who could expect honourable peace, by ſo baſe and unmanly a ſubmiſſion.

"It is not yet, I thank God, that theſe kingdoms are to learn ſuch humiliating leſſons: In what rencounter have our foes had reaſon to think us degenerated from the ſpirit of our anceſtors? In what conflict with Engliſhmen, have they not experienced defeat and diſappointment?

"To proclaim to the enemy that our reſources are exhauſted, that we want the union and ability neceſſary for making an effectual reſiſtance; to view with kindneſs, the principles and proceedings of our adverſaries, to traduce every meaſure taken to oppoſe them; to extol with zeal and enthuſiaſm, the reſources of France; to depreciate and ridicule the energy and efforts of their own country, are I confeſs, ſingular methods of bringing our foes to reaſon; methods creditable neither to the heads or hearts of thoſe who adopt them.

"I appeal to the Houſe, the nation, and the world, whether men with predominating biaſſes like theſe, if they ſucceeded to our poſts, could or would make any but a moſt humiliating and diſgraceful peace."

At the moment of delivering this article to my printer, a politician, *who roars too loud to be heard*, will give me no reſt, unleſs I promiſe to mention a deſcription of men of property, which he inſiſts, is as yet, almoſt wholly untouch'd by public burthens, THE GROUND LANDLORDS OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER. While their tenants and under-tenants are crouching almoſt to the earth, under the iron rod of taxation; he deſcribes theſe wealthy individuals, as enjoying princely revenues, ſubject to no one drawback for repairs or parochial rates, and contributing in a proportion very ſlender,

flender, if at all, to the emergencies of the ftate, which protects them.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, a rock on which many modern political focieties have fplit into difcordant fragments; a point on which, after making every allowance for argumentative evafion, and political legerdemain, I have fcarcely found two perfons exactly agree.

In a former volume, an article was affigned to Thomas Paine, whofe opinions on this fubject I believe are very generally known; having been diffufed by the zeal of his friends, and more by the induftry of his opponents, who in their diligence to counteract the poifon, have, I fear, propagated fome of the moft mifchievous of his tenets.

This unlucky effect has been produced in a manner fimilar to, but with principles and purpofe very different, from the villainous proprietor of a certain deteftable preparation, once famous in its way. After expatiating on its efficacy, the quack ufed to conclude with an infidious caution, in capitals, by way of N. B. Perfons in fuch and fuch fituations, muft not, *on any account*, make ufe of the medicine, as it will infallibly procure ********, the very effect for which the rafcal wifhed the public to underftand it was meant, and pointed out, and for which he ought to have been fufpended on a gibbet twenty years ago.

Amongft the moft violent fupporters of the doctrine of Univerfal Suffrage; on more clofely examining fome of their political creeds, I have obferved, a fort of conduct equivocal, if not contradictory; a blending of oppofite fyftems, an Amalgama of Republican and Monarchic ingredients, which cloathed the naufeous pills of Democracy in an Ariftocratic gilding. In a word, by the dexterity of art, the violence of this inflammatory fpirit has been fo lowered by explanatory fuperfufion, that the virulence of the Gas has either wholly evaporated, or been rendered inert and harmlefs: I attribute thefe phœnomena to a ftruggle in the human breaft, a natural ftruggle between a fondnefs for popularity, and the

the ſtrong impulſe of internal conviction.

Hopeleſs of, though not deſpiſing popularity, if I could honeſtly attain it, and fearleſs of cenſure for declaring my opinion on any ſpeculative point, I have ventured to give it towards the concluſion of the preſent article; but I firſt preſent to my readers, part of a ſpeech of Thomas Paine's, on our preſent ſubject, read in French to the Convention, by Lanthenas, on account of the author's deficiency in the Gallic language.

"Perſecuted in England, and weakened by a long confinement in the Luxembourg, for defending the people; I could not reſiſt the deſire I felt to give my opinion on the important ſubject, which now occupies your attention; principles depend not on circumſtances, they are elaſtic, and beyond the reach of controul, they flouriſh when the man who promulgates them, is cruſhed to atoms.

"The plan which has been preſented to you, will alienate from you the affections of the laborious claſſes of ſociety. The conſtitutional act preſcribes, among other conditions, of being claſſed among your citizens, that of *paying contribution;* this is clearly a violation of the three firſt articles of the declaration of rights; I wiſh to know what name you will give to thoſe who pay no contribution?

"You acknowledge, that the common good is the end of all ſociety, and that government is inſtituted for the purpoſe of guaranteeing to all, the enjoyment of their rights; but, according to the article in diſcuſſion, the end of ſociety is only the happineſs of thoſe who pay contributions. If the article be decreed, the rich will ultimately be the only citizens; an inconſiſtent line of demarcation will be drawn between the rights of man and the rights of the poor."

My readers will perceive, that the author of this ſpeech has not abandoned his principle, though he has quitted his country; as it contains more of argument, and leſs of virulence, than *ſome* of his productions,

ductions, I was tempted to preserve it in the present collection; and because it is the foundation of a great portion of the opposition, which has been raised against Thomas Paine, by his adversaries in this country.

It would, however, be difficult in any civilized country, to point out a class of men who do not, in some way or other, contribute to the exigencies of the government under which they live; if they do not pay visibly and avowedly in assessed taxes, they consume some necessary article of life, which at the Custom House, or Excise Office, helps to augment the public revenue. Besides, as hath been often observed, every man's labour is his property; and he who exerts his faculties in any constant occupation, manual or mental, pays his quota, and often in a species of bullion, the most valuable of all others, to the public treasury.

In solid argument, and debated as a question of right, I confess I cannot see the shadow of a doubt with respect to the equity of universal suffrage; but tried on the touchstone of general expediency, and social utility, I am compelled to hesitate on the propriety of establishing it.

Every form of government hitherto established, has, in a longer or shorter space of time, lapsed into abuse and corruption;—these have at length called forth the correcting hand of melioration and reform, and no establishment yet invented, has been found powerful enough to resist the interference of such a controul, when guided by truth, zeal, and good sense. But if once a government was established on the broad basis of universal suffrage, it would be composed of materials so imperishable, its strength so enormous and omnipotent, that nothing on earth would ever be able to check or correct it. It would be a Briareus with ten thousand hands, an Argus with millions of eyes; and however oppressive, mischievous, or mistaken it might prove, on any occasion, there would remain no *dernier* resort to appeal to; the only mode of resisting or amending such a government,

ment, would be to ſubvert, and deſtroy it; and hiſtory gives us no right to ſuppoſe, that abſolute democracies are not, or have not been ſubject to the ſame infatuation, deluſions, and errors, as other modes of adminiſtration.

To univerſal ſuffrage, therefore, as tending to eſtabliſh a form of government, which admits neither check or controul, ſo neceſſary in every inſtitution, where a creature like man is concerned; to univerſal ſuffrage, which places the people, that moſt formidable and irreſiſtibl eof all weapons, in the hands of artful and unprincipled men, I give, without reſerve, an unqualified negative.

With the ſame hand, and preciſely on the ſame principles, that I would plant a dagger in the heart of an oppreſſive blood-thirſty monarch, who trampled on all laws, human and divine; I would apply the lighted match to a culverin, charged with grape ſhot, againſt democratic deſpotiſm, and the iron ſceptre of republican tyrants.

VAILLANT, JOHN, a French antiquarian of acute intellect, and indefatigableapplication,who becoming an orphan early in life, might have ſuffered the various evils entailed on that helpleſs ſtate; but the loſs of parents was amply ſupplied by a maternal uncle, who receiving the infant into his own houſe, reared it with tenderneſs and affection; and as the boy grew up, ſaw, with delight, his efforts more than repaid, by the gratitude, correct conduct, and literary progreſs of his nephew.

At the age of twenty-four, he took his degree as a doctor of phyſic, which ſcience he practiſed a few years as a profeſſion; but returning to Beauvais, the place of his birth, for the purpoſe of recovering from the effects of a violent fever, a circumſtance happened, which preſented a new, an intereſting object to his mind, and determined his future deſtination.

Soon after his arrival, the tenant of a little farm he inherited from his uncle,

cle, called, and on being told that Mr. Vaillant was in bed, and indiſpoſed, inſiſted earneſtly, that whereever he was, he muſt directly ſee him. After a ſhort delay, and many urgent intreaties, the peaſant was admitted.

Deſiring the attendant to withdraw, and carefully locking the door, he drew from beneath his garment, a bag, from which he poured on the bed, in which the aſtoniſhed Vaillant was lying, a large quantity of gold and ſilver coins, which he had diſcovered in tilling the ground; "I conſidered them as my landlord's property, and ſhall now be able to ſleep in peace, ſince I have got rid of ſuch dangerous commodities." Uttering theſe words, he immediately quitted the houſe.

Surprized at the ſingularity of this addreſs, and affected by the honeſty of the ruſtic, whom he properly rewarded, Vaillant paſſed ſeveral days in examining the ſubterraneous produce of his farm; a branch of ſcience which had never before occupied more than a caſual portion of his time and attention. The precious relics afforded an agreeable relief to the tedious hours of a convaleſcent; his curioſity was irritated, and as his health improved, the pre-diſpoſing ſparks of genius were gradually drawn forth.—That which accidentally offered as a temporary relaxation, became, by a union of habit and inclination, the leading point of his ſtudies; and, finally, the principal occupation of his life.

Similarity of purſuits, brought him acquainted with Monſieur Seguin, author of ſeveral ingenious Diſſertations on Medals; by this gentleman he was introduced to the Miniſter Colbert, to Meſſrs. Lamoignon and Harlay. He was ſent, by the firſt, into Italy, Sicily, and Greece, for the purpoſe of enriching a collection which had been preſented to the King of France, by Gaſton, Duke of Orleans.

A perſon better qualified could not eaſily have been found, nor, had he been per-

permitted to chuſe, could Mr. Vaillant have ſelected an employment more exactly conſonant to his own wiſhes; for he had now acquired the enthuſiaſm of an antiquarian, an enthuſiaſm, which occupying and abſorbing the faculties of its votaries, has been ſo much ridiculed by the unenlightened, but to which we are indebted for much valuable knowledge, and the ſolution of many important hiſtorical doubts.

In the courſe of his travels, he viewed, with delight, the matchleſs remains of antient art, in that ſtore-houſe of antiquities, from which ſuch conſiderable exportations have been lately made, by Republican Commiſſioners from Paris.

Having procured large additions for the Royal Cabinet, collected information, and improved his taſte, Vaillant returned, with impatience, to France; and ſoon after publiſhed his "Coins of the Roman Emperors, from Julius Cæſar to Poſthumus," a uſeful referential work, indeed an indiſpenſible article in the library of every collector.

This publication eſtabliſhed his reputation; and the miniſter had ſo much reaſon to be ſatisfied with his firſt voyage, that our traveller was not ſuffered to take a long repoſe. In 1674, he was diſpatched on a ſecond miſſion, in which his reſearches were eminently ſucceſsful; but on his return, the ſhip being unfortunately taken by a Corſair, poor Vaillant, with a valuable cargo of medals, and heavy laden with hopes and fears, was plundered; and ſinking under the horrors of perpetual ſlavery, carried into Algiers.

As France was then at peace with theſe marauders, and the uſual contributions, which civilized ſociety ſubmits to be levied on them by theſe aſſaſſins, had very lately been ſent; there could be no poſſible pretence for this outrage, but downright robbery.

The collector was detained ſeveral months in this neſt of pirates, which is a reproach to the ſupineneſs, the impotence, or the jealous ſpirit of the maritime powers of Europe.—Notwithſtanding the repeated.

ed reclamations of the French Consul, he might have passed his life in captivity, had not his friends, by a well applied present, prevailed on the barbarians to set him at liberty; and he was permitted to *repurchase* the most valuable part of his coins.

Eager to return, and anxious to leave a country hateful to God and man, he seized the first opportunity of embarking in a vessel bound to Marseilles; but two days after his departure from Africa, a Sallè rover bore down, and in spite of all their efforts, gained fast upon them.—Our traveller now experienced that blasting of renewed hope, so peculiarly galling, and which has been described as making the heart sick.

Determined, at all events, not to be deprived of those treasures which he had taken such pains to procure, and bought at a double price, he retired to the cabin, and selecting the most valuable of his coins, proceeded to swallow them, considering his stomach as the safest and most inaccessible of all repositories.

He had scarcely finished his unpleasant repast, when the savages approached, hailed, and were in the very act of preparing to board them; but a brisk gale suddenly springing up, effectually separated the ships; a violent storm came on, the waves rolled mountains high, and after running before the wind, several days, in a tempestuous sea, they were driven on the coast of Spain.

Drenched with sea-water, half dead with fatigue, terror, and cold, and extremely incommoded with what he had taken into his stomach, Vaillant was carried on mens shoulders through the surf; and, but for the well-timed hospitality of a friendly Spaniard, would have perished under his sufferings.

The moment his health permitted, he returned to Paris, and consulted several medical friends on the subject of his *hidden treasure,* which he had reason to fear would be productive of injurious effects on his constitution.

He was disgusted with the conduct of the faculty, who so far from agreeing in

in opinion on his caſe, recommended oppoſite modes of treatment. He determined to leave his cure to nature, who gradually producing the coins, reſtored his health.

The patient frequently obſerved, that an Otho, a ſcarce piece, and I believe an unique, proved the moſt obſtinate and troubleſome, as well as the moſt valuable of his inmates.

So keen was our adventurer in purſuit of knowledge, or ſo earneſt were his patrons in employing him, that after a ſhort interval, he viſited the remoteſt parts of Egypt and Perſia. Without experiencing the perils of his former voyage, he conſiderably augmented the Royal Cabinet, added to his own intellectual ſtores, and imparted the fruit of his labours to the public, in a Medallic Hiſtory of the Syrian Kings; a work replete with ſound erudition, and (what is rare on ſubjects of antiquity) with new information.

Scantily furniſhed with materials, and obliged cautiouſly to pick his road through intricacy and obſcurity, but occaſionally aſſiſted by Joſephus, and the book of Maccabees, he has filled a chaſm in a perplexed dynaſty of kings who reigned from the death of Alexander, 'till Syria, finally ſubjugated by Pompey, became a Roman Province.

On the unerring evidence of inſcriptions and medals, he has produced the names, and accurately fixed the duration of the reigns of ſeveral kings, concerning whom hiſtory is wholly ſilent.

It is not my intention, in the preſent article, to mention every work for which the republic of letters is obliged to Mr. Vaillant, whoſe life appears to have been almoſt wholly occupied by ſcientific travels, and literary reſearch; who was as much valued for the qualities of his heart, as his antiquarian knowledge.

He became the perſonal favorite of Coſmo the Third Great Duke of Tuſcany, and was annually ſupplied by that prince, with the beſt wine his dominions could afford. Generally reſpected, and ſo fortunate as

as to paſs through life without experiencing that envy and oppoſition which eminence, particularly literary eminence, ſo often excites, Mr. Vaillant died at the age of 75; and I conclude this haſty outline with a little trait in his domeſtic hiſtory, not generally known.

When a young man, he had been introduced, in his medical capacity, to a reſpectable family, of which two amiable daughters formed a part.

The beauty and good qualities of the youngeſt made an impreſſion on the phyſician, who flattered himſelf that his attentions were not diſagreeable.

But the delirium, the delicious delirium of a firſt paſſion, was interrupted by Vaillant's perceiving that he had undeſignedly attracted the regards of the elder ſiſter; who imprudently yielding to an impulſe, which ſo few of us are able to reſiſt, ſeriouſly alarmed her parents, but particularly the lovers, when they found there was no alterative for the unhappy woman, but hopeleſs death, or Vaillant's ſacrificing his inclinations to benevolence and pity.

With a laudable ſelf-denial, which few men in ſuch a ſituation would imitate, he led to the altar the ſiſter of his firſt love, who nobly ſuppreſſing the ſtruggles of contending paſſion, repeatedly aſſured him, ſhe ſhould conſider his ſaving her ſiſter's life, as the moſt convincing proof of his attachment to her.

He ſurvived the object of his duty, rather than choice, whom he treated with tenderneſs and attention; but again a ſingle man, found it impoſſible to prevent the recurring tide of his earlieſt hopes, which, though yielding to the honorable impulſe of pity, had never ſubſided.

He ſtill ſaw, and ſtill loved the ſiſter of his deceaſed wife; this lady felt the pureſt, and moſt ardent affection for a worthy man, who, in obedience to *her* earneſt, oft repeated, but heart-breaking intreaties, had yielded the firſt wiſh of his heart.

Such circumſtances, not often paralelled in real life, or even in romance, promiſed to render two excellent

lent persons miserable for life; sacrifices to canonical regulation, the innocent victims of severe destiny.

Their situation powerfully awakened the sympathy and feelings of all who knew them; the affair was submitted to the good sense of Julius Rospigliosi, who at that time presided in the Chair of St. Peter, under the title of Clement the Ninth. The rigor of the ecclesiastic was conquered by the tenderness of the man. A dispensation was granted by the Pontiff, and the authority of the church sanctioned a union, prompted by nature, and hallowed by mutual inclination.

VANINI, a minister of the gospel in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and in the opinion or the declarations of the alarmists of that period, (for opinion and profession sometimes are at variance) a reputed Atheist, for which he was BURNT ALIVE.

Yet, after a revolution of two hundred years, a cool and unprejudiced enquirer, will hear with horror and surprize, that a man so unmercifully sacrificed on the bloody altar of irritated superstition, was a poor Neapolitan priest; a preacher, and a fierce disputant on the entities, the quiddities, and the universalities of the schools, against whom a charge of nonsense, rather than infidelity, might have been brought with considerable propriety.

We may form an opinion of the innocence, the depth, or the unintelligible nature of *some* of his disquisitions, from the following sentence, which was the subject of many an elaborate discussion, and occupied a number of his pages; for he was an itinerant divine, who composed, travelled, and held public disputations, for a subsistence.

The extract of which I speak, were it in my power, I would willingly translate, *ecce signum*: — "UTRUM CHIMÆRA BOMBINANS IN VACUO POSSET COMEDERE SECUNDAS INTENTIONES."

Yet when he shook off scholastic trammels, and dropping the jargon of Duns Scotus, the irrefragable doctor, and Thomas Aquinas, ventured on the *terra firma* of reason and com-

common ſenſe, he *could* be clear, explicit, and philoſophic, as appears from the following deſcription of the Almighty Creator of the univerſe, in which the *atheiſt* Vanini is pious, rational, and almoſt ſublime; it is not eaſy to quote the paſſage, without indignation againſt the wretches who ſo cruelly deſtroyed him.

GOD EXISTED FROM ALL ETERNITY, HE CREATED ALL THINGS, AND GOVERNS ALL THINGS; OMNIPOTENT, IMMUTABLE, AND INFINITE; TO WILL, WITH HIM IS TO DO.

To prevent any ſuſpicion of this being only an outward time-ſerving compliance, in order to make his peace with the church, it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that the paſſage I produce, was written ſeveral years before he was accuſed of irregular opinions, and at a time, when it was impoſſible to ſuſpect him of heterodoxy.

The work from which it is taken, was publiſhed with the privilege and approbation of the Univerſity of Paris, and the following eulogy, written by a Doctor of the Sorbonne, prefixed,

Vaninus, vir mente potens
ſophiæque magiſter
Maximus, Italiæ decus, et
nova gloria gentis.

He indulged, and openly avowed the viſionary theory of Plato, 'that there was a regular chain of created beings, from the greateſt to the leaſt,' from Jehovah to a mite, forming an unbroken link between the Creator and his creatures; an idea perhaps more beautiful than true, but as far from Atheiſm, as exiſtence is from nonentity.

Vanini appears to have been a man of ſtrong ſenſibility, and in the warmth of diſpute, often loſt his temper; on theſe occaſions, overleaping the bounds of moderation and propriety, he lapſed into culpable groſſneſs and rude perſonal invective. In one of theſe unfortunate diſgraceful moments, to which the beſt and wiſeſt of men are ſometimes liable, he quarrelled with Franconi, a furious bigot, with more zeal than good ſenſe, but, as in ſuch perſons is frequently the caſe,

căſe, with a conſiderable ſhare of low cunning.

The arguments of his antagoniſt were treated with ſtrong ridicule by Vanini, not only as futile and weak, but as abſolutely contradictory to the very doctrines and poſitions he wiſhed to eſtabliſh. Unable to cope with his adverſary on the fair ground of truth and rational deduction, the cowardly, mean-ſpirited Franconi, determined to be revenged in an unjuſtifiable, but more cruel and effectual way.

Aware that his opponent had created many enemies, by the freedom of his diſcourſes, and taking advantage of certain unguarded and equivocal expreſſions, he cited him before an inquiſitorial tribunal, on a charge of Atheiſm.

Vanini appeared, and being aſked by the judges, his opinion concerning the exiſtence of a God, anſwered, "that he believed and adored as the church did, a God in three perſons."

"The very ſtraw on which I have been treading," ſaid the prieſt, or rather the philoſopher, taking one from the ground, "the very ſtraw on which I have been treading, is a proof if any proof were wanting, that there is one great, ſuperintending Almighty Creator of the univerſe."

He then proceeded to expatiate on vegetation, the laws of gravity and motion, and the indiſpenſible neceſſity of ONE SUPREME GREAT FIRST CAUSE, WITHOUT WHICH, NEITHER MOTION OR VEGETATION COULD TAKE PLACE.

Religious perſecution in this, as in other inſtances, ſeems to have been converted into an engine of private malice; on any other principle, it is difficult to judge how a man *profeſſing* ſuch tenets, (for it is an attribute of the Almighty alone, to read the heart) it is difficult to ſay how a man, avowing ſuch ſentiments, could be convicted of Atheiſm. Yet this was his fate, and he expired in the devouring flames. His unrelenting and exaſperated perſecutors inſiſted that the declarations he made before the judges, were to be imputed to fear, and by no means the offspring of inward conviction.

They alfo alledged againft him, the criminal indecorum of keeping a miftrefs, and what in *their* eyes was a ftill more heinous tranfgreffion, the practice of witchcraft: in proof of the latter charge, a large toad was produced, which Vanini, having a turn for experiments in natural history, and being a dabbler in phyfic, kept alive in his room feveral years. We may form a judgment of his accufers, as well as his judges, when the poor toad was declared to be the dæmon he worfhipped, and committed with him to the flames.

Much hath been well, and much ineffectually faid on the *manner* in which Vanini died; by one party he hath been defcribed as expiring with exemplary firmnefs, and in the calm dignity of injured innocence; by others he is faid to have confeffed his crimes, acknowledged the juftice of his fentence, and to have perifhed in the agonies of contrition, uttering dreadful fhrieks, and piteous groans.

I confider the point in queftion, as wholly unconnected with, and independent of the truth or falshood of the caufe in which he fuffered; it feems to me a bufinefs entirely depending on conftitution, and ftrong nerves; I can eafily conceive, a Newton or a Lock, enduring pains, tortures, and burnings, with a fecondary degree of fortitude, in cafes where they would be eminently excelled in this fpecies of decifive argument, by a coal-heaver, or the fire-eater of an exhibiting conjuror.

VERROCHIO, ANDREA, a Florentine painter, a man of general fcience, and the mafter of Leonardo Da Vinci.

Being employed on a picture of St. John baptizing Chrift, he directed Leonardo, at that time a young artift, as well as a young man, to paint an attendant angel in the back ground.

This tafk the pupil executed with fuch facility and excellence, that Verrochio in a moment of candid irritation, immediately quitted the pallet, and gave Leonardo his pencil; confeffing that it was not in his

his power to communicate inſtruction, or ſuggeſt improvement to him.

VERÜE, JOHANNA BAPTISTA, Counteſs de Verüe, daughter of the Duke de Luynes, a woman of extraordinary beauty, intellect, and accompliſhment, but an unfaithful wife; a groſs defect in duty, to which her huſband is ſaid to have undeſignedly contributed.

Not content with poſſesſing ſuch excellence, joined to a love of retirement, and a turn for domeſtic life; diſpoſitions, not always united with elegant manners and a bewitching form, but highly deſirable in a wife and a mother, for ſhe had ſeveral children; the thoughtleſs and imprudent Count de Verüe, was perpetually ſpeaking of her charms to his royal maſter, Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia and Duke of Savoy, the ſubject of an article in a former volume of this collection; a ſovereign, who with many good qualities, was alternately a prey to female art, capricious infatuation, and unavailing repentance.

Hearing ſo much of the Counteſs de Verüe, and her huſband frequently boaſting how much ſhe excelled all the ladies of his court, the king aſked why he did not bring her to Turin; as if impatient under the happineſs he enjoyed, in an unlucky moment, he introduced her to the royal family, and the queen more particularly noticed her; little ſuſpecting that ſhe was encouraging a rival in the affections of her huſband.

Amadeus was immediately ſtruck with ſo much grace and beauty; and, taking advantage of the Counteſs being a favorite of his wife, paſſed many hours with her alone, in the queen's apartment, whenever her majeſty was abſent; and ſoon became paſſionately fond of her.

It hath been ſaid, that princes and kings make rapid ſtrides in love; and every day's experience proves, that the ſun-ſhine of a court is a dangerous climate for female chaſtity. The Counteſs, faſcinated by royal attentions, irritated by ſome real or imaginary neglect on the part of

of her husband, sacrificed her duty and reputation; a separate establishment, guards, and other accompaniments of royalty, soon proclaimed to the indignant public, her splendid infamy.

The injured queen, was for a long time the only person not acquainted with their amours, 'till with a design of shewing the height of his regard for the fair favorite, and in that peculiar fatality, which often accompanies guilt, to become negligent and shameless; Victor actually invited his royal consort to a public entertainment, given in honor of the birth of a child he had by the Countess. It was not 'till the company sat down to table, that the eyes of the unhappy wife were open to the cruel and unfeeling conduct of her husband. The Countess was adorned with some of the most valuable of the jewels, which had been presented to the queen on her marriage; naturally provoked at such indecorous treatment, she arose, and after reproaching the guilty pair, for thus adding insult to injury, immediately quitted the room.

For the honor of the Count, it ought to be recorded, that the moment he perceived the consequences of his folly approaching, he could not reconcile it to himself, to remain a silent and contented spectator of domestic dishonor, though he had been instrumental in bringing it on himself; he repented a thousand times, as we all do, of our indiscretions, *when it is too late*, he repented having ever brought the Countess to court.

Having demanded an audience of the king, which as guilt is always a coward, was denied; in a short interview with his infatuated wife, he pointed out the ingratitude and baseness of her conduct; spoke of the frail texture of royal attachments, and unlawful love; professed himself ready to forgive what had passed, if she would directly separate from her seducer, and with her husband, that husband whom she once professed to love, quit Turin for ever.

Their

Their conversation was interrupted by a messenger from the king, who probably dreaded the result of so trying a struggle; but the lady shewing no symptom of returning duty, the Count left her in agonies; and after indignantly rejecting a pension of two hundred thousand livres, settled on him by the king, whose conduct would have excused assassination; the Count quitted Turin, and repaired to Paris.

In the blandishments of unhallowed pleasure, and mutually forgetful of their nuptial vows, three years passed quickly away. The Countess at length perceiving diminution of royal favor, stimulated by compunction, and a return of suppressed affection for her absent husband, and probably disgusted, as every sensible and delicate woman must be, at her degraded condition, which excepting the thin, ineffectual veil of royal favor, differed in no one essential, from the odious and obscene solicitations of a prostitute who walks the streets; the Countess determined to leave the king.

Taking advantage of his absence, on a journey to Chambery, and assisted by her brother, who resided at Paris, with whom she had corresponded on the subject, relays of post-horses were provided at short distances; she departed from Turin, and was half way to Paris before Amadeus was apprized of her departure. A messenger for this purpose, was dispatched, with a letter for the king, found on her toilette, in which she apologized for her conduct, imputing it to the anguish of repentance for her sinful life; she expressed the warmest sense of his kindness and attentions, and concluded with earnestly entreating his majesty to be reconciled to the queen, as it would add considerably to her peace of mind, to hear that she was no longer the occasion of separating him from so good and worthy a woman. Victor, chagrined at her abrupt departure, and apparent want of tenderness, bitterly cursed

curſed the whole ſex, in a tranſport of rage, but impelled rather by neceſſity than inclination, reluctantly followed her advice.

The Counteſs, unhappy, although conſiderably enriched by regal generoſity, and ſtill feeling the impreſſions of her firſt love, that love, which however faithleſs or unworthy the object of it, or we ourſelves may prove, we never wholly forget; the Counteſs, in the hope of being able to compenſate for her failure, by future good conduct, and probably wiſhing to emerge from the infamy of her condition, planned a reconciliation with her huſband.

This purpoſe ſhe wiſhed to accompliſh without ſubjecting herſelf to the mortification of a notorious refuſal; an opportunity ſoon offered, of putting her ſcheme into execution, and in her own way.

A public entertainment, with a grand maſquerade, was announced to be given by a prince of the blood; a few louis d'ors to his valet, enabled the lady to find out, that the Count de Verüe was to be there; having minutely aſcertain'd the dreſs he was to wear, ſhe could not help detaining the ſervant, an old and faithful domeſtic of the family, to aſk him a few queſtions concerning his maſter; the life he led, and the company he kept. The feelings of the Counteſs may be gueſſed at, when the valet informed her that his maſter was worn to a ſhadow, that he had neither had health nor ſpirits, ſince he left Turin; that his ſiſter, alarmed at the ſtate of the Count's health, had inſiſted on his conſulting a phyſician, who ſaid, the diſeaſe was of the mind, and entirely out of the reach of medicine. He recommended company and diſſipation, and on this principle the patient had been prevailed on to promiſe to accompany his ſiſter to the maſquerade in queſtion. The valet added, that the Count ſaw little company, but ſpent the greateſt part of his time alone in his room; that his chief attention ſeemed occupied by a picture, on which he frequently fixed a melancholy eye, for hours together. "A picture,"

replied

replied the Countefs, with augmented emotion, " a picture, and of whom ?" " Of yourfelf, Ma'm," faid the valet, in an emphatic expreffive manner, and immediately quitted the apartment. The adultrefs, as if a dagger had pierced her vitals, inftantly funk on the floor, in the agonies of bitter repentance.

Whilft fhe had been paffing her unhallowed hours in chambering, riot, and wantonnefs, her deferted hufband, the object of her earlieft love, and for whom, even in the moments of infidelity, fhe was not able wholly to fupprefs her affection, her deferted hufband had been folitary, difconfolate, comfortlefs, and unhappy; ftill doating on the unfaithful blafter of all his joys.

Thefe reflections, altho' they embittered her hours, ftimulated the Countefs to purfue her purpofe with more eagernefs; fhe prepared for the mafquerade, where fhe refolved to appear in the affumed character of Diana. The day which was to decide her fate at length arrived; and as midnight approached, being conveyed to the feftive fpot, fhe was literally, what fhe appeared to be, the goddefs of the night.

Her fplendid and expenfive drefs, ornamented with jewels, which were not within the reach of common finances, and her fuperior air and deportment, attracted general attention; but it was fome time before the Count appeared. When, at laft, he entered the rooms, fupported by his fifter, his debilitated appearance, and flow pace, foon caught her eye, he was THE GHOST OF DEPARTED JOY. Having placed himfelf near where fhe fat, the Countefs foon contrived to enter into converfation with him, in that kind of audible whifper, which, on fuch occafions, is the general vehicle of folly or of crime. From the ftate of her feelings, fhe found herfelf unable to exhibit external gaiety and unconcern, while difcontent fat heavy on her heart. Affecting, or actually experiencing indifpofition, and hinting a wifh to retire, fhe mentioned, with regret, that her carriage was fent home, with orders not to return

'till

'till a late hour. The Count ſeeling, he knew not why, intereſted in the fate of the fair ſtranger, offered to attend her home in his own coach, which he had ordered to wait, deſigning to make a ſhort ſtay; with apparent reluctance, but inward ſatisfaction, ſhe accepted his offer; and they were driven to a houſe, in magnificence, nearly approaching to a palace, in the Fauxbourg St. Germaine.

The Count, though ill able, inſiſted on handing the lady from the coach; as ſhe deſcended from the ſtep, the maſk, by accident or deſign, dropped from her face, and diſcovered that countenance he had ſo often looked on with tenderneſs and rapture, drowned in tears. He pauſed for a moment, diſtracted by love which was ſtill ardent, and reſentments proportionately keen—the latter were predominant; and, in the anguiſh of a huſband irreparably injured, he turned from the woman he once adored, without uttering a word.

The Counteſs, ſinking under the ſituation, was conveyed by the attendants to her apartment; and de Verüe, though leſs guilty, equally miſerable, notwithſtanding the ſtate of his health, joined a regiment on actual ſervice, in the hope of diſſipating chagrin, or meeting with ſpeedy death. — Voluntarily joining a party ſent on a forlorn hope, he ſoon met with the fate he ſeemed ſo ardently to wiſh for.

VOLUMINOUS BOOK, a curious reaſon againſt publiſhing one, particularly if it is written on a ſubject which may expoſe its author to legal penalties.

"While I was at Moſcow," ſays a pleaſant traveller, "a quarto volume was publiſhed in vindication of the liberties of the ſubject; a ſingular topic, I confeſs, conſidering the time when, and the place where it was printed. In this work, the conduct of the Czar was ſeverely ſcrutinized, and freely blamed; the iniquity and venality of the adminiſtration of law deſcribed in ſtrong language.

"Such a book, in ſuch a country, naturally attracted general notice; and the

the offender was soon taken into custody. After being tried in a summary way, his production was determined to be a libel, and the writer condemned *to eat his own words.*

"The singularity of such a sentence, induced me to see it put into execution: A scaffold was erected in one of the most public streets of the city, the imperial provost, the magistrates, the physician and surgeon of the Czar attended; the book was separated from its binding, the margins cut off, and every leaf rolled up into the form of a lottery ticket, when taken out of the wheel at Guildhall.

"The author was then served with them, leaf by leaf, by the provost, who put them into his mouth, to the no small diversion of the spectators; and was obliged to swallow this unpalatable food on pain of the Knout, in Russia, a punishment more dreaded than death.

"As soon as the medical gentlemen were of opinion that he had received into his stomach as much as at one time was consistent with safety, the transgressor was sent back to prison, and the business resumed the two following days; after three very hearty, but unpleasant meals, I am convinced, by ocular proof, that every leaf of the book was actually swallowed."

A great book is a great evil, said an antient writer, an axiom, which the unfortunate writer in question felt to his cost.

VOLUNTEERS, the method of raising them in Scotland, communicated by a Highland farmer.

"Your lease expires next year, if your son does not immediately enlist, remember that I give you notice to quit."

WAKEFIELD, GILBERT, a seceder from the forms and doctrines of the Church of England, a man of learning, and considerable mental acuteness; but whose defects, in worldly prudence and pliancy of principle, have, I fear, irreparably injured his temporal interests.

He is noticed in the present page, for the purpose of remarking his arguments against social worship,

ſhip, neither conſonant with immemorial cuſtom, moral utility, or public inſtruction.

Yet in ſpite of early education, parental precept, and ſtrong example, I confeſs, with regret, that in the diſcordant noiſe, unceaſing repetition, and negligent routine of a crowded congregation, I feel not that devout abſtraction, that heart-felt compunction, and proſtrate humility, which the ſolitude of a cloſet produces, and which is ſo natural and ſo neceſſary in an intercourſe, between omnipotence and imperfection.

When ſalutary contrition, overflowing gratitude, and prediſpoſing habit, impel me to addreſs the Throne of Mercy, I confeſs myſelf ſtrongly inclined to retire with *one* of the men, who, as ſcripture records, went up to the temple to pray. On ſuch an occaſion, I hope and truſt I ſhould not approach my Creator with a falſehood in my mouth. Of all men alive, I could, with the leaſt truth, and the worſt grace, thank God, *that I was not, as other men are.* Conſidering religion as an operation of the heart, rather than a buſineſs of the lips, I would ſecede, with the parabled tranſgreſſor, to ſolitude and ſilence.—But if the fervor of ſelf-accuſation, burſt involuntarily from my boſom, and the agonies of a bleeding Redeemer harrowed up my ſoul, I would merely ſay, "GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER."

In reply it hath been ſaid, that ſuch a ſyſtem of contemplative devotion, may be, and is calculated for the refined feelings of the moraliſt and the philoſopher, but that it is not ſuited, either in theory or practice, to the groſs conceptions, and uninformed minds of the multitude; who, conſtantly employed in providing for the wants of the moment, and without ſtated intervals of ſeceſſion, prayer, perſuaſion, and religious inſtruction, would inevitably lapſe into a ſtate of barbariſm, indifference, and vice.

WHAT ARE WE DOING? An obvious, an important queſtion from every man we meet; a uſeful interrogatory, at a

moment,

moment, when our political horizon is ſhadowed with thick clouds, and our national credit, ſhaken to its very foundations, by the earthquakes of war, is tottering over the yawning abyſs of a devouring volcano, which it is not in our power to extinguiſh.

At ſuch an interval, when the only ray of light, which pierces through our Egyptian darkneſs, is derived from the ſplendor of our naval victories; at ſuch an interval, notwithſtanding the patriotic glow which every Engliſhman muſt feel at the glorious atchievements of the Britiſh navy, it is natural to demand, WHAT ARE WE DOING?

To this momentous queſtion, after rendering a well-earned tribute of applauſe to our brave defenders, a ready anſwer may be given. We are perſevering in a war, in which, without entering on its juſtice or neceſſity, five campaigns have convinced us of the utter impoſſibility of diſlodging the enemy from their enormous and alarming territorial acquiſitions.

The French Republic, already too extenſive, and too populous for the peace, happineſs, and ſafety of Europe, or herſelf; the French Republic has acquired the maritime provinces of Flanders; interſected by navigable rivers, peopled with wealthy and induſtrious inhabitants, and thickly planted with cities, towns, and ſtrong holds, which have been for centuries, the great marts for Engliſh manufactures; a valuable and regular vent, for the productive commercial genius of Great Britain.

By ſo alarming an addition to her dominions, France has made, and will ſtill continue to make, rapid ſtrides to the univerſal monarchy of Louis the Fourteenth; that bugbear of our forefathers, againſt which it ſhould ſeem, that Naſſau contrived, and Marlbro' conquered in vain.

Indeed, 'after accurately ſurveying the paſt and preſent ſtate of France, her regular inveteracy againſt this country, either by open violence, or inſidious art, under every form and every ſucceſſion of parties;' it

it has been suggested by a late writer of no small consideration, 'that the whole of the Gallic Revolution, from its first commencement, to its present wide-spreading progress, has been, and is a deep laid scheme for subverting the constitution, and destroying the commercial power of Great Britain;' for erecting on OUR RUINS, an unwarrantable system of ambition, political egotism, and selfishness; a system in which French aggrandizement, French politics, French principles, and French gasconade, are to be the leading feature; and the religion, institutions, property, peace, happiness, and liberty of Europe, are, in every instance, to be rendered subservient to the mandates of THE FIRST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD; such, if I mistake not, being the title bestowed upon them by General Buonaparte, who seems disposed to flatter and encourage this spirit of *national vanity* in his fellow citizens; to which I fear it will ultimately be his fate to fall a memorable victim.

After confessing, with a sigh, that the prodigious acquisitions of our enemies, and their becoming masters of some of our best markets, threatens destruction to the mercantile, monied, and landed interests of these kingdoms, it remains to be decided, whether we are to sit down passive and contented with our fate, or to endeavour, by vigorous *offensive* efforts, to anticipate their threats of invasion, and induce the Directory to listen to terms of equity and moderation.

It hath been said, that to persist longer in the war, must and will rapidly reduce us to beggary and irrecoverable ruin; but that an ignominious peace, which shall assign over to the enemy, the only means which remain of indemnifying us for the war, and enabling us, at a future period, to repair our exhausted finances, will be adding baseness and pusillanimity, to destruction equally certain.

Yet it is a self-evident proposition in morals, an uncontrovertable maxim in sound logic, as well as political arithmetic, that when success,

ceſs, in any attempt is proved to be impoſſible, it is abſurd and wicked to perſevere; that it is far ſafer to yield from prudence and foreſight, that which we muſt be obliged to give up from neceſſity at laſt; that long continued ineffectual efforts, like the convulſive ſtrugglings of a delirium, only tend to diminiſh our abilities of bearing up under the preſſure of future calamities.

We have made an experiment of a moſt coſtly kind; perhaps to a certain degree, it was right to make it;—but for the fleet, and the treaſures of this country, Europe, nay the world would have been ſwept down, and devaſtated by revolutionary tornadoes. Neither men nor money, neither force nor ſtratagem have been ſpared; Engliſh meſſengers and Engliſh guineas have traverſed the Continent in every direction; our glittering rouleaus were poured into the lap of the late King of Pruſſia, who, during his alternate paroxyſms of ſenſuality and myſticiſm, condeſcended to accept, and put them in the ſame pocket with his treaty with the Gallic Republic.

We ſubſidized Sardinia, 'till the French were in full march to Turin; and the Catholic King was our ally, 'till Madrid trembled for its ſafety; the venerable Empreſs of Ruſſia, (peace to her aſhes) condeſcended to repair her ſhips in our ports, and occaſionally favored us with a well-penned manifeſto. The laſt and *moſt faithful* of our allies, to whom we are indebted for the humble luxury of port, remained with us, 'till a momentary interval of reaſon, flaſhed on her mind; and ſhe inſtantly diſpatched a heavy laden meſſenger to Paris, with treaſures to purchaſe peace.

But, with all our toil, all our efforts, and all our profuſion, the precious metals we have ſo laviſhly poured forth, have been *decompoſed* by lead and ſteel, aſſiſted by a certain tertium quid, induſtriouſly diſpenſed by the fertile adroitneſs of the Directorial elaboratory.

Placed on a narrow and ſharp ridge, with the unfathomable depths of national

onal bankruptcy, and an insolent enemy on either side of the precipice; are we united sufficiently to resist, with effect, an invading enemy? Is every man in the kingdom prepared to contribute nineteen shillings out of twenty, of all he possesses, to the public treasury? Are we qualified, *one and all*, and if qualified, are we inclined, to take the field, and shoulder the musket, at a moment's warning? Is there a spirit of co-operation and contribution, *proportionate to the magnitude of their stake*, in the wealthier classes of society? Will Mr. Pitt insult the country, and degrade himself, by calling sinecures and salaries, abominably enormous, *freeholds*; at a moment when the insolent Gaul, with the author of the Rights of Man for his tipstaff, and Buonaparte, his grim serjeant, is at our doors with an *ejectment*?.

An earnest consideration of these questions, may stimulate to useful exertion, and lead to salutary discussion; for it is only by looking our situation boldly in the face, by anticipating and preparing for emergencies, that we can enable ourselves to meet the dangers which await us. The extremities of undue alarm and torpid insensibility, are equally unpropitious. But whatever be the upshot of our present contest, whether we are destined to ride out the storm, or to sink beneath contending elements; the part we have acted is conspicuous, and I trust not dishonorable to the spirit and resources of the country.

Although, in many instances, we have failed; our campaigns in the East and West Indies, and on every sea, have been brilliant. Whole fleets of the enemy are reluctantly wafted into our harbours; we have peace and plenty around us; while several of the regular kingdoms of Europe have been humbled or dismembered, and the Germanic Empire is to be pounded, triturated, and sifted into an impalpable powder by Gallic empiricism; we have, as some think, ascended in the scale of nations, at least we continue to hold, unsubdued,

our

our usual place among the powers of Europe; for I consider Hanover, Bremen, Verden, and Osnaburg, as dust in the balance.

We have not only signalized our valor, but have acted a glorious and conspicuous part as Christians and good Samaritans; at a moment, with millions of urgent calls on the national treasury, and numbers of our own countrymen pining in penury and distress, we have received half a million of miserable fugitives of all ranks and professions, from the dissipated repentant Prince, to the humble Curè; we have received them with open arms, and treated them with liberality and kindness.

WINE, a luxury seldom tasted by authors, and once a productive source of revenue to the state, but considerably diminished by a late injudicious addition.

I know not if we ought to lament or rejoice, at its consumption rapidly declining. — The diminution of custom-house entries will, I fear, be felt in the national exchequer, and the task of the gauger be light; yet a moderate abridgement may help to reduce us to a calmness and sobriety, suitable to the condition and circumstances of the times.

In a conversation on the subject of adulteration and other tricks of merchants and importers, a gentleman introduced a sample of wine, he was going to purchase; a taster accidentally casting a little from his mouth on the fire, the quantity of its natural or adventitious inflammatory spirit, was so great, that it set the chimney in a blaze, and was productive of considerable alarm and expence. The owner of the house immediately sent for the wine-merchants, related the circumstance, and insisted on their paying the damage, or losing the custom of himself and all his acquaintance; Messrs. Elderberry, Sloe and Company, submitted to the fine with reluctance.

The circumstance is mentioned in this place, for the purpose of calling on gentlemen, to keep a watchful eye on these manufacturers in

in the Oporto trade; who ſince the additional tax, have been more than uſually aſſiduous in their vocation. Should theſe *inventors of Port*, obſtinately perſiſt in their ineffectual, and I fear, unwholſome methods, of improving the flavour, and adding new tints to the juice of the grape, gentlemen know their remedy, and if they think it of conſequence to have good wine, are at liberty to act accordingly.

Since powder and pomatum have become an expenſive luxury, it has become a faſhionable, and I think a juſtifiable policy, to abſtain from uſing them; I recommend it to the worthy profeſſors of NEAT AS IMPORTED, to be careful, leaſt they puſh their refinements ſo far, as to eſtabliſh a ſimilar mode among *their* cuſtomers.

"You are an excellent packer," "ſaid a *bon vivant*, to a waiter, who brought him a bottle of wine, of very ſcanty meaſure, "I don't underſtand you, Sir," replied the attendant. "You have contrived to pack a quart of wine in a pint decanter."

WRITERS, of a certain kind, thus deſcribed by an eminent author.

"It is the unhappineſs of thoſe who conceive ſuddenly, not to be able to go out their full time; to be particularly ſubject to miſcarriage and abortion; they can bring nothing perfect or well-ſhapen into the world. They are not however, the leſs fond of their offſpring, which in a manner they beget in public.

"Though often retired, they never are by themſelves, they have always in view their characters as authors; they are always conſidering how this or that thought would ſerve, to compleat and furniſh out their COMMON PLACE BOOK, from whence, their treaſured riches flow on a neceſſitous world."

YORKE, PHILIP, the ſon of an attorney at Dover, afterwards Chancellor of Great Britain, and Earl of Hardwicke, of whom the following anecdote is related on good authority.

During his education for the law, which by the advice of an excellent judge, commenced

commenced by his ſerving a clerkſhip with an attorney, he was frequently teazed by the wife of his principal, a notable houſewife, with trifling errands, as foreign to the circumſtances of his profeſſion, as they were inconſiſtent with propriety and decorum.

He ſoon took an opportunity of checking the lady's readineſs in aſking, what as a good-natured and polite man, he was unwilling, peremptorily to refuſe.

"As you are going by the green-grocer's, Mr. Yorke, will you be ſo good as to buy me a cauliflower?" was the laſt requeſt he was troubled with. At his return the cauliflower was produced, which he obſerved coſt one ſhilling and ſix-pence; ſix-pence for the cauliflower, and a ſhilling for a chair to bring it home in.

Finis